September 28, 1935

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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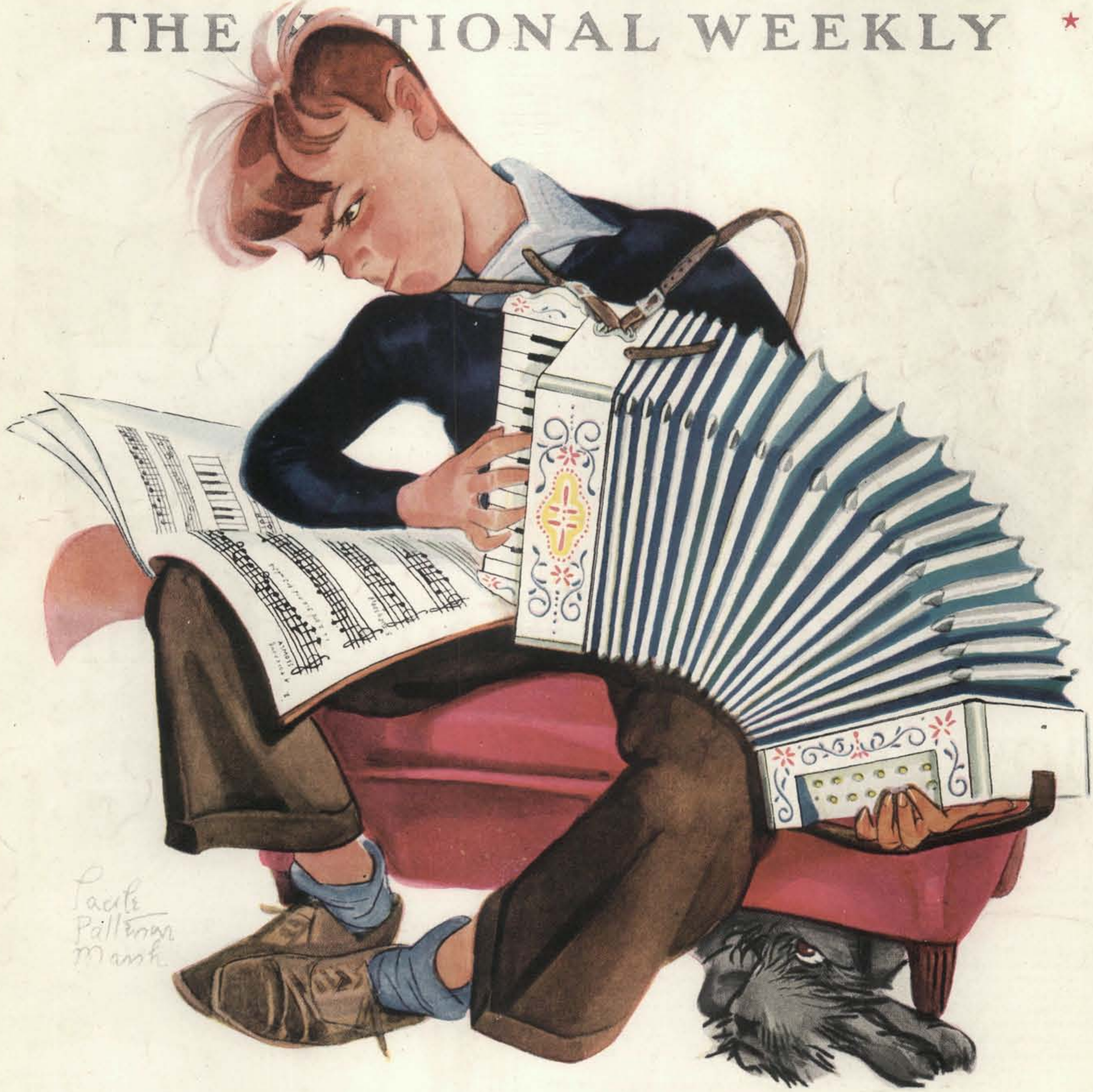

Stupendous, Colossal, Gorgeous

By W. B. Courtney

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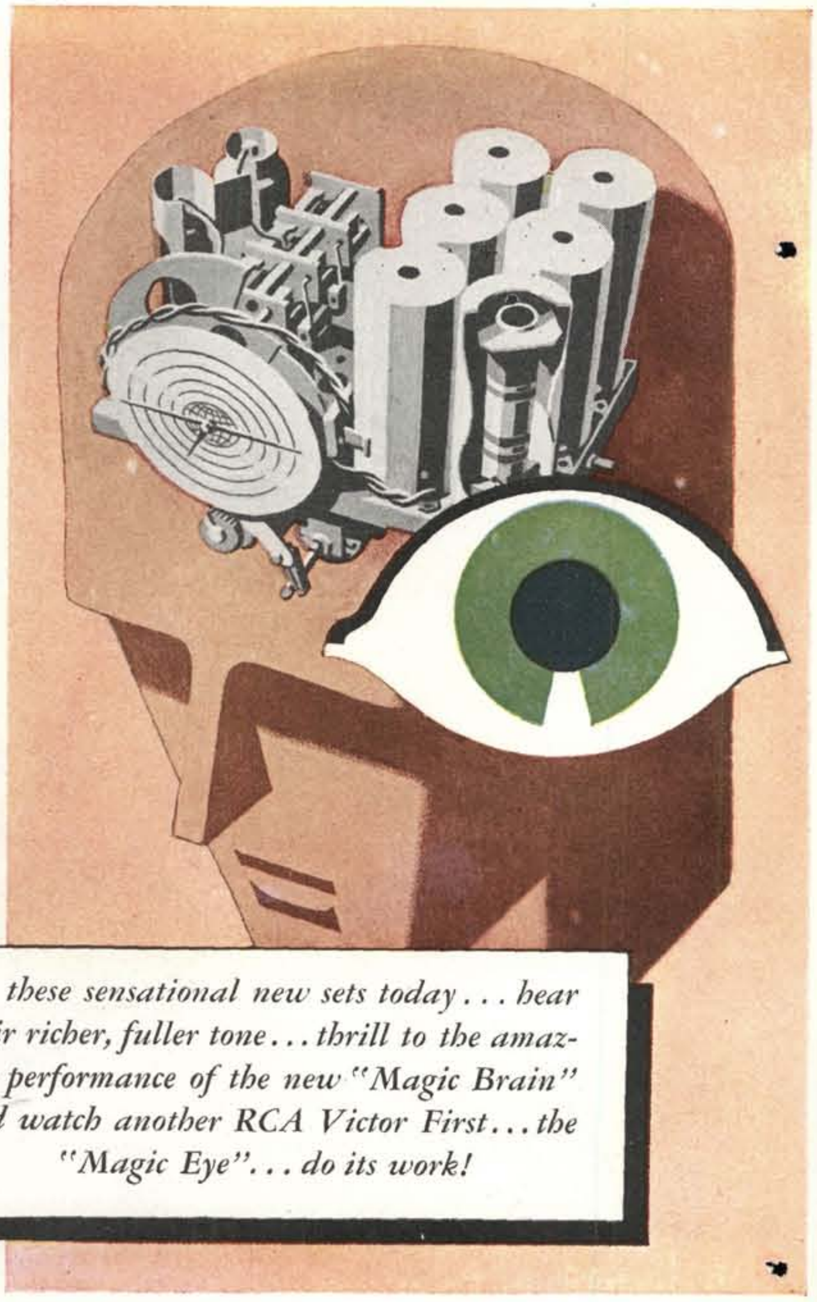
EPT. 28, 1935

RCA VICTOR CONSOLE MODEL C-13-2—13-tube "Magic Brain" superheterodyne radio with new "Magic Eye". 5-band tuning range for domestic, foreign, police, aviation, amateur broadcasts, including "X" band for U. S. Government weather reports. De luxe fidelity. New "Selector" airplane dial. Oversize speaker. Automatic volume control. High tone control. Superb cabinetry. $189.50.



See these sensational new sets today . . . hear their richer, fuller tone . . . thrill to the amazing performance of the new "Magic Brain" and watch another RCA Victor First . . . the "Magic Eye" . . . do its work!

RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" now has a "Magic Eye"!

ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST!

LET'S look at the facts before you buy! Here are *provable facts* about the 1936 "Magic Brain" radios with the new "Magic Eye"!

First, you will discover performance that literally seems to think for you! The "Magic Brain" *concentrates* on the program you want—simply, easily. Guarding reception is the alert "armoured watchman" tube, which helps throw off irritating interference! You hear station after station with new clarity, new sharpness—reproduction that seems to bring you right to the broadcast studio! A higher fidelity that's virtually "studio tone"! The new "Magic Eye", another RCA development, brings utmost ease and accuracy to tuning. Using *your* sense of sight, it actually "sees" signals human ears might never hear! Read panel at right to see how it works.

All models have RCA Metal Tubes, the greatest tube advance in 28 years! And *more* tubes than ever! Other features: new cabinet construction which scientifically provides better tone . . . new size and shape in cabinets, adding further charm and beauty . . . new range dials which ingeniously focus attention on one wave band at a time. More too, but visit your nearest RCA Victor dealer. Priced right—right in every way, here's one radio you'll gladly meet! RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, New Jersey. A subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America. *Put new life into your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes!* You can now buy RCA Victor radios on the C. I. T. Corp. easy payment plan.

PRICES FROM $19.95 to $550.00

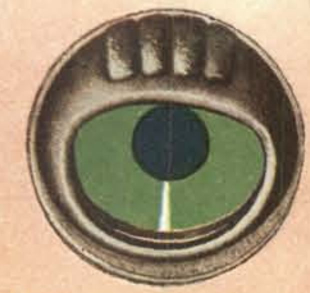
(Subject to change without notice)

METAL TUBES TOO!

RCA VICTOR TABLE MODEL

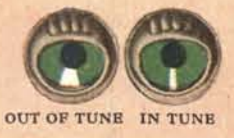
T-8-14—8-tube "Magic Brain" radio. Domestic and short wave—3 tuning bands. Oversize speaker. New "Colorband" dial. Automatic volume and tone control. $79.95.

All prices f.o.b. Camden, N.J. including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. And remember, any set works better with RCA Antenna systems.



THE "MAGIC EYE"

How it brings you perfect tuning!



OUT OF TUNE IN TUNE

The "Magic Eye", an electronic "beam" . . . which looks much like a human eye . . . tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a dark colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye". Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes . . . more sharply than any human ear could.

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

Portrait of a Young Lady who never intends to have "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

MOTHER, you will never regret the day you bring Ipana into your home—and make "massage with Ipana" the dental habit of all the family.

There is plenty of real evidence in favor of "massage with Ipana." Modern dentists and modern schools advocate this practice... encourage the daily care of the gums as well as the teeth.

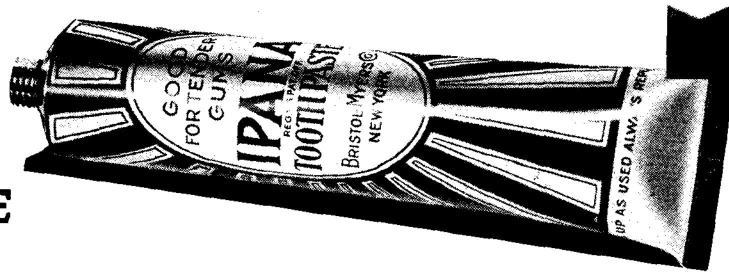
Here is the simple reason. The soft foods of modern life rob our modern gums of the stimulation they need to remain in perfect health. And without hard work—without natural, health-creating exercise—our gums are very apt to grow tender, sensitive—susceptible to the serious disorders of gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

It is a wise and responsible parent who follows modern dental practice in the home care of the gums. So begin now to use "massage with Ipana"—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Use fingertip or brush. Rub briskly. You will notice a livelier, healthier tingle in your gums. For Ipana plus massage helps bring back normal firmness.

Start the family on "massage with Ipana" today. Even the littlest likes it. And when they make their twice-yearly visit to their dentist... when he sees those firm gums and sound teeth... you'll be more than repaid to hear him say—"Very good... Very good, indeed."

- Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a life-time of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN Pablo Limon's band was hanged at Llano Blanco, there were forty ropes on the tree, but only thirty-nine were occupied. Jaquero, the flute player, was missing. He had disappeared before the band strode out playing Villa's marching song in the teeth of the *federalistas*.

Jaquero lived to play "La Cucaracha" another day. He lived to win the love of Chacina and to escape, with her aid, the ultimate disgrace of cowardice. Wallace Smith records his adventure in a story of the days when Pancho Villa was spreading death and laughter over Mexico.

THE Pure Milk Association of Chicago, in its attempt to boot the independent dealers into line, was a little startled to meet with the strenuous resistance of a businessman known as Mr. Three-Fingered Jack White. Mr. White represents a very old business tradition, stretching back to the *Camorra* of Naples, but there are some who believe that the tradition has outlived its usefulness in this country. New York City has even gone so far as to declare war on "The Gangster in Business." In a comprehensive and illuminating article, John T. Flynn shows you how widespread is the hold of the racketeer.

WHEN Johnny Hines accepted the job of "Protecting Monica," he had no way of foreseeing that he was going to like the man against whom he was supposed to protect her. The situation might have proved embarrassing to anyone capable of being embarrassed, but Johnny, neatly sidestepping knives and bullets, emerged from it very well indeed. Frederick Nebel explains.

"BIRDS Without Feathers" is the title of an article by Kyle Crichton about gliding. If you have ever envied the angels, this is the time to find out how they feel.

THERE are no eligibility rules that would keep an ex-convict from playing college football. Just the same, it wouldn't be easy for him. Take the case of Colorado Jones, the greatest halfback who ever carried a ball in a broken field. His story and that of Mamie Taylor are told by Lucian Cary in "Out of the Shadows."

JAMES CANNON recounts the amazing musical history of Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, "Press Agents for Love." Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, George Creel, Alan LeMay, Ruth M. Morriss, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster and others contribute handsomely. You're the beneficiary.

This Week

September 28, 1935

Cover by Lucile Patterson Marsh

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EDITORIAL
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Any Week

WITH what amounts to unerring judgment, Mr. Ferdinand Phinizy of Atlanta, Georgia, thinks we "might be interested in knowing that a farmer friend of mine dropped in the other day and said he intended dusting his cotton plants with government flour." Just as you or I would, Mr. Phinizy asked the farmer why. "He said," writes Mr. Phinizy, "that this would control the boll weevil, because as far as his experience went, anything eating government flour immediately stopped work."

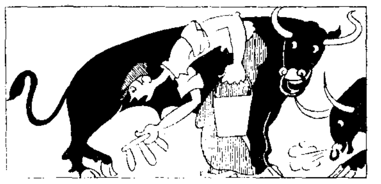
AND Miss Suzanne Melick of Asheville, North Carolina, knew perfectly well that it would be unfair to make a secret of something that happened down her way. The farmer she has in mind was occupied in getting his hogs out of one field and into the adjoining one. In fact, he did it every day—and had been doing it for years. He called the pretty creatures to his side and took several rails out of the fence, permitting the hogs to pass through. And after the hogs were through he replaced the rails. After he had been doing this for some thirty years, a bright neighbor asked him why he didn't build a gate to save time. Said the farmer: "Shucks, what's time to a hawg?"

WE WERE talking to a taxicab chauffeur about noise the other night. He was roaring back at us hoping we'd hear him above the millions of decibels that poured from his and several hundred other taxi horns. We were discussing the decision of Mayor LaGuardia of New York City to do something about the shattering din of the city. We asked the chauffeur if he really thought so much noise was necessary. "Sure," he bellowed. "We got to make a lot of noise to be heard above that guy LaGuardia."

"OF COURSE," says Mrs. H. W. Laundress of St. Louis, Missouri, "I'm no politician and wouldn't know. But it does seem to me that Benito (Caesar) Mussolini is going a bit far when he decides it is worth thousands of Italian and Abyssinian lives to save his political skin and cover up the mistakes of his Fascist government. Furthermore, I haven't seen anything in the paper about him personally leading his troops into battle. Have you?"

THE statesman racket seems to have fallen on evil days. Mr. George Parke of Farmhaven, Mississippi, has a very dismal story to tell about a candidate for an office which would pay him a hundred dollars a month if he were unfortunate enough to be elected. Says Mr. Parke: "Canvassing for votes, this poor fellow received many requests for loans. But one demand was for a sum larger than the candidate could swing and that was unfortunate because the applicant had five votes to pledge. After some bickering the applicant was ready to compromise for two casings for his car. But the worst was to come. A wavering voter agreed to sell his vote for a set of baby clothes. And he added that if the baby turned out to be a boy he would do his best to see that the newcomer voted for the aspiring candidate—as soon as he grew up."

AS SOON as we have a few spare moments we're going to look into the peculiarities of the animal kingdom. And we'll have the blessing of Mr. Henry R. Honey of Yorba Linda, California. "See here," says Mr. Honey, "your Ernest Haycox lets a herd of beef steers 'sweat' their flesh off. And not so long ago Alan LeMay had a bunch of Texas Longhorns milling and 'sweating.' Too bad, too bad. But cattle, like cats, don't sweat. Not that it's your fault but it makes me think of the college professor who, as head of one of our 1,256 government relief agencies, shipped two carloads of Nebraska drought steers to a Californian who had sent an application to the government in Washington for some help in starting a dairy."



"I'M NOT saying that any of the holding companies had anything to do with this piece of propaganda," says Mr. Tom T. Warren of Tulsa, Oklahoma, "but the Senate might take it up next session. A young meter-reader for the local electric-light company was explaining to the lady of the house all about the superiority of juice generated by private companies. 'Lady,' he said, 'them municipal plants and this government electricity may be okay for some things but it's certainly bad wherever there are children around.'"

WE DON'T know the answer.

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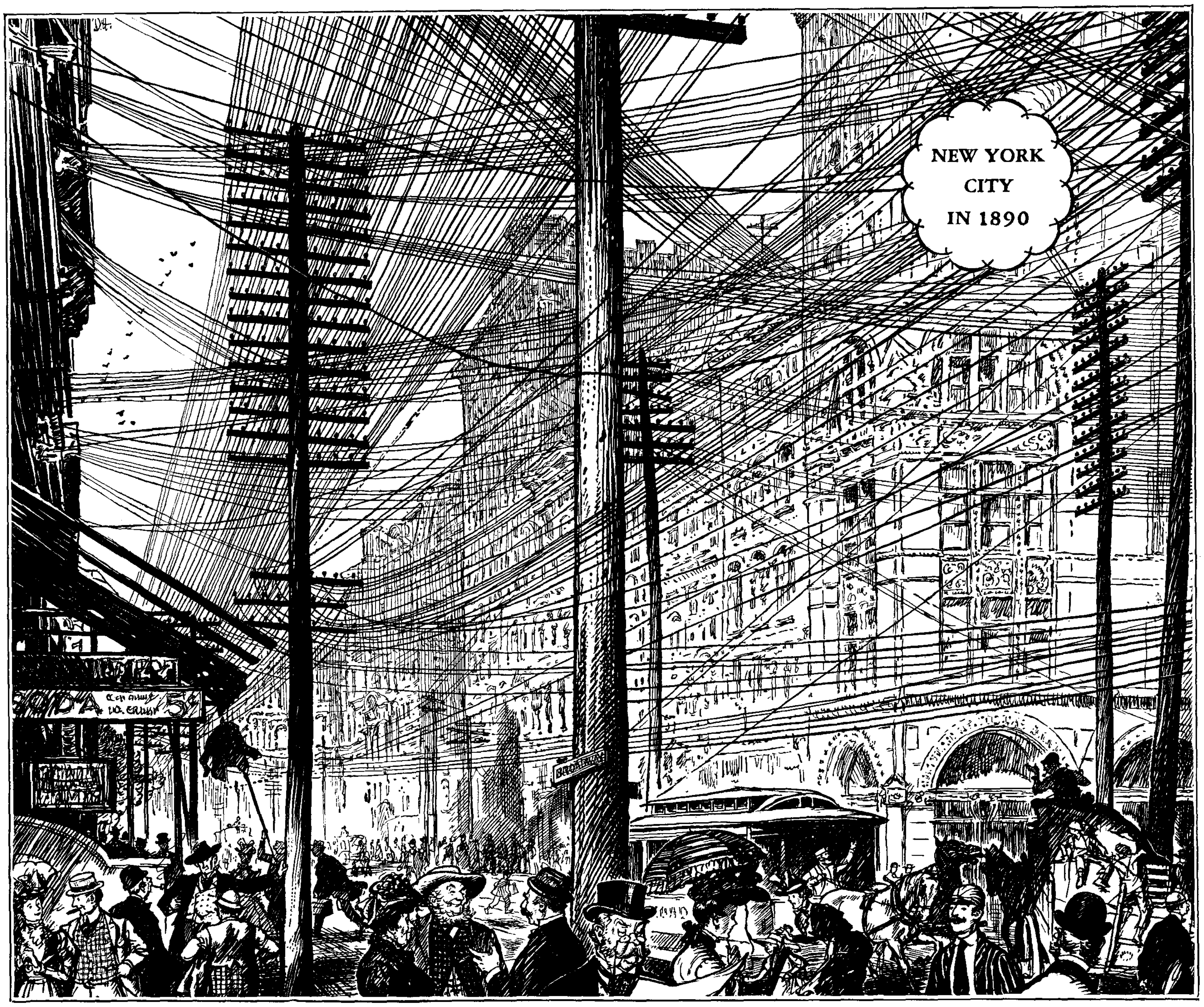

Years of Progress

HAVE BROUGHT MANY IMPROVEMENTS IN TELEPHONE SERVICE

BACK in the early days of the telephone, practically all wires were carried overhead on poles or on house-tops. Some of the tallest poles carried as many as thirty cross-arms and three hundred wires.

If the old system were in use today the streets of our larger cities would scarcely have room enough for their canopy of wires. Traffic would be impeded, telephone service subjected to the whims of nature.

Better ways had to be found and the Bell System found those ways. As many as 1800 pairs of wires are now carried in a cable no larger than a baseball bat. Ninety-four per cent of the Bell System's 80,000,000 miles of wire is in cable; sixty-five per cent of it is beneath the ground. This has meant a series of conquests of space, and insured greater clarity and dependability for every telephone user. But it is only one of many kinds of improvements that have been made.

The present generation does not remember the old days of the telephone. Service is now so efficient that you accept it as a matter of course. It seems as if it must always have been so. Yet it would be far different today if it were not for the formation and development of the Bell System.

Its plan of centralized research, manufacture and administration—with localized operation—has given America the best telephone service in the world.

Americans talk over Bell System wires 59,000,000 *times a day. In relation to population there are six times as many telephones in this country as in Europe and the telephone is used nine times as much.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

One fiddler you won't have to pay

There's an old saying:
"He who DANCES
Must PAY the FIDDLER."

• • •

SOME people pay the fiddler
When they drink COFFEE
By being kept AWAKE
Most of the NIGHT.
The WISE ones know about SANKA Coffee.
They drink their FILL
But they DON'T pay the fiddler
By staying AWAKE
When they'd LIKE to be asleep.

• • •

That's because SANKA Coffee
Has 97% of the CAFFEIN removed.
All the SLEEPLESSNESS in coffee
Is in the CAFFEIN.
So we take the caffein OUT.
We leave the delicious FLAVOR.
We leave the WARMTH and FRAGRANCE.
We leave the SATISFACTION
Only FINE COFFEE can give.
We leave all the GOODNESS
For you to enjoy.
And it WON'T keep you awake.
You'll say SANKA Coffee is GREAT.
It's a product of General Foods.

SANKA COFFEE

A VIOLIN has to be PLAYED RIGHT
To bring out all its MELLOW TONE.
SANKA Coffee has to be MADE RIGHT
To bring out all its MELLOW GOODNESS.
RIGHT means STRONG.
USE plenty of IT.
Give it a few EXTRA MINUTES
"On the fire."
It's BEST that way.

Sanka Coffee on the air—NBC Network. Starring Helen Hayes.
Far West Monday Night. Elsewhere Tuesday Night. See your paper for time and station.

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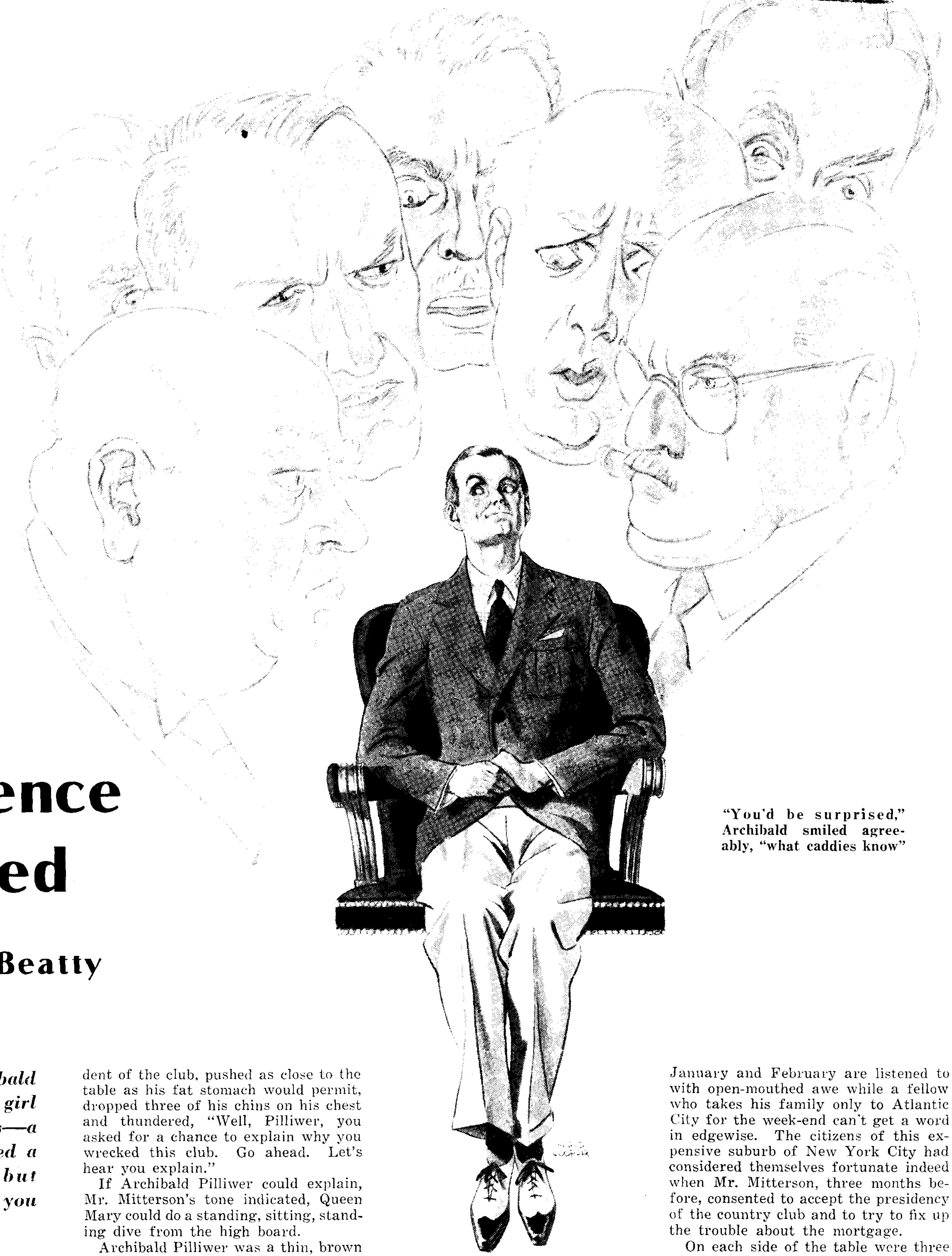


"You'd be surprised," Archibald smiled agreeably, "what caddies know"

No Experience Needed

By Jerome Beatty

Concerning Archibald Pilliwer and a girl known as Tootles—a story which shocked a country club — but which won't shock you

THE seven members of the board of directors of the magnificent Three Lakes Golf and Country Club sat around a mahogany table in the gorgeous board-room at the club, nervously threw cigar and cigarette ashes on the Chinese rug and fixed their scowling eyes upon a jaunty young man named Archibald Pilliwer, who sat confidently in his chair at one end of the table.

George Washington Mitterson, president of the club, pushed as close to the table as his fat stomach would permit, dropped three of his chins on his chest and thundered, "Well, Pilliwer, you asked for a chance to explain why you wrecked this club. Go ahead. Let's hear you explain."

If Archibald Pilliwer could explain, Mr. Mitterson's tone indicated, Queen Mary could do a standing, sitting, standing dive from the high board.

Archibald Pilliwer was a thin, brown person of medium height with the eager, friendly countenance of a cocker spaniel puppy. At once, you would guess that here was a man who, if sent with a message to Garcia, would go bounding off furiously and joyously like a kangaroo, and who, if he didn't lose the message on the way, would end up by delivering it triumphantly to Mahatma Gandhi.

Archibald was a helper in the golf shop at the Three Lakes course and, on Saturdays and Sundays, a caddie.

Mr. Mitterson, who glowered from the other end of the table, was a famous criminal lawyer who loved to bully witnesses like Archibald. Mr. Mitterson was as highly esteemed in Three Lakes as in the hideaways of the racketeers and the gunmen, for Mr. Mitterson had a winter home in Palm Beach and for the last nine years had spent January and February there with his family. In Three Lakes, the dullest utterances of a man who goes to Palm Beach for January and February are listened to with open-mouthed awe while a fellow who takes his family only to Atlantic City for the week-end can't get a word in edgewise. The citizens of this expensive suburb of New York City had considered themselves fortunate indeed when Mr. Mitterson, three months before, consented to accept the presidency of the country club and to try to fix up the trouble about the mortgage.

On each side of the table were three other prominent and respected citizens of Three Lakes—master minds of business, miracle men. Two were presidents of corporations, three were important in Wall Street, one was the constantly apologizing former president of the now defunct Three Lakes National Bank. Each had been driven to the club by his chauffeur in an impressive car that was spic and span and a little bit paid for. Several would have been posted at the club for non-payment of house accounts were it not for the rule they themselves adopted, abolishing the custom of posting delinquents. They were all dressed in white shirts with starched collars and dark suits. Four of them wore spats, three carried canes and each, of course, was a Republican. In Three Lakes the Democrats were the fellows who lived on the other side of the tracks.

The fact that these regal gentlemen, like most of their friends, had lost a great deal of money in the last few years in no way lessened their conviction that they were rulers by divine right. It never occurred to them that they might have made mistakes that had contributed to their distress and were quite sure some vague bugaboo far beyond their control had brought disaster. Mistakes were not made by Captains of Industry but by the working class—men like Archibald Pilliwer.

THERE was a time when the influential residents of Three Lakes were making almost as much money as they thought their genius deserved. That was when Three Lakes was described by realtors as "The Wonder Village of Westchester" and there wasn't a house in town to be had for less than twice what it was worth. In those days the adequate but simple country club had been entirely rebuilt. New greens had been put in and a huge tiled swimming pool. The old clubhouse was torn down and in its place erected a mansion with a roof garden, a ballroom with stained-glass windows, marble baths and lounging-rooms as luxurious as those in a motion-picture palace. The amount of the mortgage was raised to five hundred thousand dollars.

Now, incomes and taxes being what they were, the Wonder Village was spotted with "For Sale" or "For Rent" signs, sunken gardens were overgrown with weeds, the country club was in debt, the mortgage was about due and the only wonder left was in the business section where grocers and butchers were wondering when the citizens were going to pay their bills.

In two months, thanks to Archibald Pilliwer, Major Horace Scrumshaw, who secretly had acquired the mortgage just like the villain in a melodrama, would take over the Three Lakes Golf and Country Club, turn the clubhouse into a roadhouse, cut up the golf course into building lots for apartments and cheap houses and utterly ruin The Wonder Village of Westchester. All because he was a stuffed shirt, filthy rich and as sore at the townspeople as four dozen wet hens, a nest of mad hornets and a vat of boiled owls all mixed together.

TWO years before, he had been expelled from the club when he beat and kicked a caddie who sneezed just as Major Scrumshaw missed a six-foot putt. The major had sworn he would make the club pay for its impertinence, but until night before last, when Archibald Pilliwer stumbled into the scene and the real explosion came, he sought only vindication and his fury had not reached the present stage in which he desired revenge by fire and sword.

George Washington Mitterson and the other financial geniuses of the club, a week ago, had scraped together from various sources four hundred thousand dollars, which was about what the property now was worth, but they needed five hundred thousand dollars and money, like Bernard Shaw's whiskers, won't stretch.

So Mr. Mitterson, defeated, had called upon Major Scrumshaw and heard the following ultimatum delivered in an oily voice:

"I shall be glad to renew the mortgage, Mitterson, provided you make me president of the club for five years, write me a note of apology for that outrageous expulsion and make Mrs. Scrumshaw and myself guests of honor at the next monthly dance."

The board of directors, when Mr. Mitterson reported, stormed and spouted and pounded the table but in the end they agreed. There was nothing else to do. The crow was there. It had to be eaten. . . .

Night before last the dance band had been playing, the clubhouse was crowded, every table had been engaged. In the gay rejoicing over the saving of the Three Lakes club the means used in the rescue and the penalty paid had been forgotten.

Major Scrumshaw was not a man to forgive easily nor to take his victory lightly. He wanted to gloat. So he had carefully staged an entrance. He and Mrs. Scrumshaw arrived late, they had waited in the hallway until the music stopped and all the dancers returned to their seats around the dance floor. Then the major nodded to the headwaiter, "You may escort us to our table."

The table was across the room and as the fat major and his plump wife entered the ballroom the building shuddered as three hundred startled persons gasped.

The major had decided to appear as what he and the costumer thought was William the Conqueror, and Mrs. Scrumshaw was dressed as a lady-in-waiting, or something, of the same period.

The major wore green tights on his piano legs, a brown doublet, a hat with a long ostrich plume on it, a broad leather belt and a sword. Looking neither to left nor right, his chest out, he strutted and clanked across the dance floor, Mrs. Scrumshaw beside him, following the popeyed waiter.

Mr. Mitterson, president of the club, jumped to his feet. "What the devil?" he asked his wife, puzzled.

SOME youngster in a back row of tables tittered. Somebody else laughed.

Mr. Mitterson rushed forward to meet Guests-of-Honor William the Conqueror and his lady friend.

"Glad to see you, Major," Mitterson gushed. "And you, too, Mrs. Scrumshaw." He surveyed the costumes, trying to figure it all out. "You—er—you're looking fine."

Major Scrumshaw blinked at Mr. Mitterson's stiff white shirt, then turned and slowly surveyed the crowded tables.

Mrs. Scrumshaw seized her husband's arm. "It's *not* a costume party!" she cried.

Major Scrumshaw's face was black. "I was told this was a costume party!" he thundered. He shook his head in rage and the plumed hat slipped over one eye. He stepped forward and the sword got between his legs. Two people laughed, fifty tried to quiet them by a frantic shushing that sounded like hissing.

Major Scrumshaw pulled himself up to what he thought was a commanding pose and yelled, "Mitterson, is this your idea of a joke?"

"I swear," cried the bewildered and innocent Mitterson, "I swear I had nothing to do with it. But never mind, Major, we're so glad to see you—"

Major Scrumshaw raised a clenched fist, took a step forward and tripped over the sword. William the Conqueror went down on his nose and his stomach with a thud and exploded, "*Ooof!*" The crowd roared.

The fat Mitterson, grunting woefully, helped the fat major scramble to his feet. "I swear, Major," Mitterson moaned, "I swear—"

Major Scrumshaw threw an arm at the crowd. "Swine!" he shouted. "You think you can make a fool out of me, do you? I'll show you! I'll turn your town into a tenement district!"

With one hand dragging Mrs. Scrumshaw, the other holding the sword by the middle, leaving the plumed hat on the floor as a silent symbol of tragedy, Major Scrumshaw tramped through the doorway and out into the night.

Behind him, the country club was as silent as death. . . .

Investigation showed that Archibald Pilliwer, who had been loafing around the office of the club a few days before, and had kindly volunteered to deliver in person the invitation and note of apology, had told Major Scrumshaw it was to be a costume party. Archibald, it seemed, got a little mixed up. The costume party was to be next month.

When Archibald, who had readily confessed his part in the debacle, asked for a chance to explain, several members of the board of directors instantly said "No." Archibald should be discharged in disgrace without a hearing, they thought. His blundering officiousness had wrecked the village. He deserved to be hanged.

But shrewd George Washington Mitterson, agreeing thoroughly about the hanging, set the hearing for the second evening following the tragedy.

"I'll cross-examine the bone-headed little scoundrel," Mitterson said ominously. "I'll turn up evidence sufficient to send him to jail. He probably is a Red."

MR. MITTERSON, at the head of the table, pointed a finger at Archibald and sneered. It was the sneer Counselor Mitterson had used with great success in befuddling many a terrified and honest witness who had tried to convince a jury that Counselor Mitterson's beetle-browed client was the one who shot the policeman.

The other six members of the board sneered, too.

"Pilliwer," said Mitterson, setting a trap, "if you are to gain any sympathy whatever from this board you must tell your story from the beginning, tell in your own way of your motives, your reasoning, your attitude toward government, your—your—" he cleared his throat, "your *je ne sais quoi.*"

"My what?" exclaimed Archibald, drawing away.

"Everything."

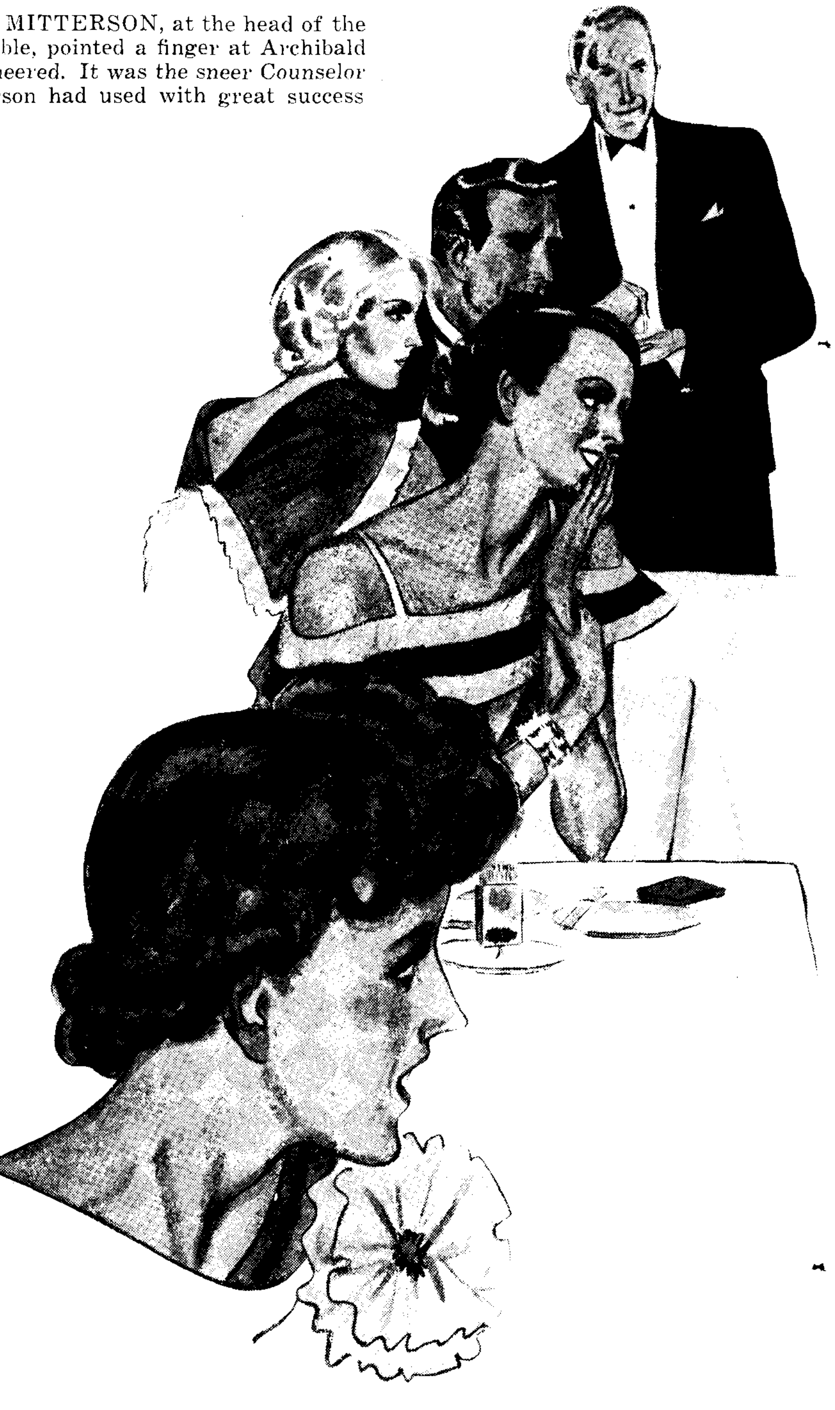
"Everything?" Archibald asked in surprise, looking around the table.

"Everything."

"I had intended," Archibald declared confidently, "to explain in a few words and fix everything up." He started to reach toward his inside coat pocket. "I brought—"

"Begin at the beginning," said Mitterson in a hard voice.

Mr. William W. Woolfus, president of Woolfus Pickles, Inc., was in a hurry to get home and if the Communists were back of this and Archibald was going to



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

be jailed as a Red, Mr. Woolfus wanted the business cleaned up quickly. He said to Mitterson, "Ask him what he thinks of the capitalistic system."

Archibald shrugged his shoulders and chuckled pleasantly. "I think," he said, looking around the table, "from what I've seen of it, it's lousy."

THE seven members of the board of directors stiffened in resentment, then looked upon Archibald with slight smiles of triumph. Mr. Mitterson licked his lips. This was going to be duck soup. Mitterson was well acquainted with judges who could be counted upon to see things in the right light. He'd have Pilliwer sent away for at least three months for malicious sabotage—maybe a year.

"Begin at the beginning," said Mitterson. "I want to know everything."

Archibald's eyes opened wide in pleased surprise, and he asked eagerly, "You mean you want to know about Tootles."

"What about Tootles?" asked Mitterson.

"We're going to be married. That is, maybe. Her father, he—I've got a few things to arrange first. She's wonderful. Oh, what a girl!"

"Go on," said Mitterson.

"About Tootles? You can't. When I say, 'Oh, what a girl!' I've said it all."

Mitterson seemed to expect more.

"What a girl!" Archibald offered from the bottom of his heart.

"What has Tootles to do with your appearance here?"

"Oh, she didn't want me to come."

"Why not?"

"Well, now, Mr. Mitterson." Archibald's soothing tone was an attempt to quiet impetuous curiosity. He spoke as though Mr. Mitterson were a child who asked questions it shouldn't. "We won't go into that."

"Pilliwer," Mitterson shouted and pounded a fist on the table. "This is no time for quibbling. Tell the truth!"

"Okay, mister. She said most of you were windbags, and a go-getter like me shouldn't be wasting my time by—"

Mitterson's face was purple. "*So!*" he interrupted. "So you're a go-getter and we're all windbags?"

Archibald nodded. "Not all—just most." He idly straightened his tie. "You made me tell you."

Mr. O. V. Birmingham, president of Birmingham Oil, Inc., rose and shook his fist at Archibald. "We've heard enough from you, Pilliwer," he declared. "You're discharged. Get out of the grounds as quick as you can! You ought to be in jail!"

Archibald bristled. "Oh, I should, should I? Well," he said, "I'm sticking right here until I'm through."

Mitterson made a wicked face that a cat, playing with a mouse, would give eight of her lives to duplicate. "Go ahead, Pilliwer." He turned to Mr. Birmingham. "It will pay us to let him talk, Oliver."

Mr. Birmingham sat down.

"Will you please, Pilliwer," Mitterson said, "begin at the beginning? Let's hear the story of your life."

"VERY well," Archibald began, agreeably enough. "My father always said, 'Archie, if you want to be happy get yourself a little dame and a little dough and settle in the country while you're young. Don't go after big dames or big dough; they'll drive you nuts.' "

"Quite vulgar," muttered Mr. Pinkney, who was in Wall Street. Mr. Pinkney's wife was an Amazon who ran him ragged. "What, Pilliwer, is your father's occupation?"

"He's dead now, Mr. Pinkney—and so is Mother. She was little. And wonderful, Mr. Pinkney—just like Tootles. Ah, there's a girl, Mr. Pinkney." He paused. "Pop, now—Pop always went after big dough and it didn't work out. Lots of things he told me were to keep me from making the mistakes he did. He was a gambler."

"A gambler!" Mr. Pinkney was shocked.

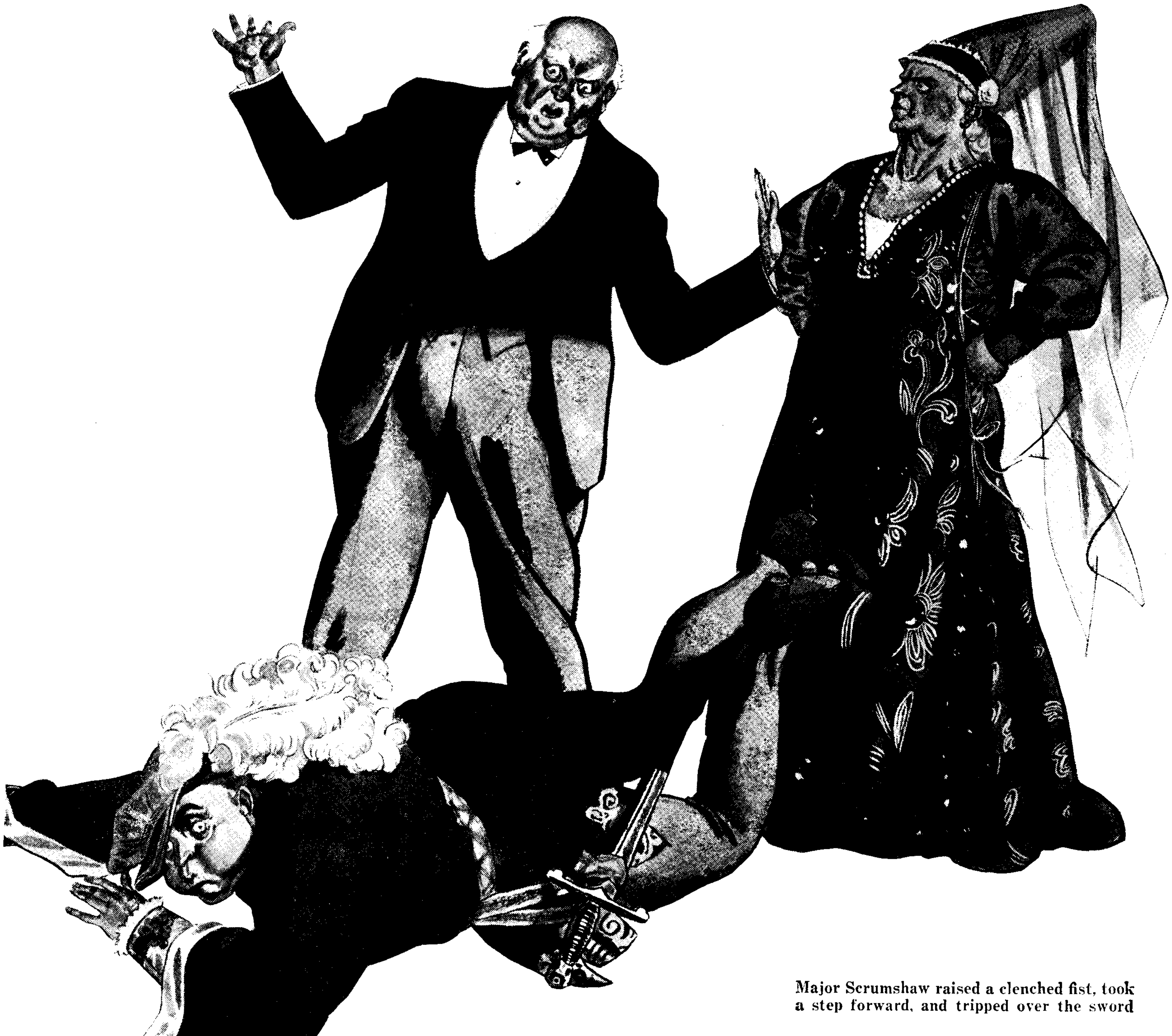
Seven disapproving men fixed their eyes upon Archibald. The son of a gambler! They shuddered righteously.

"Just like you gentlemen," said Archibald crisply. "He played the stock market and horse races and poker. He never bet on golf, though. He said it was too easy to fix. A man gets into a trap and takes four shots and comes out and says he took two—you know how it is, Mr. Mitterson. Remember last Saturday on the eighteenth when you needed a five to win and you said you got a five but—"

Mr. Birmingham shouted at Mitterson. "So you *didn't* get a five! And cheated me out of thirty dollars!"

Mitterson, red-faced, sputtered, "I didn't cheat you! I was one off the tee, a mashie was two and—and— I'll explain later." His eyes shifting with obvious guilt, he yelled at Archibald, "Stick to your story, Pilliwer!"

(Continued on page 50)



Major Scrumshaw raised a clenched fist, took a step forward, and tripped over the sword

Dollars for Youth

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Aubrey Williams, executive director of the National Youth Administration

"SPENDING the first million is the hardest." Aubrey Williams shook his head with a rueful smile as he thought of early struggles. "After that, however," and he gestured deprecatingly, "it's easy."

A most amazing person, this Assistant Federal Relief Administrator who has labored so nobly to unbalance the budget. As a matter of truth, the whole of American public life can be combed without finding a more typical "success story" than that of the lean, bronzed Appalachian who sits at the right hand of Harry Hopkins, vying with his prodigal chief in lavish expenditure. Millions are mere "chicken feed" to Mr. Williams, and even billions have lost their power to raise his blood pressure. If the Treasury vaults, crammed with gold ravished from Carter Glass, were opened before his eyes, the sight would draw from him only a bored "uh-huh."

Having helped Mr. Hopkins to midwife the Civil Works Administration into being, he played no small part in spending that $400,000,000, and went on from there to still dizzier heights when he was given charge of the relief rolls and transient camps in the forty-eight states. Million-a-Minute Aubrey! Such was his skill in distributing largess that Mr. Hopkins beamed approval, and even the President, that Master Spender, cried out in pleased surprise. Never had they seen anyone scatter money so swiftly and gracefully.

Too secure in their own reputations for petty jealousy, they gave full vent to their admiration of the man's rare gift, and put their heads together to figure out how they might best conserve it. As a consequence, this last July saw Mr. Williams named Executive Director of the National Youth Administration in addition to his other duties, and given an allotment of $50,000,000 for the job. Not much, but enough to guard against frugality.

What makes it all so very remarkable is that for the first twenty years of Angular Aubrey's life, a dime was about the largest coin with which he came into physical contact, and four-bit pieces were known to him only by vague rumor. Long after reaching his majority he still held to the belief that fifteen dollars came under the head of "swollen fortunes," while one hundred dollars was a concentration of wealth that merited government prosecution.

Up from Child Labor

The Civil War was entirely to blame, wrecking Grandfather and Father so completely that by the time our hero appeared on the scene—this was in 1890 in the little town of Springville, Alabama, nothing was left of the family fortune but a genealogical chart and some trunkfuls of Confederate money. Happily, however, those were the good old days before child labor laws put a crimp in Rugged Individualism, so Aubrey was able to take a job at the age of seven, and by thirteen had risen from cashboy to clerk.

At the University of Cincinnati, where he went to study economics and sociology, he maintained himself more or less honorably by inflicting lectures on women's clubs and church congregations in unwalled towns. The title of the talk was "Man Power and Machine Power," and Mr. Williams confesses that he came dangerously close to the abyss of technocracy. Had it not been for the war, there is no telling what might have happened, but August, 1917, saw him sailing for France with a Y. M. C. A. unit. A few months of that and he changed to a private's uniform in the A. E. F., several battles at the front, and then the artillery school at Saumur, where he got his commission.

Strangely enough, the armistice found him still possessed by his lust for knowledge. A course in philosophy at Bordeaux, where he earned his doctor's degree by a thesis in perfect French, was followed by a few months at the Sorbonne, and then 1920 found him back at the University of Cincinnati. The irritated faculty finally managed to drive him away, and at thirty he decided to go to work. For a while he handled Cincinnati's playgrounds and public recreation, and then moved on to Wisconsin for a connection with the State Conference of Social Work, eventually worming his way into the university itself as an authority on social processes. Ten years there, and then a high post with the Public Welfare Association in Chicago.

Now came the spring of 1933, when Herbert Hoover and Private Charity went out and Franklin D. Roosevelt and Federal Relief came in. The governor of Mississippi was given $900,000, and, happening to be an intelligent man, concluded that the spending of such a sum called for specialized training. Looking the field over, he picked Aubrey Williams. The results were so very, very good that "Jim" Ferguson begged the wonder-worker off Mississippi for Texas.

Meanwhile Harry Hopkins had been called to Washington by the President, and in the course of an anguished search for efficient helpers, his burning eyes fell on Angular Aubrey. The new aide's first assignment was six Southwestern states, and Huey Long and "Alfalfa Bill" Murray could not contain their joy when they saw the benign, scholarly mug of Mr. Williams heave into view. Their awakening was as swift as it was cruel. Without the slightest abatement of courtesy and calm, he kicked out incompetent directors, and put an end to waste and confusion.

It is now known that when the President sat down to pick an executive director for the National Youth Administration, no other name was considered but that of Aubrey Williams. A nice compliment and well deserved, for of all the mad mob summoned to Washington by the New Deal, he is the most efficient and the most popular.

It's Fine on Paper

Certainly all of his temperamental gifts and highly specialized training are going to be needed to make a go of the National Youth Administration, for it is another of those brilliant ideas that look so grand on paper. Take, for instance, the bland assumption that "employers in all types of industry" will be able to absorb 150,000 youths, a relief wage of fifteen dollars a month being supplied by the government. What better way to glut the labor market still more unbearably, delaying indefinitely the reëmployment of the 10,000,000 adults now awaiting jobs?

Mr. Williams, however, is too wise to be fooled by gestures and windy declamation, and can be depended upon to concentrate on the realistic and the practical. Nothing is more assured than that 150,000 youths will not be permitted to break down the labor market, labor standards and labor organization, but will be used in some non-competitive fashion that will still train them in some degree for life and its work.

Various announced decisions of Mr. Williams are plainly the results of his own early struggles. This fall at least 100,000 needy high school students will be handed six dollars a month to take care of lunch and carfare; about 120,000 young men and women who want to go to college will be helped out to the extent of fifteen dollars a month, and four or five thousand of the most brilliant will go on into postgraduate work.

A national census of the status of all youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five will be made; youngsters of both sexes will be used in the building and use of recreational and community centers; and, most important and significant of all, state, county and municipal governments will be asked to accept youths as apprentices, the purpose being to "develop a new type of trained public servant rather than merely to add to the immense groups of men and women who now clamor to go into the public service."

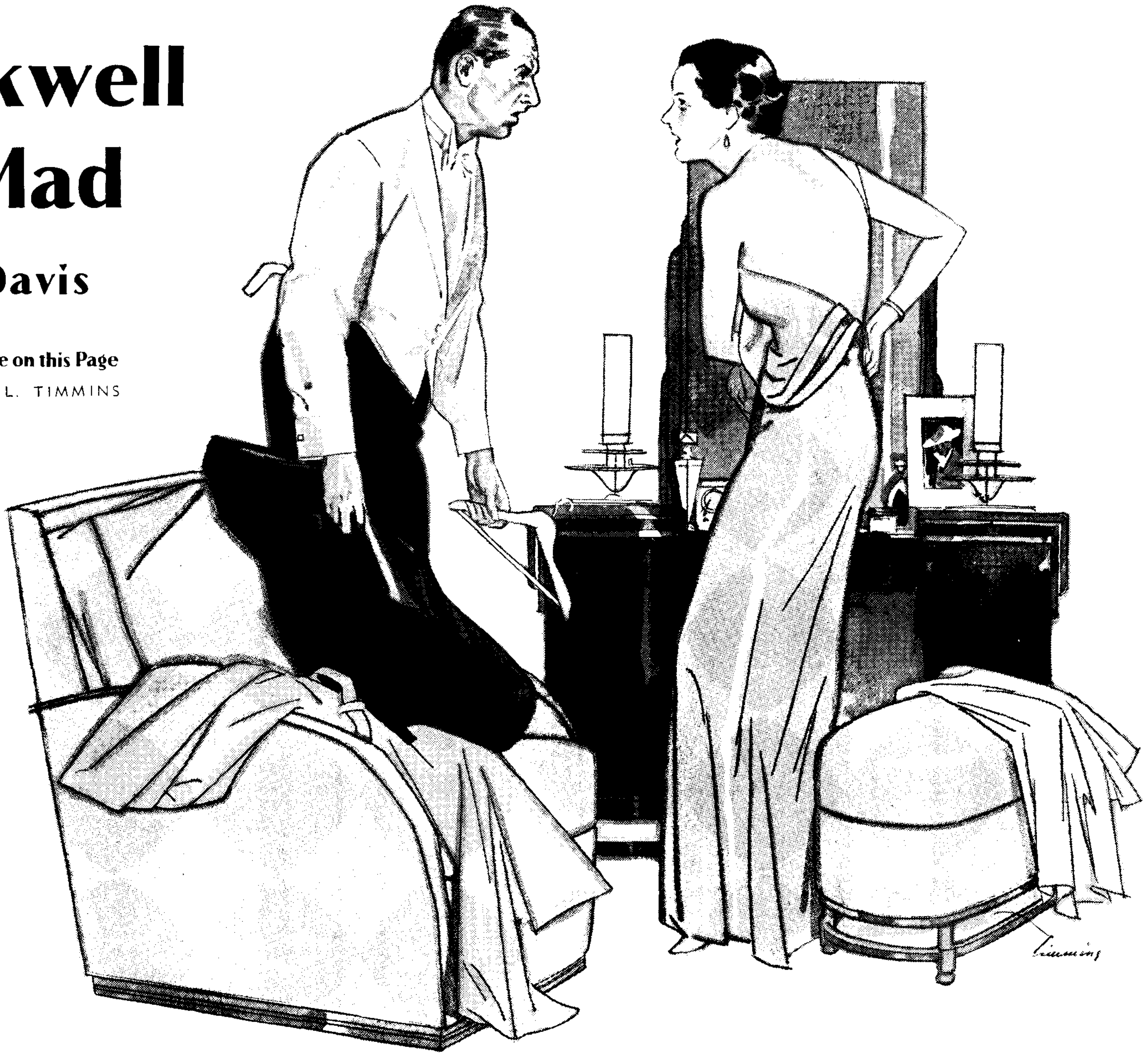
It is mainly important and significant because of the test it provides for Mr. Williams. If he can break down the Great American Tradition, substituting merit for political activity, and making both parties like it, then he is entitled to come forward and claim the presidency after Mr. Roosevelt has exhausted the possibilities of the office.

Mr. Markwell Goes Mad

By Elmer Davis

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



"You ought to go and see a psychoanalyst," she said

MR. JAPHETH MARKWELL had long been aware that his wife disliked him, but he was accustomed to discount that as one of her personal peculiarities. Nor did her feeling have any seriously disturbing effect on their relation; he was mature enough to realize the futility of expecting perfection in marriage.

As for his wife, there could be no doubt that even if she disliked him she realized that she was lucky to be Mrs. Japheth Markwell; she was, after all, an intelligent woman. Besides, he supported her parents.

So Mr. Markwell retained his equanimity, even when Genevieve used to shut off his reminiscences of college days; which was the severest of tests. He had never been so happy as when he was at Princeton; he was never so happy now as when he was recounting the exploits of his undergraduate life. He had long ago given up telling Genevieve about them in private; she was likely to cut him off with an impatient "Oh, for heaven's sake!"

A man of less balance might have capped that rude comment with a hot retort, but Mr. Markwell disliked domestic bickering; besides, he understood perfectly why Genevieve disliked to hear his Princeton stories. She had come from some freshwater college that nobody in New York had ever heard of; quite simply, she was jealous.

But when they had dinner guests Mr. Markwell used to entertain the company with collegiate reminiscences, until Genevieve got into the annoying habit of shutting him off. Not rudely; she always preserved the proprieties, in the presence of guests; she merely said, in gentle warning, "Japheth!" It had needed only one discussion, after the guests had gone, to teach him what that meant; but thereafter, even when he resented what she did, he could not help being proud of the tactful way she did it. He never got really angry with her till the night Persis Briscoe came to dinner.

She was an associate of Genevieve's in one of her charities, and Mr. Markwell, who had always vaguely supposed that good works attracted, in the main, only the sort of women who could find no other outlet for their energies, was agreeably surprised at her appearance. Definitely an attractive woman; not one to disturb a man who valued the integrity of his personality, but still a woman worthy of one's best. He gave her his best; he was right in the middle of one of his favorite college stories when Genevieve gently interjected, "Japheth!"

Thereupon Mr. Markwell changed the topic to business and the Administration; but when Mrs. Briscoe had gone he burst out:

"Why did you have to spoil that woman's evening?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" said Genevieve—a remark that her husband began to find singularly inexplicit, on repetition. And after a pause, "You ought to go and see a psychoanalyst," she added.

"Now what," he demanded, "do you mean by that?" But this did not happen to be one of the evenings when Genevieve felt like explaining.

A TRIVIAL thing, perhaps, but a beginning. Some days later Mr. Markwell chanced to be in the midtown district toward lunch time; and there, strolling toward him down the avenue, came Persis Briscoe. Her cordial smile matched his own sentiments so perfectly that he halted her; before he was conscious of his intention he found himself asking her to lunch.

"I'm so dreadfully sorry," she said; but it seemed to him that her cordial smile faded, ever so slightly. "I'm engaged for lunch."

"Well—" Mr. Markwell was aware of a surprising disappointment. "It's early," he said. "Perhaps we might drop in somewhere for a cocktail."

"I'm so sorry. My—my engagement happens to be early."

Mr. Markwell stared after her in bewildered disquiet; almost she behaved as if she didn't like **him**. Still troubled, he went on to his club, into the bar. Three or four men were there, including Winston, who had been his classmate.

"Hello!" said Markwell genially. "This is luck!" They gulped down their drinks. "You'll join me in another," he stated. "Winston, I had a letter from the class secretary the other day—"

"Sorry," Winston muttered. "We're all going out to lunch."

There is something very strange about all this, thought Mr. Markwell. . . . But how strange, how horrible, he never dreamed till the next day in the office, when his partner began telling him how his wife's aunt had suddenly gone mad.

"It began," he said, "when she got the idea that nobody liked her."

Mr. Markwell felt the hair rising straight up on his head.

"Yes?" he said thickly. "That was the beginning, was it?"

"It often is. An obsessional neurosis they call it, or something like that. At first she thought that just a few people disliked her—her relatives that she was living with; and then pretty soon she thought the whole world was against her; and then she went bang into paranoia."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Markwell. "And there—there was nothing that could be done about it?"

"Apparently not. We persuaded her to go to a psychoanalyst—"

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Markwell again. So Genevieve must have seen this thing creeping up on him! . . .

Madness. The ultimate horror. But worse even than the horror, to Japheth Markwell, was the affront, the ironic insult that had been inflicted on him by a heartless universe. For if there was anything on which he prided himself (and there was much) it was the integrity of his personality—the personality that now, it seemed, had begun to disintegrate beyond recall. . . .

No; he couldn't stand it; he needed a drink. And even more than a drink, perhaps, he needed human companionship, one of the few last touches of human companionship before all who knew him turned away, with a shudder of pity, from a raving lunatic. The club, then.

IN THE club he found his old classmate Winston at the bar. Winston glanced at him and hastily finished his cocktail.

"Have another," Mr. Markwell urged him.

"No, thanks," said Winston, and turned to go. Mr. Markwell's self-control gave way; he clutched Winston's shoulders, held him fast.

"Why not?" he demanded in frenzy. "Why not?"

"Well, damn it, since you ask me, because I don't like you!"

"Wha-at?" said Mr. Markwell slowly. "You really don't like me?"

"No, I don't like you! What's more," said Winston, "while we are on the subject, nobody likes you! Wrecking every conversation with stories about things that happened twenty years ago, and weren't interesting even then! Why, a woman who dined at your house the other night—a friend of my wife's, on one of her charity committees—said you bored her to death with your college-boy reminiscences. The eternal undergraduate! The club bore! Of course nobody likes you!"

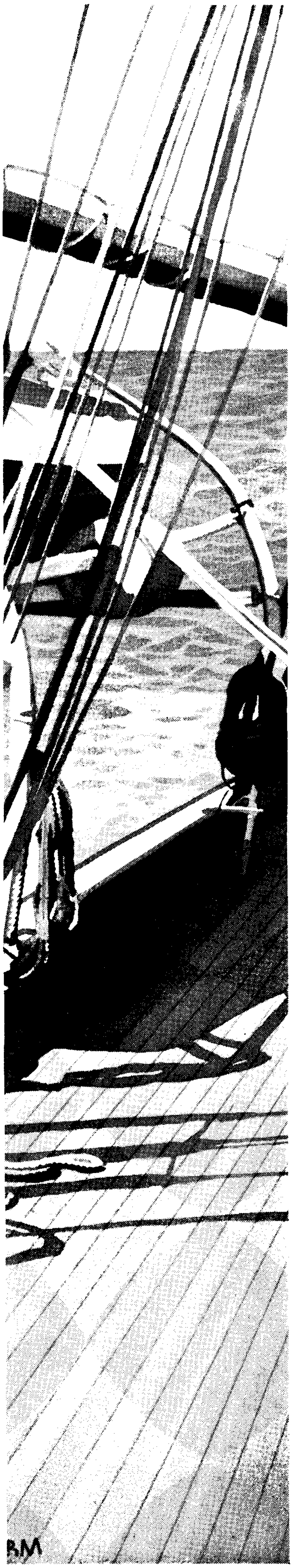
IN THAT moment the integrated personality of Japheth Markwell rose to its greatest triumph.

"Thank God!" he said fervently. And then, as Winston stared, "It's all right, Winston. You see, I'd been afraid there was something *really* wrong with me." He turned to the bartender. "One Martini, please."

Deepwater Island

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



The Story Thus Far:

WHEN, accompanied by John Colt, her adviser, Karen Waterson arrives in Honolulu, the Waynes—Richard (known as "Tonga Dick"), Ernest, Willard and their Uncle James—are panic-stricken. The girl has a claim on a rich island which they own; and, alleging that her grandfather had sold it to the Waynes when he was mentally irresponsible, she has her attorney file suit to recover it.

While discussing the situation with Colt in a hotel dining-room Karen sees a handsome young stranger enter. Colt informs her that the new arrival is Tonga Dick—Richard Wayne. Thinking that he does not know who she is, Karen picks him up; and before they part she accepts an invitation to go for a sail with him on his speedy schooner. Reviewing the facts in the case, the brothers reluctantly admit that they may lose their island. Dick, however, shows small signs of worry. And presently he hurls a bombshell. "In the morning," he says, "Karen Waterson and I are leaving together, for a trip on my boat." The brothers are amazed, shocked. "I absolutely forbid you to go with her!" Willard exclaims.

Dick smiles. "Go ahead and forbid," he says calmly.

II

JOHN COLT came to take breakfast with Karen Waterson next morning.

Their brightly silvered breakfast table overlooked the beach, where the warm sea was breaking in emerald combers shot through with the early sun. Beyond the shallows the open water was of a blue intense and unbelievable, and from it drifted an almost imperceptible movement of clean air, strangely mild and soft, and smelling of salt water. Even the brilliance of the sunlight had a gentle quality, its direct glare tempered by an invisible humidity. Yet, looking out at the lazy sea, Karen Waterson knew that she was afraid.

The exultant assurance of victory which she had felt the night before was gone, suddenly unable to live in all this sunlight. The fog-grayed cobbles of San Francisco's hill streets seemed farther away than Jupiter—and though she should have been glad of this, she was not; it made her feel like an extremely small girl, very much alone and lost, with several thousand miles of deep water between herself and home.

She could hardly remember what had persuaded her to make an incognito date to sail with the one man who had most reason to be her enemy. In spite of the evening, Tonga Dick remained a shadowy and mysterious figure—an unaccountable stranger whose very name was outlandish according to any standards she knew. She had no idea whatever what was to be expected of such a man, or what his reflexes would be if he were suddenly to discover who she was. And she was hoping now that he would not, after all, send his car for her.

In this mood she found it pleasant to sit across a breakfast table from John Colt. It did not happen very often, and was the more helpful because it did not. The rigid and untiring efficiency of John Colt's mind seemed to provide a complete compartmenting of his activities and relationships—and his relationship with Karen he had made one of pure business. Her appreciation of this was not reduced by her comprehension of the reason for it. John Colt, she was sure, avoided intimacy not from any personal scruples, but because a good business deal must not be endangered in the least degree by any side issues or involvements whatever.

This, in the light of her own past experience, she found slightly incredible, and sometimes acutely annoying; but it seemed to be so, as yet. Except that he seemed to take for granted her considerable ability to take care of herself, he treated her very much as if she had been ninety years old. It was typical of him that their hotels were separated by half the town.

Some day, she knew, John Colt would make love to her; whether they won or lost, that time would come as inevitably as the falling of Hawaiian rain. Often she speculated curiously as to whether this would happen before or after their fight with the Waynes was closed, and amused herself by imagining what she would do about it when it came. But for the present, tête-à-tête breakfasts were not in the picture at all; and even this morning she felt as if he had simply come to give her necessary instructions.

"I am very much at a loss to imagine," he said now, "why you have committed yourself to this peculiar arrangement."

"I hardly know either," Karen admitted. "I half wish—"

"Then why don't you withdraw? When his car appears, simply send word that you can't make it."

UNCERTAIN of herself, Karen Waterson studied Colt's face. It was a good face, soundly built and well muscled; it looked quiet and steady, not because of a willed reserve, but because that was the only way it seemed to be able to look. It was his eyes that were arresting. They were a gun-metal gray, grave, clear and penetrating, somehow suggestive of the eyes of a man behind a transit or a throttle.

"I am perfectly determined to go through with it," she said.

Colt smiled. "I have an idea that when you make up your mind like that, nothing anybody can say will stop you. But with such a small chance of learning anything useful, I still don't see why—"

On an impulse Karen said, "I'll tell you why I have to go. I have to go because I'm afraid of these Waynes."

"Afraid—?"

"Until now I haven't even seen any of them—except at a distance, in a crowd. They're just mysterious names."

Colt leaned toward her. "If you're perfectly sure that you want to go through with this—"

"I am sure."

"Maybe it will help you to remember this: Your swashbuckling old grandfather knew every foot of these islands before the Waynes ever came. He plowed all up and down these seas, without ever being frightened by a Wayne or anything else. And there's no reason for you to be frightened by them now. They're just people, like anybody else, Karen."

"They're people," Karen said, "from whom we are about to take everything they have."

"What you're taking is yours," John Colt said.

"Sometimes I wonder if it really is."

JOHN COLT looked at her curiously. To this man, this watchful and restless planner, honesty was a rigid thing; rights of property were matters decided only in courts, and no other rights existed. When people called him unscrupulous he set it down to a silly sentimentality which no one of sense could possibly be expected to understand.

"Listen to me," he said. "Everything they have is based upon the fact that they took the island of Alakoa from your grandfather after he had become incompetent—as we shall prove. Thus everything they have is literally stolen from you." He spoke slowly and distinctly, drilling her in this as he had drilled her a dozen times before. "You're definitely the rightful owner of a property worth, conservatively, three million dollars. Your repossession of it will be definitely decided one way or the other within ten days. There is nothing personal or mysterious about it; it is simply a matter of law and fact. Do you understand?"

Something of John Colt's own spirit of conquest came back into Karen Waterson. "Yes," she said; "and I'm not wavering, John. You can be perfectly sure of this—I'll never turn back now."

Until this moment it perhaps had never occurred to John Colt that there would be any reason for Karen's courage to falter; but now he was looking at her steadily.

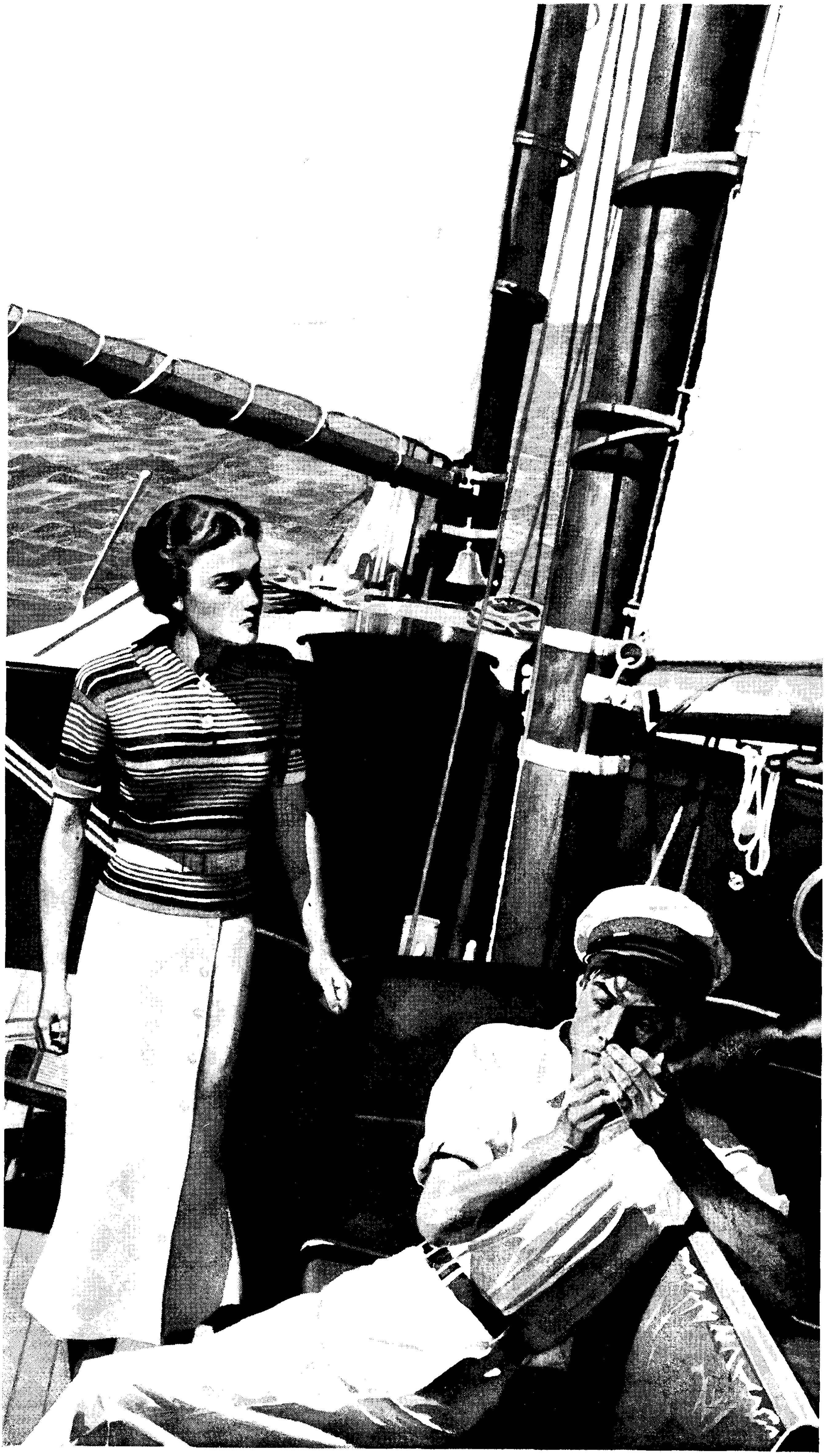
"Do you want to make that a promise?"

"Of course."

LYING full length on a deck chair, Karen drank a pre-lunch Martini, and watched the stunning blue and white of the sea stream past the low foredeck of Richard Wayne's schooner. She was thinking about her breakfast with John Colt. Here, out upon the slowly breathing Pacific, John Colt himself seemed as far away as San Francisco had seemed from the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian.

Dick Wayne said harshly, "Where the hell's your clothes?"

Karen started; she hadn't noticed that a half-naked Chinese was offering them plates of baked breadfruit and *kumu*.



"This is kidnap," Karen said. Her voice was steady now

"Mine?" she murmured in surprise.

Dick grinned, and the Chinese boy said, "What, Tonga?"

"Arthur," Dick said with suave ferocity, "you're new aboard, so I won't take you apart. But the next time you serve us without a white jacket on—and a clean one at that—I'm going to pull your head off."

The childlike face of the Chinese perked up. "Oh," he said astonishingly, "Yankee hell-ship stuff here, huh?"

"You read that in a book?" Dick demanded.

There was a dignity in the messboy's half-clad figure as he turned away. "I get him from public library," he said. He left them, and behind him a silence fell.

"Dick," Karen gasped, "that's cockeyed—just plain cockeyed. I never heard such a conversation in my life."

Dick grinned ruefully. "When you perfectly understand what you've just seen," he told her, "you'll understand everything about the islands—everything. . . ."

At first, sheering away from Barber's Point, Karen had experienced a sharp sinking of spirits. She was unable to believe that Dick had not found out who she was. She had lingered with her elbows on the rail watching the opalescent, flame-bright bands of green along the shoreline recede behind surf rapidly flattening into a white line, thin and steady.

"It always picks me up to get offshore, onto black water," Dick said.

Looking at the flame-blue run of the sea she could not at first imagine why he had called it black; but presently her eyes broke the focus of the bright surface, so that she could look down and down until vision turned back, baffled by a hypnotic sense of the limitless. For an instant she was touched by an awareness of vast black depths into which a body could sink for days, until at last absorbed by shadowy, unknown things.

Karen shivered faintly. "It's a little awful to think how deep it is," she said.

BUT during the morning hours on the sea a new vitality had come into her, as if from the long swells of the open sea itself; and after lunch she sought a way to push ahead with her self-elected task of studying Tonga Dick. The Holokai was a two-masted 110-foot schooner; Dick Wayne called her a trading schooner, with auxiliary power, but very definitely she was something else. Her racing-schooner hull, astonishingly loaded by her great Diesel, had hardly any cargo space at all, other than that needed for her own stores. Karen put out a tentative feeler.

"I was wondering how your schooner came by her name."

"Holokai means 'sea-rider,'" he told her.

"That's peculiarly poetic."

"Oh, I didn't name her myself. She was named by the man from whom she came to me."

"Who?" Karen asked innocently.

Tonga Dick shrugged. "There are all manner of boats knocking about the Pacific. You can always get hold of a boat."

Karen wondered if he had sensed the probe. Very obviously, she speculated, the Holokai could be no trader; she was either a rich man's plaything, or some swift, hard-running thing whose purpose Karen Waterson could not imagine. She tried again.

"You're a very young man to own such a ship. But I suppose your income from Alakoa—"

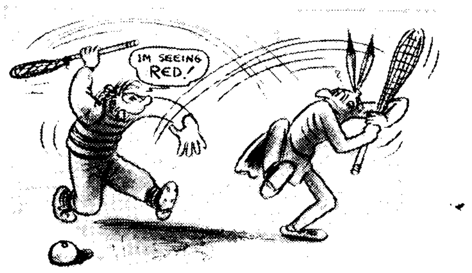
(Continued on page 44)

Murder on the Lawn

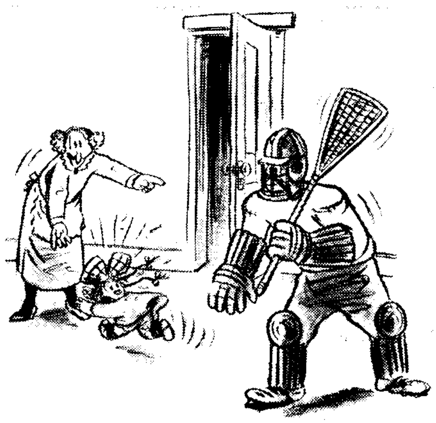
Combine the more violent elements of football, hockey, second-degree murder and legerdemain and you'll get a rough idea of the pastime called lacrosse. And that's the sort of idea that fits the game nicely—rough

By Kyle Crichton

DRAWINGS BY FRANK OWEN


I'M SEEING RED!

A wham, and time was called to drag another white or red warrior off



The goal tender wears a breast protector, shin guards and a prayer

MY OWN experience with lacrosse was limited. I can remember taking the ball and starting down the field, but directly afterward I lost two hours out of my life at a time when it is most costly to a growing young man. When I awoke in the field house, I saw various interested parties hovering over me as if wondering whether their old pal was ever coming back to them. It was only later that I learned my career as a lacrosse star had been halted by three gentlemen—one who had poked me in the tummy with his stick, another who had clipped me neatly behind the ear, and a third who had dumped me on the turf with as perfect a take-out as was ever achieved by a football end on a defensive halfback.

I've been strong to have other people play lacrosse ever since, and can't to this day understand why it isn't the most popular American sport. It has everything an American crowd is supposed to like, being a combination of football, basketball, cross-country, hockey, second-degree murder and sleight of hand. The game is fast, rough and clever. It was invented by the Indians and has been officially designated as the national sport of Canada. Its hotbed in this country is Baltimore, with Johns Hopkins University being the center of activity.

Down around Baltimore, it is a religion, a mark of social standing and a form of dementia. They have an excellent reason why this has come about.

"It came in right," say the Baltimoreans.

This refers to the fact that it was brought to town from Newport, R. I., in 1878 by some of the young bluebloods who wandered that far north with a track team and it is now as firmly a part of the social structure of the city as soft-shell crabs and terrapin. Grandpa played it and Papa played it and now the third generation is playing it. Teams from Johns Hopkins defeated the Canadians and English at the Olympic games in Amsterdam in 1928, and licked the Canadians at Los Angeles in 1932. Since the World War, the Americans have so consistently knocked off the Canadians that something is being done about it north of the lakes. They haven't reached the point of hiring American coaches but they are putting their heads to it, and it is hardly likely that the next visit of McGill or Toronto universities will be the massacres of their last appearances.

A Game with One Rule

For years there were practically no rules in lacrosse and almost no restrictions of space or deadliness. The Indians used to have their goal posts half a mile apart, with all male members of one tribe against the same of another. They carried the ball between two sticks and there were two objectives—the offense wanted to jam its way through to the goal and the defense wanted to knock the block off anybody who thought he could get through.

"Heap big fun," the Indians are reported never to have said about the pastime.

Up until a few years ago there were no eligibility rules. A student who had graduated at Yale and desired to take post-graduate work at Hopkins or Lehigh could be found on the lacrosse team slashing gayly about. The only rule ever heard of, according to the old-timers, was the "family" rule.

"You can only clip a man in the face," said the old-timers, "if he has previously murdered somebody in your family."

The modern game formerly used twelve men on a side, with the field 120 yards long. Recent rules changes have reduced the teams to ten men and the field to 90 yards. Lacrosse is as near perpetual motion as any sport ever invented. The players run for miles in the course of an afternoon, dodging, twisting, passing and dumping. The ball is faced off at center much like the beginning of a hockey game and from then on it is fast and rowdy. The sticks—officially called the crosse—are between four and five feet long and a foot wide at the farthest tip. They are strung loosely with rawhide, and to catch the ball it is necessary to keep twisting the stick, otherwise the ball would pop out of the net as fast as it came in. The player always uses two hands with the stick, catches the ball with a twist of the stick and keeps twisting it as he runs and then throws it so it flies off along the wooden groove at the side.

The game is a tremendous affair when played between two evenly matched teams. The ball is about the size of a tennis ball but is of hard rubber and when propelled by a good player goes like something out of a howitzer. When the offense gets the ball and starts bringing it down the field, it is something to see. The attack men pass it rapidly from one to the other, as is done in basketball and hockey, and the defense uses football and Third Avenue barroom-bouncer tactics in breaking it up. They poke and club with their sticks to knock the ball out of the other sticks and use the football take-out to dump everybody in sight.

No Place for Softies

Good players catch and throw on the dead run and can shoot either from the right or left. This two-direction attack utterly confounded the Canadians when it was first developed by the Americans. The goal is almost exactly the size of the hockey net and the goal tender wears a breast protector, shin guards and a prayer. The other players wear thick leather gloves, which cover both the hands and the wrists and look like the paraphernalia of the armored warriors of King Arthur's day. Their jerseys are padded about the shoulders and down to the elbows and they wear fiber helmets to ward off murder from aloft. They have added a steel wire to the helmet, in late years, which comes over the nose and is fastened under the chin. This has eliminated most of the face cuts and most of the complaints about roughness.

"What do you mean—rough?" they demand in Baltimore. "There has never

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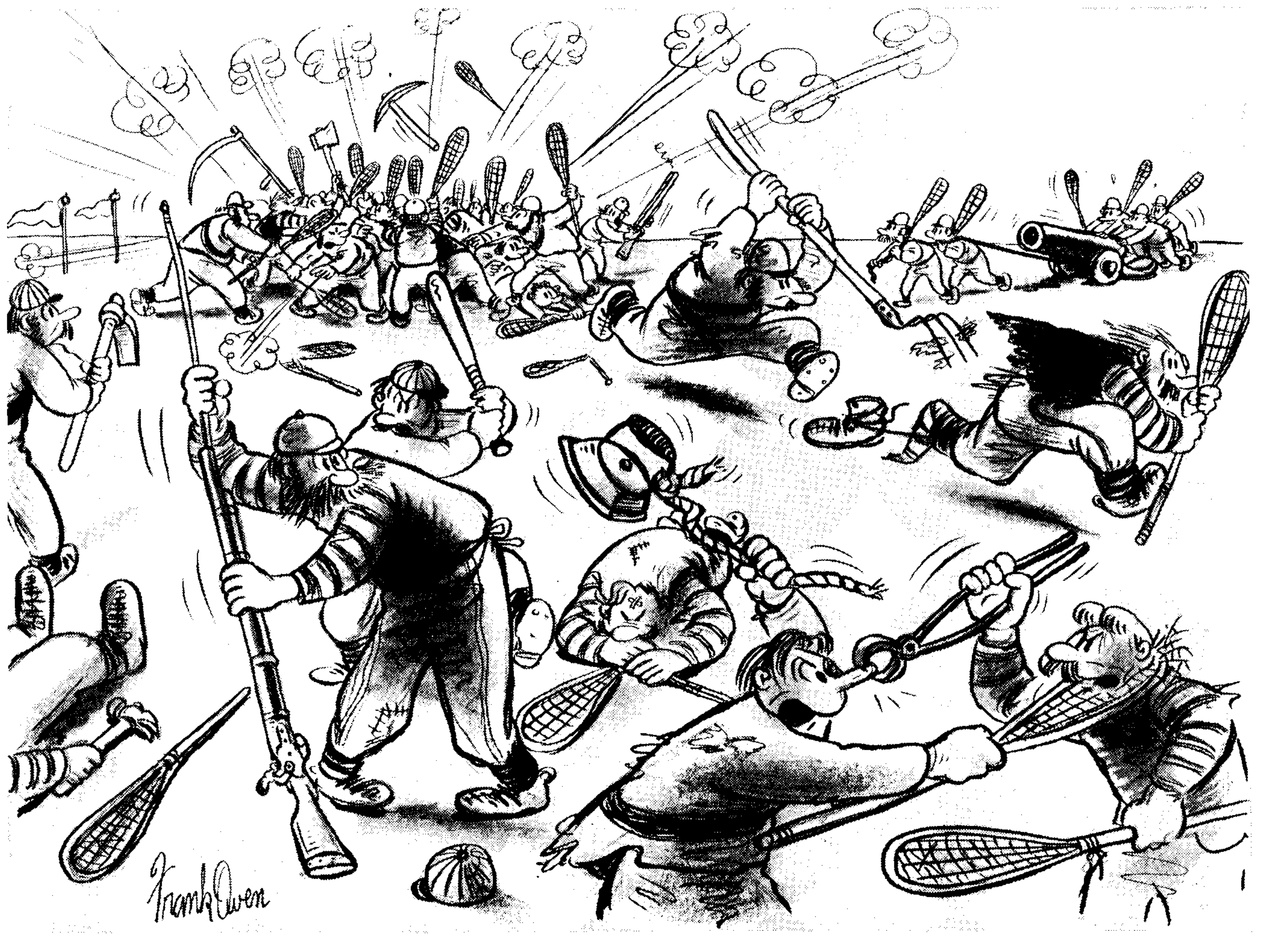


The game of lacrosse has everything an American sports crowd is supposed to like

In Lives of a Bengal Lancer, the sound technique reached new heights of perfection

Stupendous, Colossal, Gorgeous

By W. B. Courtney

That's conservative. Tomorrow's movies will make our current pictures seem dim and lifeless. Here's a preview of coming attractions

THE poor fellow—you would have sworn he had not eaten in a fortnight, and his eyes were coals from a doused fire—skulked all the livelong day outside a major picture studio, and in him was the pensive anonymity, the combination of tail between the legs and lips above the clouds, the impersonal mixture of despair and optimism, that can be achieved only by a Hollywood bum. If he caught you looking at him he would begin, immediately and unconsciously, a campaign of subtle posturings designed to impress you that he was merely acting the part of a down-and-outer; that really he was a very consequential fellow. He watched the executive offices door from the shadows of the opposite sidewalk, as a scrap-worn cat guards a hole at a prudent distance so that he may have space in which to estimate the size and bite, and the resistance potentialities, of intended prey.

Presently a man with an oily moon face came out, gave the boy at the door a nickel for a paper and did not wait for the change, then minced across the street. The seedy one fell into step beside him. He said, "Hello, Mister Latch. Say, have you got a minute?" Mr. Latch glanced up only momentarily from his paper, and went right on reading the headlines as he walked. He was neither surprised nor displeased. " 'Lo," he said affably, "how's tricks?" Mr. Latch was a true child of his $1,500 weekly pay envelope; a cash fatalist, who looked upon touches as the routine and natural tribute always levied upon good fortune.

The jazz singer was a forerunner of the present sound pictures

"Lubitsch sent for me," the bum explained, hurriedly. "Someone must have told him about the great idea I've got. I was just on my way to see him, when I saw you coming out. Say, I'd like to tell you about it first, Mr. Latch." The studio man turned into a café, and a slight but tolerant nod gave the bum all the invitation he needed to follow. In Hollywood, only genuinely democratic American town, the prosperous and immaculate lose no caste through breaking bread in public with the poor and shabby. There is commercial advantage, of course, in a reputation for charitableness; but even should exhibitionism—and I doubt it does—lurk behind such good-heartedness, the motive is academic to a hungry man.

"I was just going to get a cup of coffee," explained Mr. Latch, half shyly, as they sat down. "You need a cup of coffee, this time of the day." The bum agreed that you did. "But go ahead and have something else, too," urged Mr. Latch; "a steak, and some pie à la mode or something. I don't need to eat now. I'm going to have some folks in for dinner tonight. What's on your mind, Sam? Where are you working now?" Mr. Latch knew very well, of course, that Sam was not employed. This was all part of the routine. Latch had entirely forgotten—if, indeed, he had heard—Sam's reference to Lubitsch and the "great idea" just a few moments before. Latch was skilled in the self-absorption which is an earmark of Hollywood artistic success. His attention was caught definitely now, however, by a gadget that Sam loosed from a thready pocket and set upon the table. It had the appearance of a miniature telescope.

"That is it," the bum said; "this is what I was going to show Lubitsch. It's color and stereoscopy together, right in one. You just screw one on the camera, and one on the projector. You don't need special lens, or nothing. It will revolutionize pictures, more than sound did. Of course it's cost me $20,000 so far, but that's the beauty of it because it won't cost the industry hardly anything once I get a contract and go into production. It won't mean new equipment in the studios or in the theaters either, and that's more than

In La Cucaracha, as in The Three Little Pigs, you accepted the color as an integral and natural element

they could say for sound. Cripes, Mr. Latch, that's how I lost my job on the camera over at Polaris; because the head of the camera department knew what I had and he wanted a piece of it and I wouldn't let him in on it. Cripes, you know how it is with the big companies. They don't want changes. They want to stand still and rake in the dough. They fought sound and then it cost them ten million bucks to change over. They fight guys like me. But they can't stop me, because the public wants what I've got. All I need is about a hundred more, to keep me going *until I get one or two little bugs out* of this thing. Then I'm set. I know where I can get $80 and—"

Creators of the Movies' Future

Later, after the down-and-outer had finished his meal and gone his way fortified by one of the good-natured Mr. Latch's twenty-dollar bills, the studio man beckoned to me to join him. "There," he said with a thoughtful gesture after the vanishing Sam, "goes the future of the movies. Nuts! Cranks! Biblebacks! They're scheming and working and starving all over Hollywood, in little private laboratories and in garages and cellars, and everybody laughs at them; but they're the boys who are inventing and creating the pictures that you will see tomorrow."

Mr. Latch bandied the subject precisely as he would a story theme in a meeting with his scenario writers. His daily life as a typical studio maestro was blow hot, blow cold; he was a mental automaton, tripped in or out of action by conference-room doors, with bland interludes in which he was a pleasant husband, a generous father, a *jolly neighbor and a Republican.* He never thought about the making of tomorrow's movies before the bum accosted him; he may never think of them again, until he stumbles over their presence as a boy comes upon a fact of life. For this brief current moment, however, there was nothing in the world more important to him; and latent knowledge sweated from his surprised mind.

"Yes, siree," he went on, "if you want to know what swell things you'll see in your neighborhood movie houses in years to come, don't talk to Zukor or Mayer or Sheehan. Look up Sam and the other little fellows in the hungry fringe. It isn't altogether true, what Sam said about the big companies being down on advancement. The trouble is they're all so busy watching each other, bargaining with the bankers and foxing the politicians, that they haven't time to look ahead. They barely manage to keep up to date. That's what is responsible for the sheep-herd psychology of movie producers; imitation is their only protection against falling behind. Sound taught them a partial lesson. They've hired the best young engineering *brains they could get since then, and* they haven't stinted money in sound technique. But, of course, that's only consolidation of won ground; it isn't conquest of new territory.

"Right now, when scientific achievement in almost every field and business you can mention is running hell-bent for Tuesday, what this movie industry needs, instead of a Will Hays committee to help it through legal back alleys and to tell it how cheap and dirty it can be without stirring censorship, is an official foundation to study audience reactions, to organize the trend toward more intelligent pictures, to keep the face of the movies' future always filled in with the latest details. Save us a lot of time and money. Hey, that's a swell idea, isn't it? Academy of Motion Picture Psychology, Emotional and Technical Research, and Pure Science. Got a couple of semi-official technical bodies now. They should be official, and broader in scope. Like I suggest! Think I'll take it up with the executives' association—"

Unfortunately, Latch will do nothing of the sort; neither will any one of his colleagues or rivals. The movies remain a glittering and inchoate mass—youngest "island universe" in the art cosmos—swirling off gradually and separating into definitive forms through the pressure of natural forces, and the greatest of the latter is you and I.

The Cinema's Shot in the Arm

Progress is attacking the movies from two sides and a dozen sectors, and very soon the smoke will lift and you will see more intelligent, more glamorous, more interesting pictures. The long-heralded, greatly derided, "bigger and better" films are within reach, at last, due to recent attainments, newest hopes, of science. Thus Sam, the Hollywood down-and-outer, may be on top of the heap tomorrow if you give the word. Moreover, on the opposite swing of the pendulum from the improvident dreamers of filmland, are powerful and superbly drilled interests whose vision is of control, and whose budgets are in millions. Television's backers, for example. Many portents indicate near and drastic changes, and the Tories of the films shiver in their perfumed dugouts.

The movies—in common with all other forms of public entertainment—are like dope fiends. They live in a world of unbuttoned emotions, of sham and fantasy and *make-believe. Once in a while* they need a shot in the arm, lest they peter out in anemic jitters. Sound was such a restoring jolt. Others, vaster and more exciting, are close upon us: of concern alike to fans and to those who can take their movies or leave them. For once, your neighborhood theater is about to live up to the superlatives in its announcements of coming attractions.

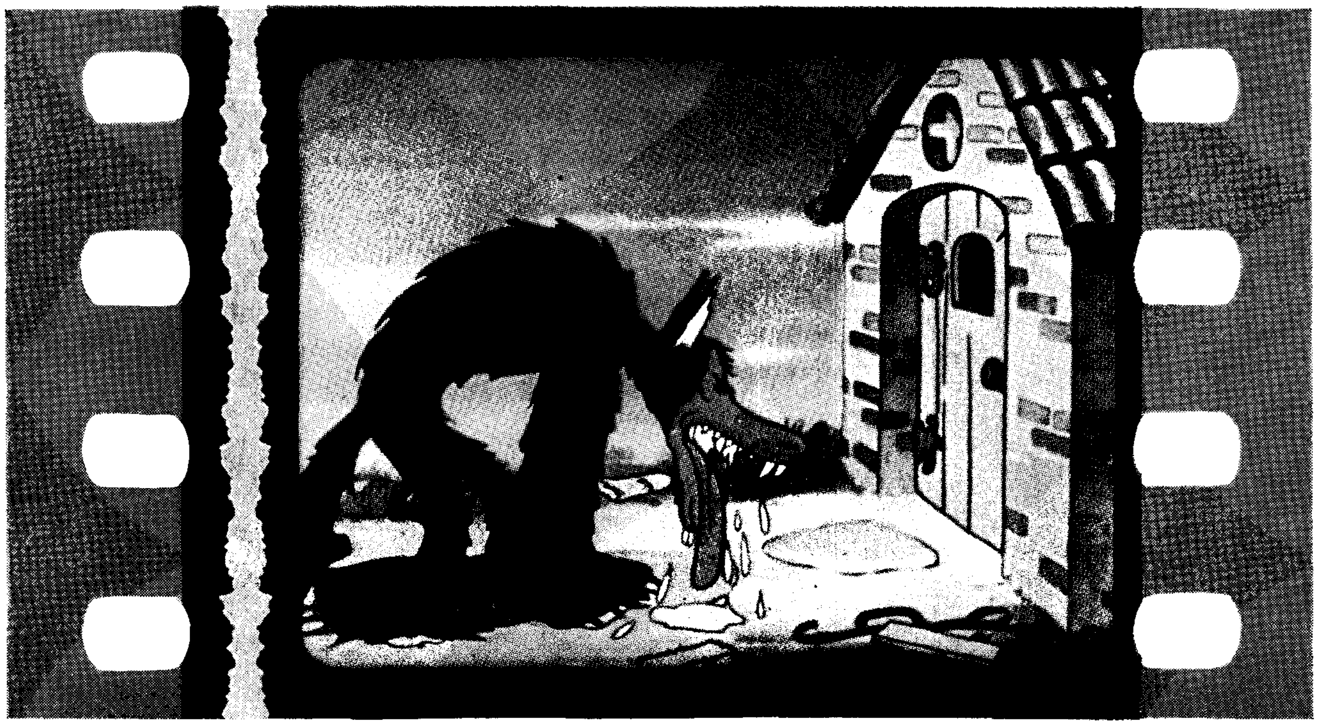
Behind the Keep-Out Signs

The shadow clans have gathered and are racing toward the substance and light in which they will shine upon tomorrow's screens, to your delight and profit. You can see their outlines plainly, if you will poke with me around Hollywood's side-alley workshops and listen behind hands and peer around the hocus-pocus of family secrets and hush rooms and "keep-out" signs in the great studios. This much, certainly, is apparent. When you sit down at tomorrow's matinee (while the boss thinks you are interviewing a prospect) or in the evening in your favorite cinema palace with friend wife and the eight kids, the picture you see will be as different from today's picture as today's is different from yesterday's. And you know how creepy, how ancient, it makes you feel nowadays to see a "silent" movie.

For years the men who produce the movies have been aware of elusive clues, within their own work, of the bright shape of things to come. Every veteran director and every old-time cameraman has had "ghosts" in his pictures; apparitions that baffle and mystify and cause bated discussions in the projection-room when the rushes are on. You must have seen them, too, without realizing their significance. Cecil de Mille, the man who wraps up classical indelicacies in lavender and old lace, and through

(Continued on page 51)

The big, bad wolf failed to wreck the house, but he blew motion pictures into a whole new era



Bring Home the Rainbow

By Marie Beynon Ray

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY RICHARDSON

Color is pure magic. It can make two rooms out of one; it can make a small room big and a dark room light. Or it will camouflage furniture you don't like and play up the furniture you do. Here's how

THE female of the species, it appears, has very different ideas about color than the male. Whereas a woman's first loves are pink and blue, a man wants his color strong, his first choice being a good, sturdy red. You may in time coax him into a toleration of a virile blue or a salty green, but red will always remain the passion of his life.

One decorator tells the story of a client whose husband had a way of running off to the club after dinner. In doing over their apartment, the decorator, no fool about men, set aside one room as the husband's lounge, doing it in greens and red with several deeply upholstered red chairs—a bit Christmasy but very cheery. And now the lady is practically surrounded by husbands—her own and other people's. Other women call her up only to beg to have a husband returned.

There are other difficult situations which color can save. People have been known to be driven mad by certain colors—and restored to sanity through others. Psychiatrists frequently treat their neurotic and shell-shocked patients with color, prescribing the colors of their rooms, their clothes, even their food.

If you think you're immune to color, visit a certain lighting institute in New York where they put you through the color third degree. Standing alone in an empty room, you are subjected to floods of pure color and your reactions are noted as if you were a laboratory rabbit. Lapped in a soft blue haze, the color of distance, you feel at once uplifted, released, purified. Then they turn on a violent red—and you could scream, tear down the walls, commit murder.

Color is pure magic—the nearest thing to waving a wand and effecting a complete transformation, from pumpkin to gilded coach, outside the fairy tales. If a sick mind is not beyond the reach of color, think what it can do to a sick house. If a room with the bitter blight of the Early Pullman or Mid-Rutherford B. Hayes era upon it is the thorn in your side, don't, I beg you, despair. Color can save you. Here is the story of just such a room.

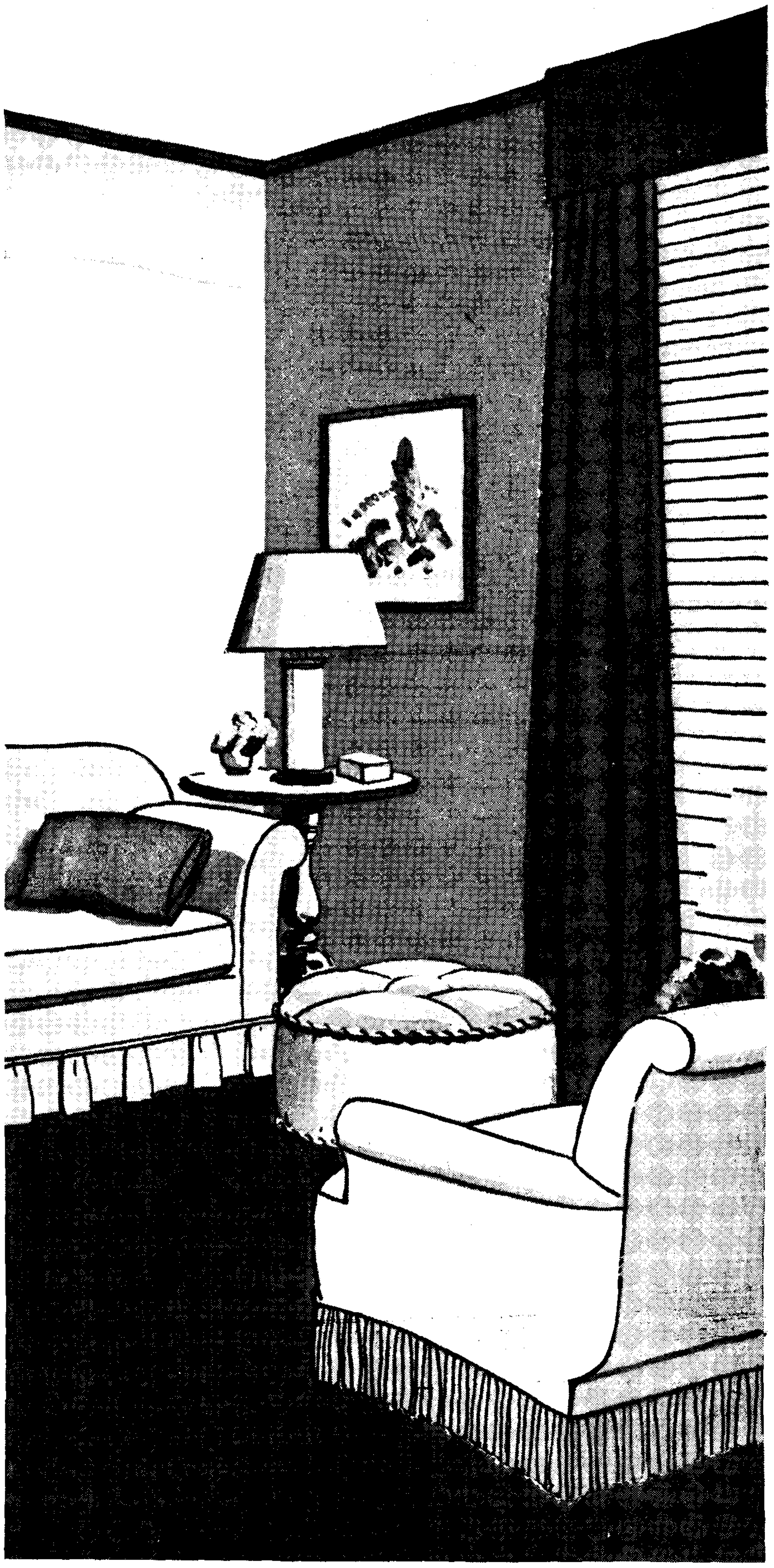
Confronted with its assorted atrocities, suddenly inspiration descended upon the decorator. She decided to wipe out that furniture, make it practically invisible by the use of paint—in a word, the old army trick, camouflage. She covered the walls with a yellow paper having a small, white floral design —and painted all the furniture the exact same yellow. Thus was the furniture absorbed into the yellow of the walls and its dizzy convolutions minimized by the curlicues of the little white flowers, which cunningly caught and diverted the eye.

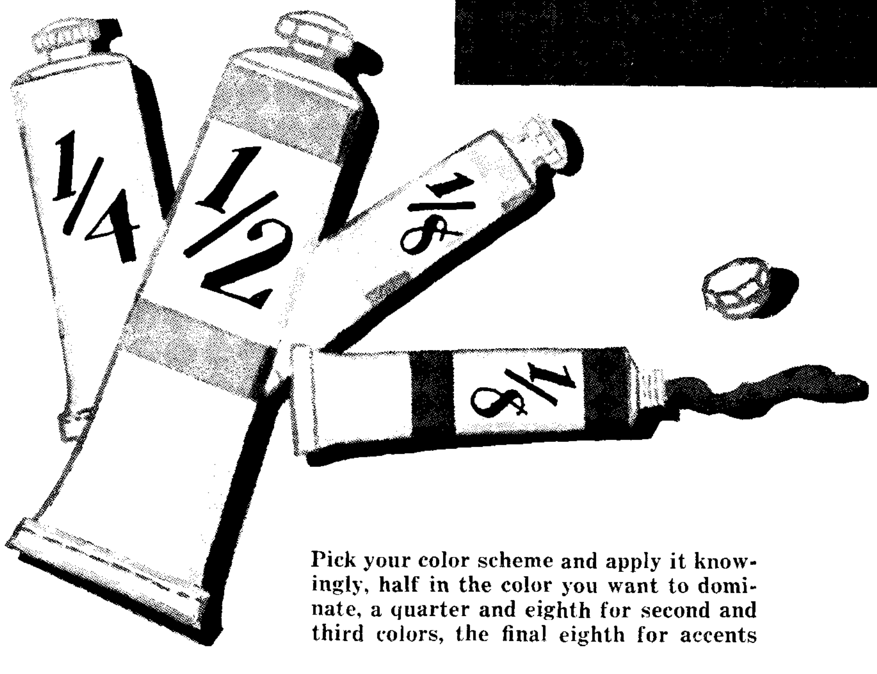
Next, certain pieces of furniture which were too high were made to appear lower by painting the lower part white, to wit: the outside of the head and footboards of the bed were painted yellow but the inside of the latter was painted white, the color of the bedspread, and this little trick made the bed appear, to the guest having breakfast in it, deceptively low and inconspicuous.

And then! Being allowed to buy a few new pieces, she decided to create one corner that was sheer beauty and thus delude the beholder into believing that the whole room was beautiful. She chose the corner opposite the entrance, which was also the one faced by the guest in bed—on the theory that first impressions are the most important and that a guest, when in her room, is usually in bed.

Dramatizing a Corner

This corner was flanked by two windows in the meeting walls, which cut it off from the rest of the room. So she *painted* (not papered) the walls in this corner a robin's-egg blue, carrying this color down from the ceiling. Well, you can imagine the effect of that! It set that corner apart from the whole room — dramatized it. Against this amazing background she placed a three-tier crystal table bearing a lovely lamp and a low chair upholstered in white. Then she curtained the windows in crisp white voile with a red cotton binding, draping them back in an irregular and graceful manner; and over the once ugly chest of drawers, now all a sunny yellow, she hung, instead of the heavy, standing mirror, a round, frameless mirror.





Pick your color scheme and apply it knowingly, half in the color you want to dominate, a quarter and eighth for second and third colors, the final eighth for accents

The whole clever treatment was a series of optical illusions. And the decorator who conceived it was Eleanor LeMaire, who should print on her letterheads these two little words: Color Wizard.

And there are other ways of dealing with refractory furniture. Say it is of some dark, sinister wood, bristling with carving. That doesn't stump us for a minute. Paint the lower part of the walls a dark color and the upper part a bright color—not straight around, you understand, but on different levels, perhaps occasionally breaking into one color with the other—use a dark carpet and drop a cheery slip cover over the more truculent pieces. There you are! That gives you an idea of what color can do. Don't silhouette bad furniture—absorb it into the background. Also,

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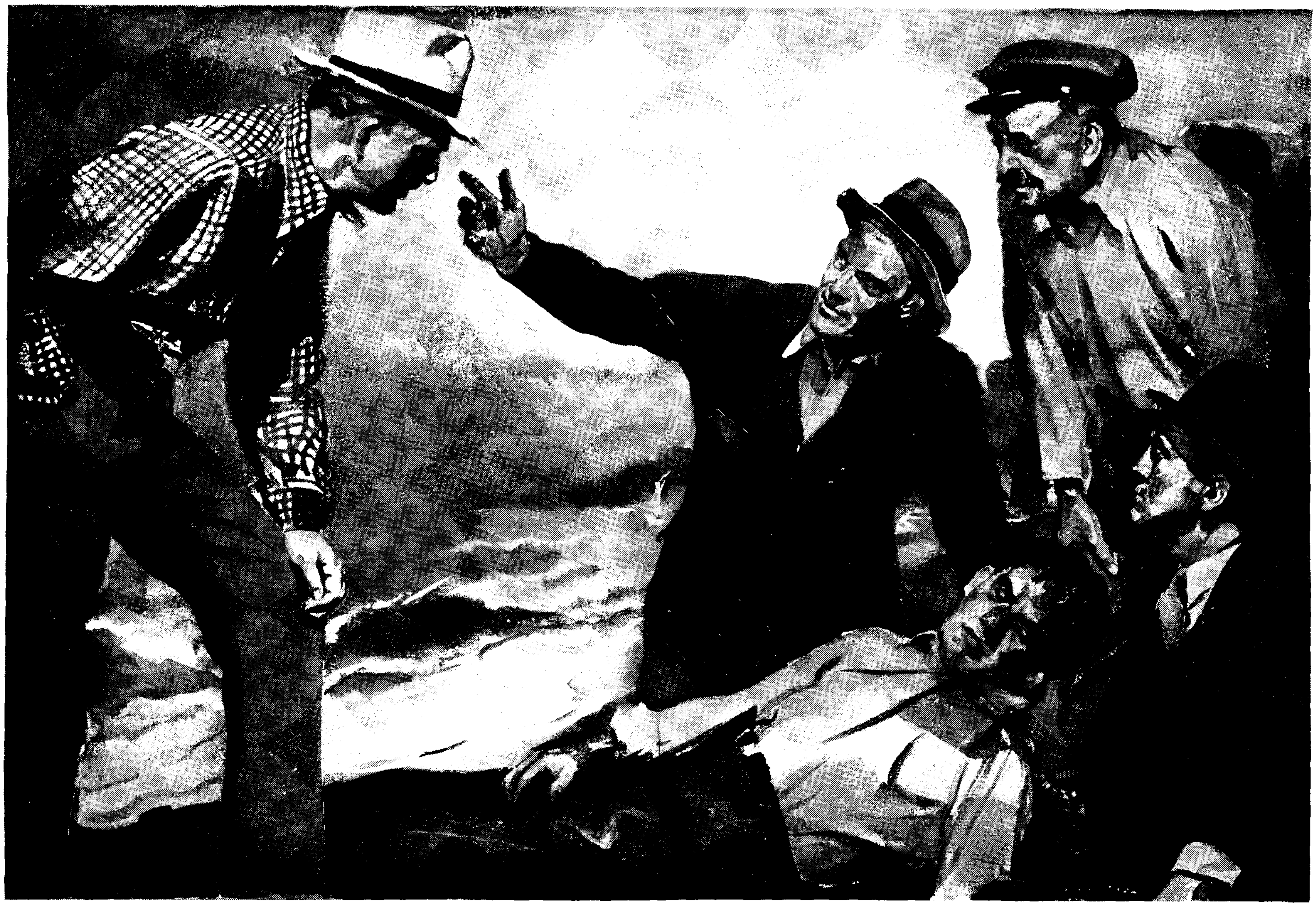


He organized the camp as efficiently as possible and delegated special duties to each man. He tended the injured sailor

The President Goes Fishing

He might have been a hero—if he hadn't been the man he was

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THEY can do a real job with a fog, up there along the Alaskan Panhandle. It settles down upon land and water, thick enough to slice into chunks and fry, and it makes a monkey out of navigation. The thing clambers up out of the sea and creeps wetly over the bays and estuaries, fastening its slimy tentacles like an octopus in the narrow crevices between the islands, hauling and humping itself irresistibly forward, thrusting its clammy feelers ahead and flattening out slowly in a smothering gray jelly over the reefs and bars and dangerous shoals.

The fog had halted all navigation in Juneau since Monday. Ships felt their way perilously along the narrow channels, sounding intermittent blasts on their whistles and steering by the echoes that rebounded from the sheer cliffs on either side. Planes tried to fly blind through the stuff, with ceiling zero and visibility nil, or set down in a convenient harbor to wait it out.

Even the destroyer Brooklyn, assigned to accompany the President of the United States on his cruise in Southern Alaskan waters, remained at anchor in Juneau Harbor; and the newspapermen aboard had waited impatiently for the scanty press bulletins from the yacht Coho on which the President was staying, smoking cigarettes, dealing endless poker hands in the smoke-filled press-quarters, hammering out each night the same routine yarn: "No word has been received today from President Morrow, who set out from this port Monday on a brief fishing trip aboard the Coho, but earlier bulletins place his general location in or near Big Bear Cove on the northern shore of Koronof Island. The Coho is a 300-ton Diesel yacht, and is owned by Alan Trevelyan of San Francisco, president of the Western Pacific and Seattle Railroad and chairman of the Associated Railways of America . . ." There was not much they could do but file their stories and wait for the fog to lift.

It had been closing in on the President and his party steadily during the afternoon while they were fishing. The sun had faded gradually to a pale yellow, and the islands and the distant snow-capped mountains of the mainland were uncertain shapes in the increasing white glare on the water. The slight breeze had died about midday, and in the small auxiliary motor tender from the Coho, puttering aimlessly as they trolled for salmon through the bays and scattered coves, the air was steamy and lifeless. By the time they had finished a tardy lunch on the rocky shore of a small island, the sun was only a blur of white in the solid gray ceiling, and the craggy landmarks across the bay were blotted out entirely.

JOHN MORROW rolled over onto an elbow and gazed speculatively at the vague horizon. "I make it about twenty miles due south of Big Bear Cove. Koronof ought to be"—he gestured vaguely with his thumb—"about over there, wouldn't you say, Alan?"

"More to the northeast, I think, John," said Trevelyan. "That's the ocean out there. Remember, we kept bearing to the right while you were fighting that last salmon just before lunch." He slapped his pockets, and then remembered: "The charts and compass and stuff are all in my coat on the launch. We'll check it when Leahy gets back."

"I wish he'd step on it," said William Runkel, ramming home the remains of a sandwich and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand. "This stuff is getting thicker by the minute."

Trevelyan's sharp, aristocratic features tilted toward Runkel impersonally like a bird eying a fat grub. "Keep your shirt on," he yawned. "Old Leahy could run these channels blindfolded." He turned idly to a sailor folding the rubber tarpaulin which had served as a tablecloth. "Did he find out what's been making that motor miss all afternoon, Monsen?"

"He says the water intake was blocked and that's probably what made her overheat, sir," said Monsen. "He just wanted to try her once more around the point and back to make sure."

"That plane's due to pick me up at

your yacht at dark, you know," Runkel sulked, "and I don't intend to be late."

"Don't worry, old man," Trevelyan shrugged, peeling an egg precisely and salting it from a waxed envelope. "I'm just as anxious as you are to see you get away."

Runkel's big fists doubled, and his neck flushed red under his stiff collar. The other two were attired in slacks and old sweaters, but he wore a formal business suit and shiny black derby. "I didn't ask to come out here, did I?" he demanded belligerently. "I only did it because he"—he nodded toward the President—"wanted me to, and even then I didn't have to except as a favor. I knew there wasn't any use in a conference. We ain't talking compromise any more." His voice began unconsciously to soar in the spellbinding accents of the stump orator: "The workers demand a living wage—"

"After all, Mr. Runkel," the President interrupted, "we had all that out on the Coho this morning. We know where we stand. I'm sorry if we still differ," he added in a quiet voice, "but there's no sense in bad feelings, is there?"

HE NEVER raised his voice. It was low-pitched and effortless; it seemed to come from a great distance, muffled but distinct, like the ring of a far-off axe on a frosty morning; and it was incongruously mild in that powerful, ungainly frame. John Morrow was a tall, heavy-set man, big-boned and clumsy in his movements, with a long, lean face and a long jaw and deep, sunken hollows under his eyes, like the skull of a horse. They were gray eyes, and they had a way of looking out steadily from the twin caverns in his face, like the eyes of an animal peering from its cave, keen, guarded, watchful, secure. Usually he sat in attentive silence, and spoke briefly, and was silent again. People listened to him when he spoke.

He had not had much hope of a compromise this morning, either. His invitation to Runkel had been a desperate move, a final attempt to avert the impending crisis. On Wednesday night in Seattle, unless Runkel could be persuaded to change his plans, he would call a strike of transportation workers that threatened to assume national proportions. In vain President Morrow had suggested this last-minute conference on the Coho, under strict pledge of secrecy, in the hope of working out some temporary adjustment. It had failed, as he had felt all along it might fail, because Runkel personally was in no position to retreat. He had burned his own bridges far too effectively behind him. His entire success as a demagogue depended on his being forceful, ruthless, uncompromising. He had roused the mob to action; and he knew only too well that his own disciples might turn on their prophet and stone him if he weakened now. He had no choice but to press the attack.

"WE'RE not taking any twenty-per-cent salary cut, Mr. President, and that's final," he had announced flatly, glowering at John Morrow and Trevelyan on the sheltered afterdeck of the Coho this morning. The special chartered plane had dropped him at the yacht an hour ago, and would call again at dusk to carry him back to Seattle. "I'm calling a national walkout of all transportation workers Wednesday unless we're restored to the '29 level. We'll tie up every line in the country, and you know what that'll mean."

John Morrow had fitted his finger tips together and gazed thoughtfully at the sullen figure before him. Runkel's face was heavy-jowled, with thickened nose and cheeks that were flattened and swollen—he had fought professionally once—and his little eyes still had the shifty cunning of the prize ring. In two short years he had fought, bitten, clawed his way to a virtual dictatorship of the transportation unions in America, fusing the railroad and shipping and trucking workers into a single union, using the faces of friends as stepping-stones, shoving aside his superiors, capturing the imagination of the members with flamboyant platitudes about heartless capital and downtrodden labor. The jealous leaders whom he had sacrificed to his own ambitious progress were waiting to jump him like a pack of wolves if he ever showed the slightest sign of giving ground. The President tapped a cigarette and began again in a modulated voice:

"That's why I asked you out here today, Mr. Runkel," he added slowly. "I do know only too well what such a strike would mean. It would mean more millions thrown out of work. It would mean over a hundred million faced with hardship and distress and even starvation. Naturally in any such national catastrophe I'd be forced to use emergency powers, and the Army would have to take over the lines. The welfare of the nation as a whole is more important than the demands of one group, Mr. Runkel—" John Morrow swung suddenly in his chair—"Or the dividends of another, Alan." He paused for a long moment, and studied their belligerent faces. "I had hoped, gentlemen," he resumed at last, "to persuade you both to consider a smaller cut—perhaps a temporary compromise of ten per cent—"

Alan Trevelyan shook his head. "Anything less than twenty per cent is out from my angle, John. You know that. We should have thirty per cent to break even. We'd shut down the lines altogether rather than run them at a loss."

"THERE you are, Mr. President," Runkel said eagerly. "See what I mean? They're never willing to give us half a break. It's always the workers who bear the brunt of—"

"Get down off your soapbox, Runkel," Trevelyan sneered. "You know damned well the only sensible thing is to take a cut, but you haven't the nerve to come out for it at your union meeting. You're trying to save your own neck."

Runkel squirmed uneasily. He knew the truth in Trevelyan's thrust. He had been afraid to come out here today; but he had been more afraid not to come. The threat of a general strike was all very well as a poker bluff to squeeze out the other side; but it would be a pretty hot hand to play, he realized, if such a strike were really called. He tried to bluster: "Go ahead and shut down, then. We'll see who gives in first. It's the fight of the workers against—"

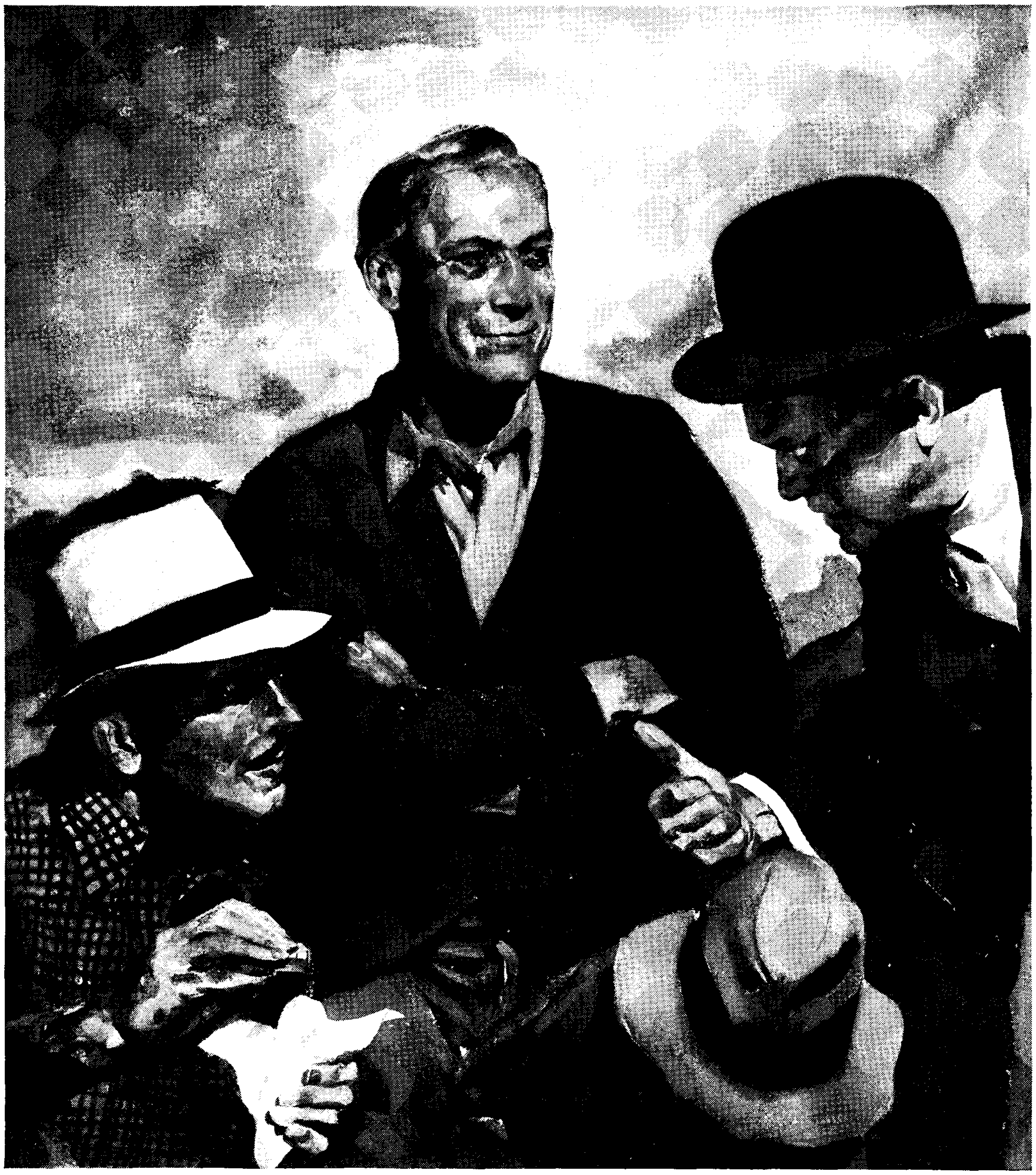
"There's no use trying to talk to a patent-medicine orator," Trevelyan smiled wearily to President Morrow. "He's too pigheaded to—"

Runkel jumped to his feet. "I ain't taking that stuff from you or anybody!"

"Gentlemen," the President had interrupted at this point. He leaned back resignedly. "We still have some six hours to spend together until Mr. Runkel's plane calls for him. Let's take our rods and a bite of lunch, and explore some of those little islands down to the south. When things get too tough," he suggested quietly, "it's a good idea to knock off for a while and go fishing. . . ."

THEY could hear the uneven thudding of the launch's motor somewhere off the point of the island, and the engine still kicked and sputtered stubbornly as it drew nearer in the fog. Trevelyan frowned to Monsen: "You'd better give her an overhauling when we get back to the yacht tonight. We can't delay any longer now."

(Continued on page 30)



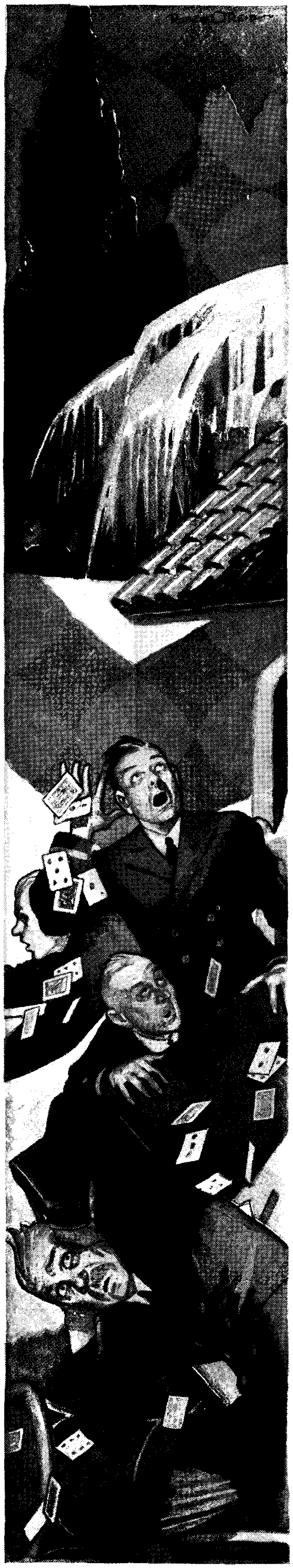
"I didn't ask to come out here, did I?" he demanded belligerently. "I only did it because he wanted me to"

Sentence of Marriage

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Flathead Millegan, U. S. N., on women: "I hate 'em, sass 'em and walk away." See what happened to Flathead in the Jolly Bachelors Club



"He's going to crash!" Bojo said. We ducked. I saw that plane's shadow slide over the patio wall

THERE has been a lot of misinformed and malicious criticism of the Coronado chapter of the Jolly Bachelors Club because we passed sentence of marriage on Flathead Millegan.

The gang at Long Beach wrote in rather snootily for the facts; the Pensacola chapter voted a resolution of censure—though I understand this action followed a beer-chow—and the witty Jolly Bachelors of New London telegraphed: "Since when did our by-laws authorize capital punishment?" I am told that a certain gal, one Alicia Greeley, to be brutal, has been spreading the story among our Honolulu members that we staged a shotgun wedding for Flathead Millegan.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, and it just goes to show how any original and really brilliant scheme will be distorted by gossip. That's the Navy for you. Flathead *had to get married*, but not for any low or unworthy reason. It was a choice between marriage and death, but no shotgun was involved. Perhaps I am bewildering the civilian public with glittering paradoxes. So here are the facts:

Ensign Arthur T. "Flathead" Millegan was a Navy flyer in a fighting squadron attached to the aircraft carrier Saratoga. He joined the Jolly Bachelors Club August 29th, last. As all members are required to do, he pledged himself never to marry and to go to the rescue of any wavering Jolly Bachelor threatened with matrimony. We of the Coronado chapter then gave our oaths to protect Flathead by all honorable means from that last, short walk under the swords. The initiation ceremony was reasonably orderly and was conducted by Jidge Bohardus and Squiffer Braxton, our duly appointed Spinsters' Ogres, in strict accordance with ritual and by-laws.

However, on September 8th last, the executive committee, after weighing the evidence carefully, decided that Flathead Millegan, for his own self-preservation, should marry. We of the Coronado chapter submit that this decision was justified by extreme necessity. If Flathead sees this story he can do no less than to write a few of those chumps in Pensacola and New London and set them straight.

Before we admitted Flathead, he came to call on the membership committee with a jug of real Bahama rum under each arm. He also had a sack of licorice root to put in the rum.

I remember sizing Flathead up rather carefully. He did not have a flat head. His head was round, his face was round and his eyes were round; he got his nickname from "flat-heading," which is Navy slang for reckless flying. He had very pink cheeks and had left a stubble of beard on his jaws to look more he-manly; but the beard was pink, too. He was wearing one of those screwy flyer short-cropped haircuts and the wings on his uniform coat were old ones he had picked up somewhere, or else he had left them in the rain to tarnish. Flathead looked like the kid brother of the cock-eyed world.

"So you want to join the Jolly Bachelors, eh?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"It's a swell idea, sir. I hate 'em, sass 'em and walk away. I'm a born bachelor and I try my best to be jolly. I want in, sir!"

JIDGE and Squiffer and I were examining Flathead's idea of a rum swizzle. Jidge took two swallows and said: "Let him join!" But Squiffer and I were more cautious.

"Ensign McGroarty says you're a very reckless flyer," Squiffer told Flathead. "He thinks your association with this club might aggravate the condition."

Flathead chuckled.

"Nicest guy in the world—Hots McGroarty," he said, "but a very gloomy temperament, sir. I do get a little frisky at times, but I have such a swell plane and I feel so darn' happy up there. Guess that explains it, sir."

I'm a cruiser sailor myself and Jidge and Squiffer belong to the Dungaree Navy. We couldn't quite see Flathead's point; but if a flyer wants to be happy riding an overgrown bumblebee around the sky—well, he just wants to be happy.

The membership committee had two more rum swizzles and voted unanimously to admit Flathead to the Jolly Bachelors Club. . . .

One afternoon I was shooting bottle pool and going to town when Hots came drifting in like a spook and motioned me toward a corner.

"Listen, Brick," said Hots, "you know Flathead?"

"Of course. Nice kid."

Hots sighed and shook his head.

"The mechanics on the Saratoga say he won't last another month," Hots croaked. Thereupon he unloaded a lot of aviation jargon to prove that Flathead was doomed to perish. He made flipper turns coming into the carrier; he tried to shorten landing intervals to zero seconds and twice had almost got caught in the lead plane's propeller blast; yesterday he was reprimanded by his skipper for pulling up too steep in a take-off.

ALL this seemed neither here nor there to me. Flathead had been a model club member. He usually came in about six o'clock, had a dinner of rum swizzle and napped quietly on a divan in the lounge until someone wanted a fourth for bridge.

"For a flyer," I said severely, "young Flathead seems very sensible."

"Then you won't take any action, sir?"

"Action?"

"Yes. You see, the fellows at the island think Flathead ought to get married."

I stared at Hots.

"Married? You, a Jolly Bachelor, recommending that?"

"We've tried everything else, sir. I realize it's a desperate remedy but sometimes the . . . uh . . . love of a good woman—"

I had to get pretty stern. The chapter had experienced numerous disappointments among ensigns. The new crops they are turning out of the academy these days seem to lack stamina.

"Your remarks are in exceedingly bad taste," I said, "and also they are screwy."

Hots apologized and went moping off to the patio.

But the talk about Flathead's reckless flying spread around town. Squiffer picked it up at a destroyer party. Jidge met a flyer's sister at a dance up the Coast Road and she filled him full of dire prophecies. Jidge and Squiffer and Bojo Snyder brought the matter up one afternoon during a bridge game on the patio.

"Something ought to be done, Brick," Squiffer said. "It would look mighty heartless of us if Flathead killed himself."

"Statistics show that married flyers with families have fewer accidents," Jidge said.

That was too much. After all, I was president of the chapter and someone had to keep our ideals unsullied.

"I don't believe a word of it," I told them. "It's just the usual screwy flyer talk—"

Suddenly, I heard an airplane engine roaring in a power dive. We looked up and saw a red sports plane dropping out of the blue straight for our heads.

"He's going to crash!" Bojo gasped.

We ducked. I saw that plane's shadow slide over the patio wall. It came right across the bridge table, and the plane was so low the roar hurt my ears. As it flattened, I swear I saw it knock a tile off the clubhouse roof. Then the flyer zoomed like a goofy gnat, vertically into the sky.

"The darn' fool," Squiffer said, as we picked ourselves up. "Did you see that shadow? It knocked me over."

"It sawed through my ribs," Bojo said.

Jidge walked over and picked something out of the rose bushes. It was a sweater.

"Flathead! This is my sweater. He borrowed it yesterday. That guy's trying to commit suicide!"

Hots McGroarty, a walking cadaver, oozed over to me.

"Was that really Flathead?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, it was Flathead all right."

"What's he doing in a sports plane?"

"It belongs to Trina Spuyter. Bill Spence sold it to her for delivery here. He talked Flathead into giving it a final test."

We all looked soberly at Hots. We knew Trina Spuyter. She lived, technically, in Santa Barbara, but she infested the air all along the coast. Trina was a tomboy on wings; a leggy, dizzy, man-baiting nitwit.

"I'll bet Trina put him up to it," Jidge said. "She's a flatter-headed flathead than he is."

Hots sighed.

"Flathead doesn't know Trina. He did this on his own. He doesn't need anyone to put him up to it. That's his normal way of flying."

OUR knees still wobbly from fright, we were convinced. Something had to be done about Flathead.

I held out to the last for the scheme of getting Flathead in some jam which would automatically wash him out of the flying service. But the mood of the others was too vicious to accept this compromise. Jidge made a bitter speech saying: "We'll fix that kid with a nice wife and half a dozen children. That'll clip his wings!"

"Marriage!" Squiffer shouted, stalking about like an implacable Roman senator. "Nothing but marriage!"

Our executive committee met that evening to pass final sentence on Flathead. Hots sent word to him to come and face the music.

Flathead marched in with a grin on his round face and lugging a champagne bucket with two bottles. But when he saw our expressions he realized it was not so good. He set the bottles on a table and saluted.

"I'm sorry about this afternoon, fellows," he said. "I shouldn't have flown so low."

Jidge and Squiffer looked at me. I put on the old general court brace.

"Ensign Millegan," I said, "this committee has voted to suspend you from the Jolly Bachelors Club for a period of two months."

Flathead gulped.

"Th-thank you, sir! I deserve to be kicked out for good. That's very decent of you all!"

I winced. He seemed so penitent and grateful; so unaware of the ugly thing we planned to do to him.

"During your suspension," I said, "this club withdraws its protection from you. Is that clear?"

Flathead chuckled.

"I can fight off the women alone for two months, sir. I hate 'em, sass 'em and walk away. Don't you worry about me!"

We all managed to laugh with him, but it was an effort. He looked so young, so joyous, so supremely confident.

"Attention!" I snapped. Then I read the sad and solemn ritual of suspension: "Flathead Millegan shall walk alone in the dread world of womankind for the period of suspension. The ears of all Jolly Bachelors shall be deaf to his cries for succor; their faces shall be turned resolutely away. None shall aid him, none shall comfort him. Depart, manly soul, out of this asylum and from this fellowship; and may God defend thee, for we may not!"

That sobered Flathead momentarily. Few Jolly Bachelors have listened to those words without a shudder.

"Amen," said Squiffer.

Flathead grinned.

"I won't need any help, but you fellows might. And if you do . . . well . . . I still consider myself a Jolly Bachelor. Call on me for anything—murder included." He clicked heels and saluted. Then, he added, "That champagne is iced!"

Flathead marched from the room, jauntily.

We stared after him in silence.

"He doesn't know. He doesn't even suspect," Squiffer said, finally.

Jidge turned to me.

"Have the orders gone out to gang on him?"

"Yes."

"Mary Caswell?"

"Yes."

"Alicia Greeley?"

"Right."

"Not—not that grass widow in San Diego who got Bojo Snyder to the license office?"

"She'll have her try at Flathead."

Both Jidge and Squiffer began to weaken, but I reminded them caustically that they had voted to give Flathead the works. Each member had pledged himself to submit at least one nomination—the name of a gal, swift and deadly. I reminded Jidge and Squiffer that my own plan had been ruthlessly tossed aside, that the fellows had decreed it was matrimony or death for Flathead.

Still, we were about to embark on a cold-blooded campaign such as men of good will like not to think upon. We hastily opened both bottles of Flathead's champagne. . . .

It is erroneous and unkind of our critics to assert that in ganging on Flathead the Coronado chapter stopped at nothing. The truth is that Jidge and Squiffer and I rigidly sifted the list of gals suggested as possible wives for Flathead. For example, we had a number of nominations something like this:

"Cora Sue Sanders: Alabama. Weight 114. Height 5 ft. 2 inches. Redhead. Twice engaged. Dennis, J. B. '27 (Escaped to civilian life), and Hartley, T. M. '30, now a Jolly Bachelor, Long Beach chapter. This one is fast worker under moon but sly around chaperons. Smokes, likes old-fashioneds; has bad habit of taking class ring off finger and losing it in beach sand. Lisps when slightly crocked. Buys clothes at Milgrim's. Will invite to home at Montgomery, Ala., to meet Uncle Joe, but is never there. A teaser and a crier. Watch out for cat's-eye magic around pepper trees which she mistakes for honeysuckle. Has very liberal idea of what constitutes a proposal.

"Submitted by J. T. Lieut. (j. g.)"

THE executive committee rejected all such nominations, on the ground that they might be too extravagant.

When all the nominations had been approved or rejected, we sent the good list to Hots McGroarty. He and the married rank at North Island and on the carriers did the dirty work. Led by Mildred Deskam, wife of Flathead's squadron commander, the Navy hostesses went into action. These women, always taking a morbid interest in matchmaking, pelted Flathead with invitations which he, being a lowly ensign, could not afford to refuse.

With gals like Dot Gruder, Mary Caswell, Alicia Greeley, Georgine Kleykamp and at least ten others being maneuvered against Flathead, it looked like a short and tragic campaign. These women had been picked by Jolly Bachelors, remember; chaps who had been through the white fire and bore scars. The consensus was that Flathead might last three weeks, although a few conservatives like Bojo Snyder said seven weeks.

My first intimation of trouble came late one night when I ran into Flathead and Margie Widdam, doing the gulch at the exposition.

Margie had come to town well recommended by an air service lieutenant commander, who said he had escaped only by wangling a quick transfer to Hawaii. She was already a favorite in the betting.

I beamed when I saw blond and fluffy Margie clinging to Flathead's arm. He was wearing linen cits and had a Panama cocked on his pink, round head.

ABRUPTLY Flathead took note of me. He thrust Margie off, a gesture rude if not downright brutal; and came right over.

"Good evening, sir."

"Howdy, Flathead. Er . . . how's it going?"

Flathead chuckled.

"You sure put me on a spot when you suspended me, sir. I seem to be all of a sudden the most popular guy in San Diego. It looks almost like a plot!"

"A plot, Flathead? What sort of plot?"

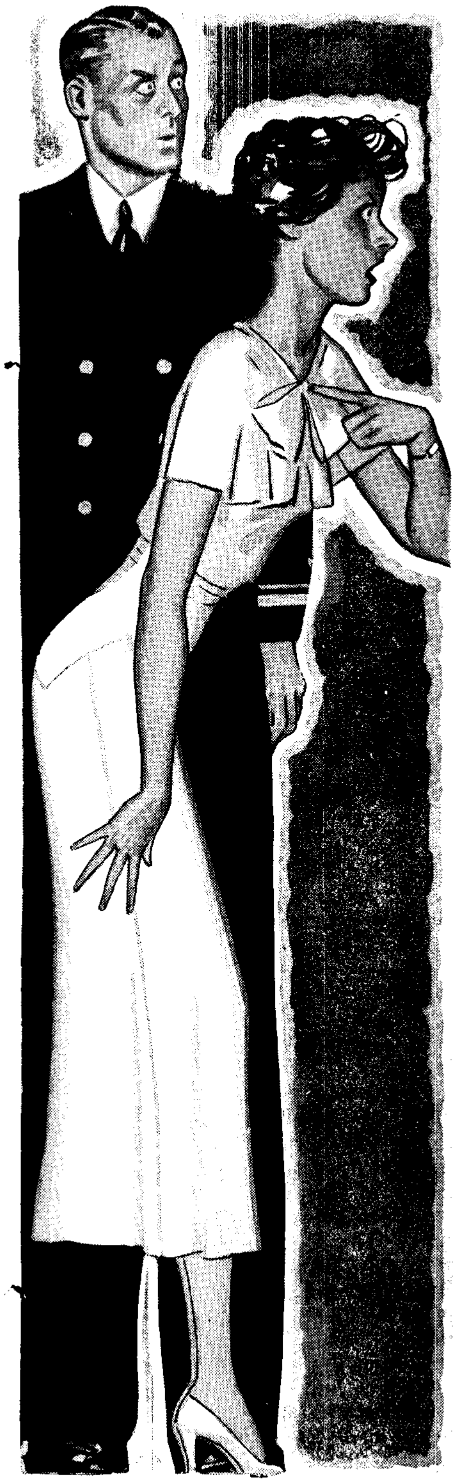
"To get me married, sir. Ha, ha, ha, ha. I hate 'em, sass 'em and walk away!"

"Why on earth would anyone try to get you married?"

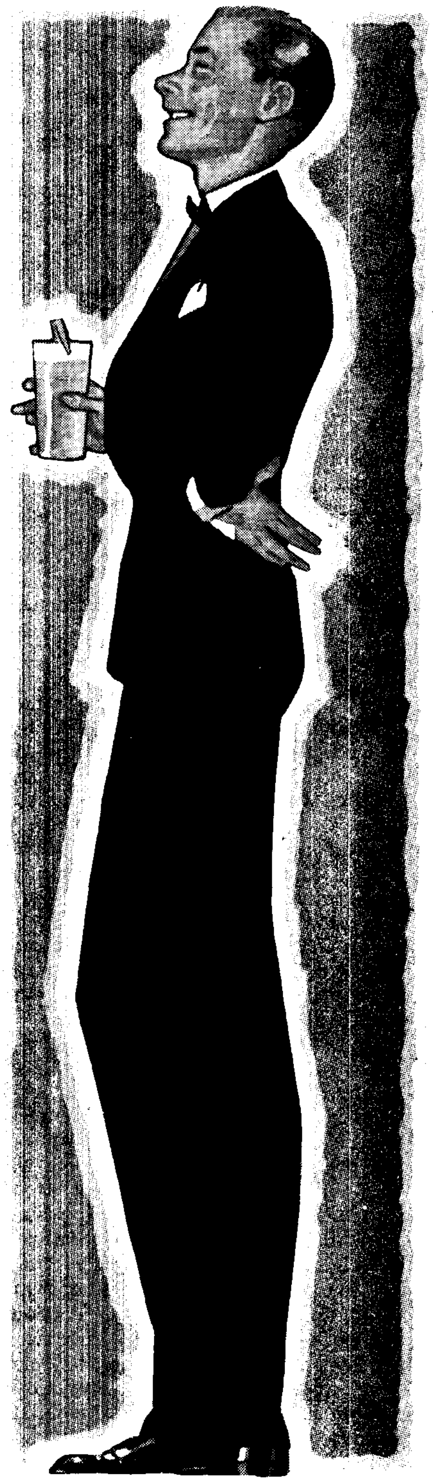
Flathead shrugged.

"Hots McGroarty, for one, has the

(Continued on page 56)



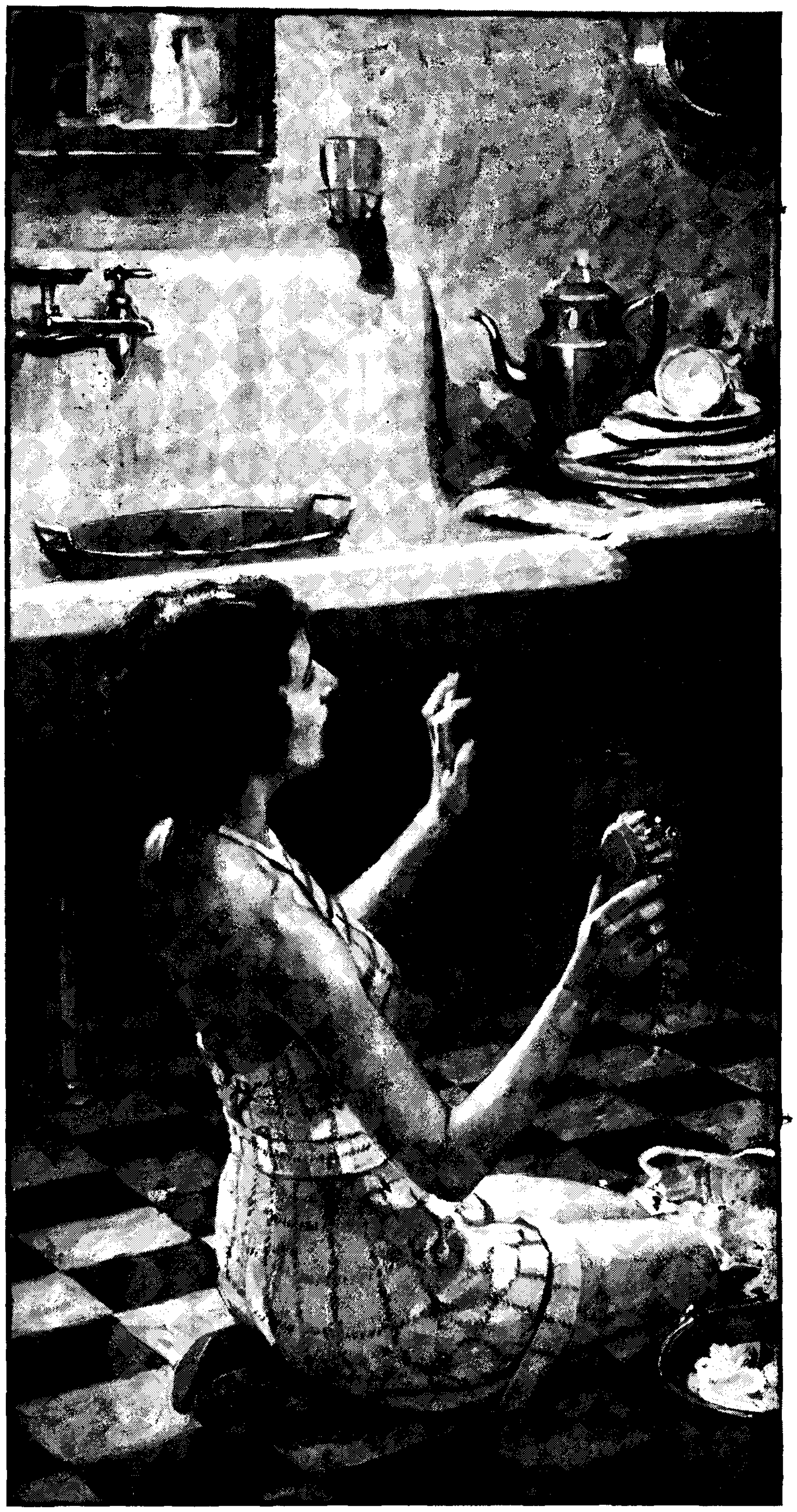
He didn't silence Trina. "Just what chances can you take that I can't take, Mr. Millegan?" she demanded. "Be specific, please"



The Sign of the Goat

By Thomas McMorrow

The adventure of the fifty-thousand-dollar lottery ticket, wherein wise Astrologer Tarat encounters two lovers with a problem for the stars



ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

IT WAS Miss Sue Yereance who got Mark Naugle to buy that lottery ticket on the Morocco Draw.

Having observed him for several weeks in the real estate office where they were employed, and decided what to do about his unlikely mustache and ill-fitting clothes, she ordered his horoscope from Tarat the astrologer; and there was Mark's way to riches.

"Mr. Naugle," she urged, "I just know you'll win something. The most ordinary people win perfect fortunes!

"Read what it says: 'Your Venus in aspect to Mars means that you will benefit through the opposite sex and marry early.' No, that's not it. Here it is—'The Moon in aspect to Jupiter signifies wealth, a happy domestic life, and gain by speculation and chance.' Do take a chance, will you, Mr. Naugle?"

With a shrug for the stars in their courses, but a grateful smile for Miss Yereance, Mr. Naugle stripped two dollars and a half from his tight little salary, in October, 1933. He didn't fancy the night-blooming look of the agent who was putting out the tickets, but he regarded the money as lost, in any case.

The reason for Miss Yereance's interest in a perfect stranger, or a stranger who would have been perfect except for a mustache and hand-me-down suit, was still undisclosed on Friday, January 5, 1934, when the drawings were made for the Morocco Lottery.

SUE, being a woman of twenty-four, knew her intended's sentiments, but she hadn't quite elicited the declaration. She had brought him all but to it, only to see him driven back into himself by words with music.

She invited him to her home to meet her mother one evening, put on a tight black gown, dabbed perfume behind her pretty ears, enlarged her already large blue eyes and sent her mother out to a movie.

Seclusion, warmth, discreet lighting, perfume and music. Sue had builded on the music, and she had chosen a dandy program. They sat in the living-room of the Yereance three-room apartment, and from the radio flowed a rich and beautiful baritone, singing the song in Sue's heart:

"Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you!"

From under drooping lids, Sue looked at Mr. Naugle with languor, with passion. Mr. Naugle poised his fuming cigar and looked at the radio. He was a man on the verge of twenty-six; short, round-faced, dark, with a bumpy black mustache. Two sorts of young men wear mustaches: thin and dashing chaps with masterful eyes, and short and chubby fellows. Mr. Naugle's brown eyes were not masterful; they were mild, friendly, matter-of-fact. He looked from the radio and into Sue's eyes yearning in the spirit of the music. His lips parted; his breathing quickened.

"Miss Yereance," he said. "Sue—"

At this juncture they were addressed from across the room; and in quite a gentlemanly and mannered voice, making the proffered topic the more surprising.

"Do you perspire freely under the arms? Are your feet damp, and do they itch and burn at night?"

Sue sought to squelch the speaker by ignoring him, but he would not squelch; he spoke right on.

"Cut it off, Mr. Naugle."

Mr. Naugle cut it off; but too late. The sweet mystery of life had fled, perspiring. Mr. Naugle spoke of the work of the office.

AT 8:30 A. M. of the following day, which was January 5, 1934, Mark Naugle issued from a West Side rooming-house and walked eastward.

The morning was hard and clear; over the bare trees of Central Park stood the untarnished sun. Behind the sun, invisible but very much there, was the star group Capricorn, the Goat.

It was Mark's birthday, wherefore he was a native of Capricorn. On Mark Naugle therefore, it is to be supposed, the invisible Goat looked down from his dizzy height this day with a very special solicitude.

Having crossed the park, Mark breakfasted thriftily in the Coffee Pot; going thence to the Lexington Avenue real estate office of Sigmund Hagenbow & Company, a solid and respected concern in solidly respectable Yorkville. Mark had been with the firm for nine years, and was the head of the management department at twenty-six dollars per week.

Mr. Hagenbow was old and round and rosy. As Mr. Hagenbow had grown stouter, the business had grown leaner, but it was still throwing off pay-envelopes for six, and a surplus of twelve to fifteen thousand per year for Mr. Hagenbow.

"Good morning, Miss Yereance," said Mark to the businesslike girl who was ordering Mr. Hagenbow's desk, putting his pipe, plug-cut and opened mail ready to his leisurely hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Naugle," said Sue, cordial and formal.

Mark congratulated himself on his escape of the evening before, when he had all but blurted words which he had no right to utter on twenty-six dollars per week. When he had fifty per week, and toward that spacious stipend Mark was moving now with the sureness of a glacier, he might fairly speak his mind to Miss Yereance.

"Going out to the houses, Mr. Hagenbow," called Mark at eleven o'clock.

Mr. Hagenbow, smoking and gossiping with a crony, waved an inattentive hand. Mark waited until Miss Yereance looked up from her typing and gave him a bright, quick smile. So, inspirited to wait till he should have fifty per week, Mark went forth.

He trudged from one to another of the many tenements, apartment houses, taxpayers, in the care of Hagenbow & Company. Tenants railed at him; janitors growled; city inspectors threatened. They were all in the day's work to Mark, and he remained equable, browbeaten but unbowed.

He missed his lunch, and still did not complete his appointed round before six o'clock. Hagenbow's was closed. Mark dined at his favorite Coffee Pot.

WITH nothing to do till tomorrow, and having missed his lunch, and it being his birthday, Mark dined at leisure and regardless of expense.

"Club One?" said the counterman, nodding in recognition, and glancing at French Roast with Mashed, twenty cents.

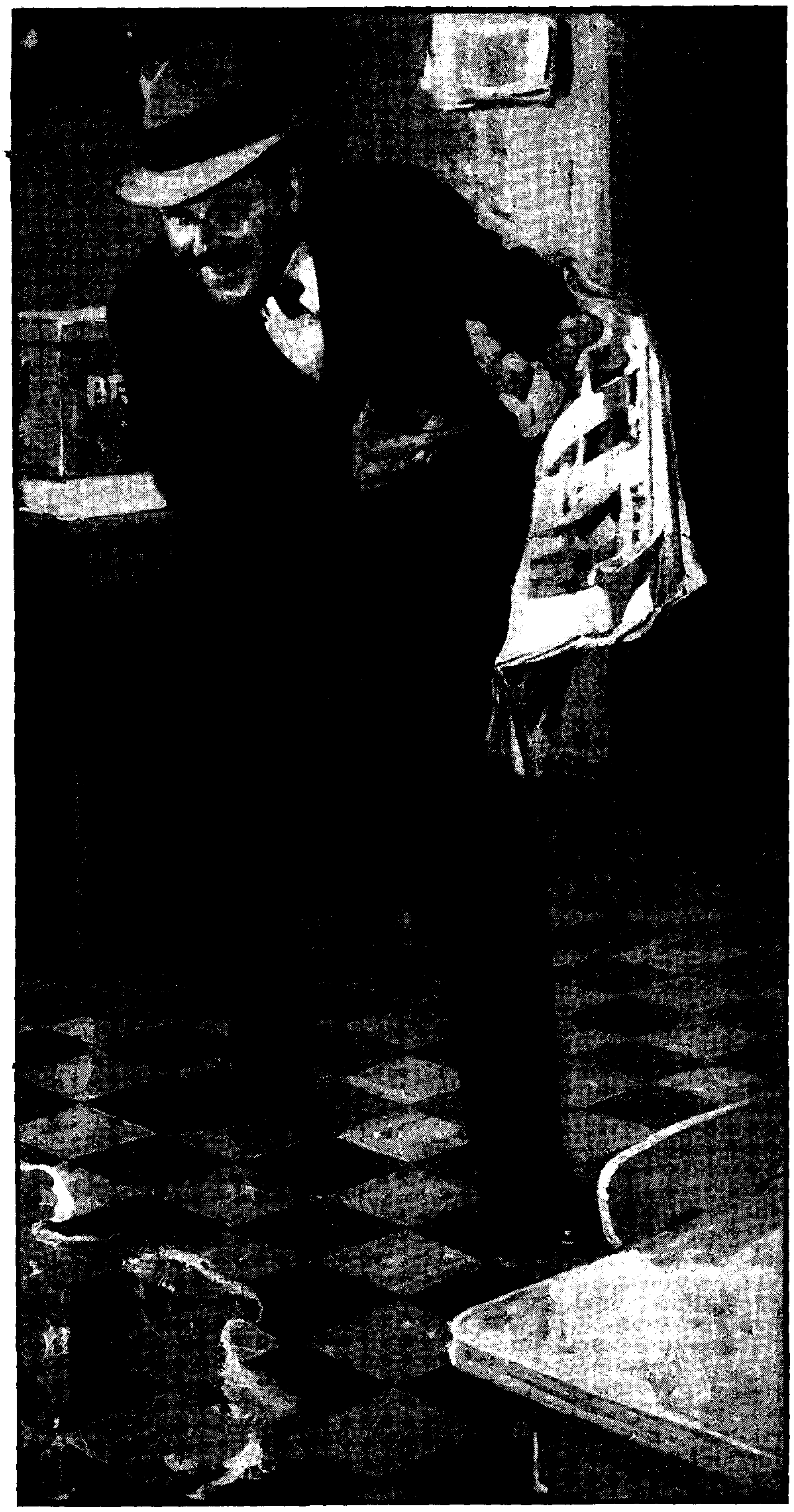
"Club Three!" called Mark, vaulting at once into the best society. And mountainous Ham-shank, Cabbage and Boiled, with Beer, 40 Cents, appeared before him.

Mark partook of these delicate viands. In fact, he took them, down to the bone.

"Read the paper?" offered the counterman.

Mark was pleasantly distended, but was also remorseful for having dined in the most exclusive of clubs, at an added cost that put him a full twenty cents farther away from being free to speak to Miss Yereance.

Be it remembered, by those to whom it is significant, that Mark was a native of the Goat; patient, persistent, sure. In love or war, the goat is not faint-hearted; it is merely not brash. It treads precipices and does not tremble; it measures mountains and is unimpressed. It goes surely; slowly, but with never a slip. Mark would attain to fifty dollars per week, someday—



"Sue!" he shouted. "Will you—will you marry me?"

He glanced languidly at the evening newspaper. And there were the Morocco drawings, with a long list of numbers.

Mark's mouth and eyes rounded, taking on an expression that, it must be admitted, was not caprine in the least.

Slowly he turned pale, despite the invigorating ham-shank, cabbage and boiled, with beer. Slowly and tremblingly he put hand into breast, drew out his wallet and unfolded his lottery ticket. He knew the number, but—

"Hey!" cried the counterman.

Mark, false to the fine traditions of his exclusive club, was bolting without paying his dues of forty cents.

"Hey!" shouted the counterman, running into the open.

He got to the door too late to intercept the full-fed but agile clubman. Not for nothing had Mark climbed tenement stairs day in and day out, for years. He was lively; his wind was good too. He was running toward the subway station like a very goat.

"An old customer," said the counterman forlornly. "Ain't it all hell these times? He even took the paper."

MARK poured up to the street level, a drop in the crowd gushed from the 181st Street station of the West Side subway. He took to his capricious heels again, running to 184th Street. He sprang into the vestibule of a shabby five-story walk-up.

He was about to ring a bell when the door opened, and Mrs. Yereance, Sue's mother, stepped forth. Not knowing her, Mark pushed by and gamboled up the stairs. Alarmed by these capers, Mrs. Yereance hurried into the street to deliver this fugitive to the supposedly pursuing policeman, before resuming her way to the delicatessen to buy the family dinner.

Mark covered the four flights to the top floor, tried a doorknob, found the door left unlocked.

Sue was in the kitchen. More, she was on the kitchen floor, scrubbing it. More, or less, she was in a play suit. In attire as slight or slighter, she would have been at ease, and even preening, on a crowded summer beach; and should therefore have been cordial and unconstrained in manner now.

"Sue!"

"Y-a-ah!—Get out!"

"Sue—will you—will you marry me?"

"No! — Yes! — Not now! — Go awa-a-ay!"

She held out fending hands. He seized one hand and the scrubbing brush.

"You d-don't know the news, Sue? Will you marry me?"

After all, it was the proposal. It was her dearest wish come true. A delightful though chilly sensation trickled down Sue's spine.

"Sue, we've won fif—fif—"

"Fifty dollars?"

"Fifty—thousand—dollars. Look."

"Oh, pshaw, Mark, we haven't. Anyway, I don't care if it was fifty million dollars—get in the living-room, before Mamma comes back!"

SUE was taking a shower; dressing. Mark couldn't sit still; and she wouldn't have him talking to her through the door. He went to the telephone and rang up the newspaper; when people win largely in lotteries, their pictures and stories appear in the newspapers. This is customary, and what is customary is of obligation to the native of the Goat.

"What's the name again?" said the newspaper. "Just a minute. The name is Naugle? Mark Naugle of West 98th Street, this city?—Just a minute. Mr. Naugle, have you ticket No. 936,636?"

"Sure! Right here in my hand."

"Lucky boy. Where are you now? Wait there; we're sending two men."

And that was how Mark's picture and story got on the front page of the morning edition. The story was headlined:

"Clerk at $26 per week wins fifty thousand. Will marry childhood sweetheart and keep present job."

There were the pictures and stories of all the big winners living in the metropolitan area. A motorman on the El had won a hundred thousand dollars; an inmate of the almshouse on Welfare Island had won forty thousand; the dependent son of an unemployed steamfitter had won twenty-five thousand. These pictures and stories were inspiring to a vast multitude, resolving now to be in the next draw, and to all the swindlers in the metropolitan area. Everybody who could use the money, and had a fair or foul hope of getting to it, was interested. Honorably interested in Mark's publicity were Mr. Sigmund Hagenbow, and Mr. Lockman of the United Bank, where Mark kept a tight little account.

Mr. Hagenbow shook Mark's hand and beat him on the back. Mr. Lockman telephoned and, having identified himself as not of the pack of swindlers who were keeping the line busy, reminded Mark that "your bank is at your service, Mr. Naugle, in the matter of investing; with heartiest congratulations."

Mark and Sue went to see Tarat at two o'clock that afternoon; an appointment made by Sue. Since it was Tarat's shrewd reading of the signs and portents of the heavens that had brought them this fortune, his advice on its investing should be equally enlightened.

SEATED in his library on the forty-ninth floor of the York State Building, Tarat's still, black eyes dwelt on Mark Naugle as the young people talked. Sue it was who talked the more.

Mark's every detail told of Mark to the alert astrologer. The pencil slowly turning in Mark's fingers: concentration. The direct gaze beneath the low-hanging brows, and the slight droop of the left eyelid: observation. Reflection in the high brow, quick to wrinkle; physical energy and activity in the posture of the body.

On the desk before Tarat was Mark's natal horoscope, for January 5, 1908, and Mark's Morocco Lottery ticket No. 936,636.

"As to the planets on this celestial clock," he said, contemplating the twelve-parted wheel on the paper, "Mars was in Pisces, Venus in Aquarius, Jupiter in Leo, Mercury in Capricorn and the house of the native. Neptune—but you have had a reading of this map?"

Sue nodded intently. "That's why we bought the ticket that won the fifty thousand dollars! We want to know how to spend it."

Tarat passed a white and sinewy hand over his thick black hair.

"From whom did you buy this ticket, Mr. Naugle?"

"I don't know his name, sir. I didn't inquire because I thought it was money thrown away anyhow."

"You called the newspaper to give it your story? The newspaper didn't call you?"

"No, I called the newspaper."

"Ah, yes—I learn with pleasure, Mr. Naugle, that your business is real estate. Capricorn is an earthy sign; its natives are likely to succeed in earthy employments, such as dealing in real estate.

"Capricorn, the Goat, is the tenth sign, and is therefore the mundane ruler of the tenth house, which is the house of occupation or employment. You speak of spending money, which is the proper concern of the second house of the horoscope, but, as you would use this money to improve your position in life, some change in your occupation would seem to be in order. We shall be guided chiefly, then, by the indications from your native Capricorn and by study of the aspects in the house of occupation."

SUE leaned forward with bated breath, all eyes and ears for the somber astrologer. Mark's expression was politely wooden.

"Are you acquainted with any business other than real estate, Mr. Naugle?"

"No, sir. I started with Hagenbow & Company."

"You will invest, then, in harmony with your native sign, buying where you are acquainted with values. Can you buy a share in the firm?"

"Perhaps. And I ought to know something about the business. I make out Mr. Hagenbow's income-tax reports."

"Which probably do not exaggerate his profits out of all reason. But a further precaution: do not buy into the business with your own money. Go to your bank and borrow, now that you have credit of a sort. Borrow the money now."

Tarat lit and puffed a cigarette of black tobacco.

"As a rule, Mr. Naugle, nothing is so good that it cannot wait, and yet I see a specific danger here in delay. Ascertain at once if Mr. Hagenbow will sell; go then to the bank."

"Well, do you think a bank would lend me on this?"

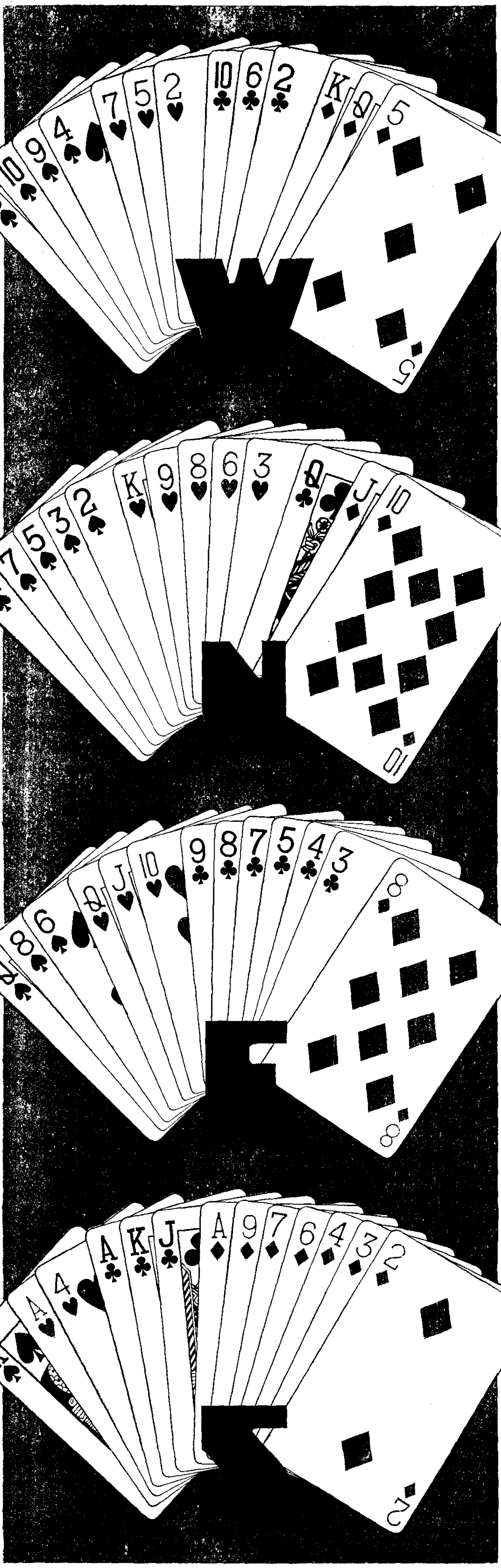
"Neptune, the Planet of Illusion, is in Virgo in these years, Mr. Naugle, inclining to mysteries, scheming and deceits. The planet entered Virgo on

(Continued on page 41)

Make 'em Lead

By Shepard Barclay

Forcing the opposition to stand and deliver may be the way out of a tight contract. Here's the trick


J 10 9 4 ♠ 7 5 2 ♥ 10 6 2 ♣ K Q 5 ♦
A 7 5 3 2 ♠ K 9 8 6 3 ♥ Q ♣ J 10 ♦
Q 8 6 ♠ Q J 10 ♥ 9 8 7 5 4 3 ♣ 8 ♦
K ♠ A 4 ♥ A K J ♣ A 9 7 6 4 3 2 ♦

How Would You Make Six Diamonds?

Declarer, holding the South cards of the above hand, finds himself in a six-diamond contract, doubled by West. Can you make it against whatever defense is used? The proper play of this hand is explained on page 48

"MAKE 'em lead; make 'em lead, and then counter," is one of the most important lessons taught by a first-rate boxing instructor. The one who makes his opponent come to him has several advantages, principal among them his ability to set himself, firmly balanced, ready to concentrate all his power in his own blow.

It is so with the bridge player who steals an extra trick from the opposition by means of a lead-throwing play. He passes the initiative over to the foe at just the right time and makes the opponent come at him with a lead which produces an extra trick for him, a trick which might have been utterly impossible to obtain without the coöperation of his unwillingly friendly enemy.

For some illogical reason, tournament players have acquired the habit of calling this sort of maneuver an "end play." That term would properly describe any play which can be made only near the end of the play of a deal. "Lead throw" or "forced lead" would be more fitting. In effect, the player, unable to make his own cards furnish enough tricks, passes the buck to his opponents and compels them to produce the tricks for him.

No player can claim general proficiency until he masters the chief forms of end plays, which bring to the masters success in so many contracts that would prove failures for the average performer. Take this simple example:

North
♠ K 10 2

West
♠ Q 8 7

East
♠ J 6 5

South
♠ A 9 3

If North or South must lead with these cards concluding the hand, only two tricks can be taken, but if either opponent leads, North and South will get all three spade tricks, by simply letting the small card lead run to the fourth hand, then finessing to the second trick. So if North and South could strip the hand down to where those would be the last three cards and cause East or West to win the trick immediately preceding, the North-South cards would beget a trick not otherwise obtainable.

The first and simplest type of lead-throwing play is that in which an opponent is obliged to play up to a tenace. An elementary one would be this combination:

North
♠ 7
♡ 9 7

West
♠ Q
♡ K 5

East
♡ J 10 8

South
♠ J
♡ A Q

North, with the lead, will take only one trick of the last three if he tries the heart finesse, but by means of a lead-throw he can get two. If he leads the spade to West's queen, the latter must pitch away from his heart king into the ace-queen

It will be noted that there are two factors necessary to make the success of this play possible—the tenace and the exit card with which the lead is thrown to the opponent, the hearts constituting the tenace and the spade the exit card. There is also another important factor not apparent—the preliminary stripping process which pared the hand down to the point where only the cards shown remained outstanding. That play grew out of this deal:

North
♠ 7 5 4
♡ 9 7 6 3
◇ K J 6 5
♣ A K

West
♠ K Q 10 8 3
♡ K 5 4
◇ 9 4
♣ 10 8 6

East
♠ 9 2
♡ J 10 8 2
◇ 10 7 3 2
♣ 7 5 2

South
♠ A J 6
♡ A Q
◇ A Q 8
♣ Q J 9 4 3

When West led the king of spades against South's six no trump contract, definitely placing the queen in his hand, South could see a sure road to success by means of a lead-throwing play. He could win the opening trick, then run his five clubs and four diamonds, thus stripping the hands down to the essentials. West, obliged to hold a small heart to guard his king, cannot escape the consequences of the finishing play.

There are several main variations to this first sort of lead-throw, depending on the kind of tenace held. Instead of a "simple" tenace, with the cards of it in the same hand, it may be what is usually called a "combination" tenace, with the honors in opposite hands, as in this case:

North
♠ 2
♡ Q 4

West
♠ K
♡ K 5

East
♡ 8 7 6

South
♠ Q
♡ A 3

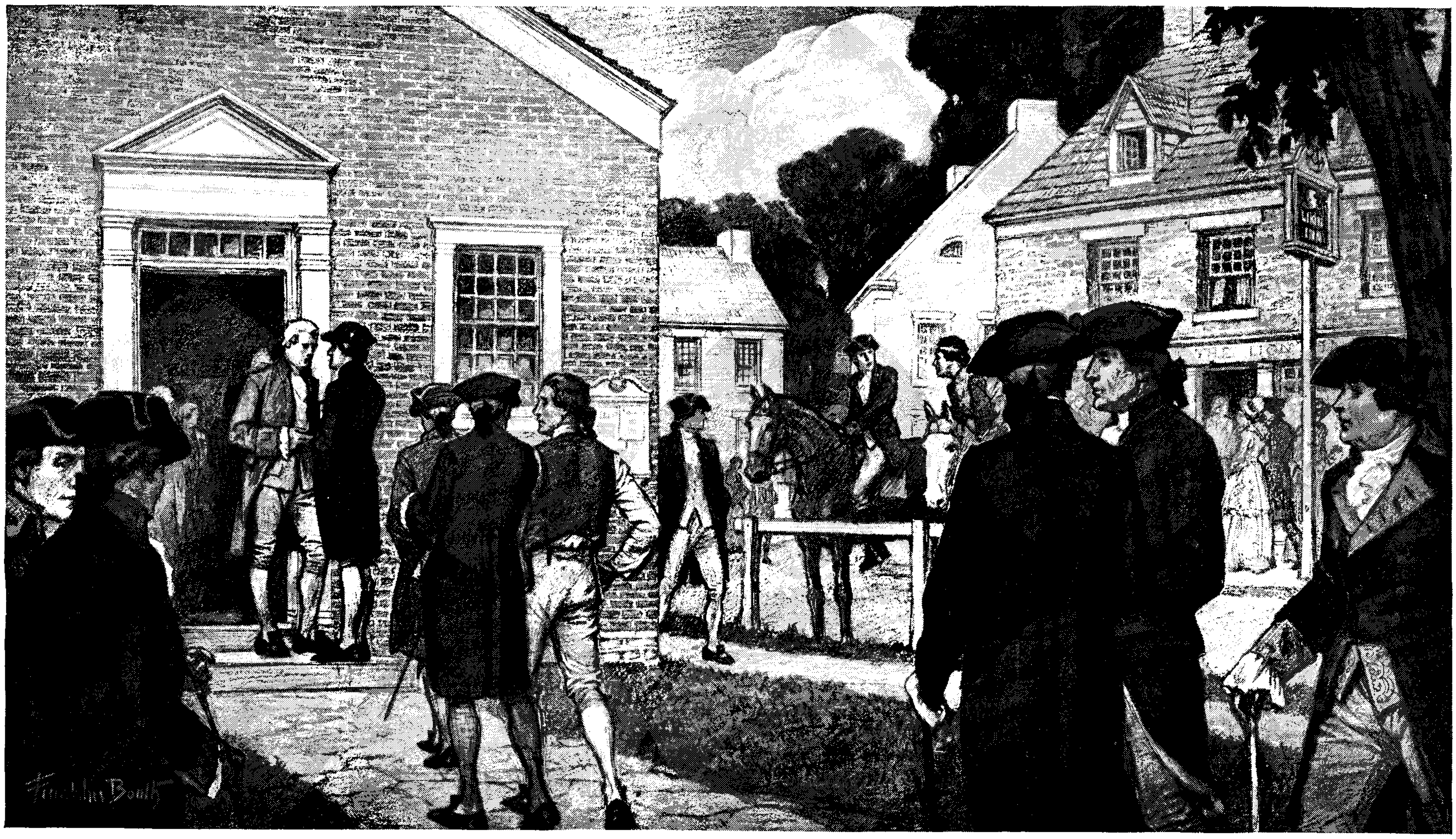
Here West must win the spade trick and again toss away from his heart king into the combination tenace.

It might be well to list here some of the combination tenaces with which a lead-throw may produce better results than finessing or other tactics:

Declarer	*Dummy*
J X X	Q X
J X	K X X
Q 9 X	K 8 X
A 9 X	K 10 X
A J X	K 10 X
A K X	J X X
A Q X	10 9 X
A X	J 10 X

Sometimes the exit card, with which

(*Continued on page 48*)



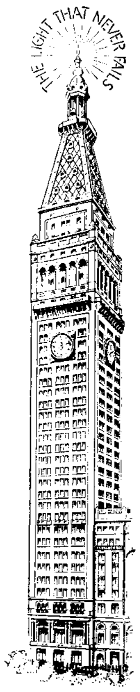
Town Meetings and Better Health

FOLLOWING the old Colonial custom of calling a town meeting when the safety and welfare of the citizens were at stake, the National Health Council will sponsor local town meetings throughout the country during October. You and other citizens will have an opportunity at these meetings to take stock of the activities which are being carried on to make your community a better and healthier place in which to live.

There is a direct relationship between the community and family health. Effective measures for improving sanitation and controlling disease depend upon enlightened public opinion. At these meetings you will learn the extent to which your community is giving you and your family a full measure of protection.

Your family should not be exposed needlessly to disease. Local health officials and voluntary organizations are striving continually to improve health conditions, and they know what vital gaps there may be in the health activities of your community. Just what, if anything, should be done is a matter for you and your neighbors to decide.

Numerous communities can bear witness to the benefits—measured in terms of better health and happiness—which have been achieved through surveys of the local situation and education of the public. In some cases the water supply has been improved, in others adequate stress has been placed upon the diphtheria immunization of children, and in still others the public has supported whole-heartedly the preparation of proper health ordinances and their enforcement. Attend your town meeting—it may lead to better health for your community.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Lily Tennant, a Hollywood actress who has come to Reno for a rest, Tom Sebastian, owner of the Barrier Ranch, finds himself beset with enemies, led by one Buffalo Galt. His life in constant peril, Sebastian has several narrow escapes: in self-defense he kills Star Humboldt, whom Galt has hired to assassinate him.

With him frequently, Lily Tennant is fascinated by him. His courage amazes her. And she does not believe what her friend, Kit Christopher, tells her—that Charm Michelet, who lives at the Barrier and who, although unmarried, has a child, is his common-law wife. . . . Jay Stuart, a motion-picture director to whom Lily is supposed by the gossips to be engaged, arrives on the scene. He suspects that Lily may be falling in love with Sebastian. But, a wise man, he says nothing.

Among Galt's men are the notorious DePard brothers—Duke and Ben. Much of their time they spend in old Madame Belle Gilson's saloon and rooming-house, in the near-by town of Tumpah. While motoring from Barrier, with Lily, Sebastian stops at the saloon for a glass of water.

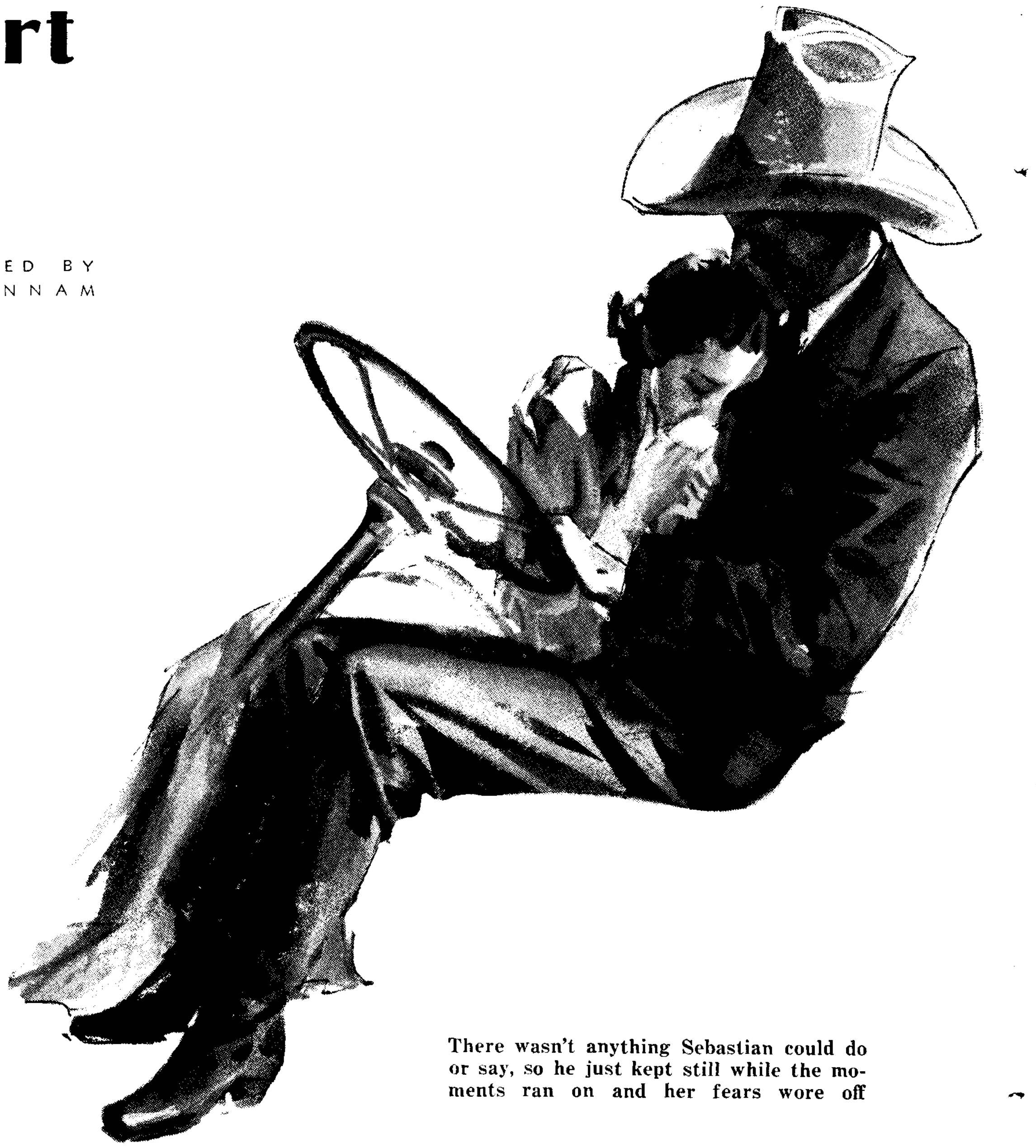
No sooner has he entered the place than he realizes that something is wrong. And presently he learns what it is. A trap has been laid for him—and he has stepped into it! Dode Cramp, one of Galt's men, is there; a moment later, Ben DePard comes in; and a third person follows—a silver-haired man who is, obviously, very ill.

No one draws a gun until heated words have been exchanged. Then the shooting begins. When it is over, Ben DePard is dead.

With all the calm he can summon, Sebastian leaves the place and joins Lily at the car. As he steps in and prepares to drive away, Madame Belle yells: "Never come to Tumpah alone again, Tom! You fool, Buffalo set that trap!"

"Madame," Sebastian replies quickly, "tell your son Buffalo I'm coming after him."

Then he drives away.



There wasn't anything Sebastian could do or say, so he just kept still while the moments ran on and her fears wore off

VII

TWO miles from Barrier Sebastian stopped the car beside a water tank and went over to fill a canteen. He came back to Lily.

"Your drink."

She hadn't said a word all the way from Tumpah, and though most of the pallor had gone away from her cheeks there was still in her eyes a gathered darkness which seemed to imprison the recent scene. Preoccupied with his own violent afterthoughts, he hadn't noticed until now the strain compressing her nerves. She had to unlock her small fists to take the canteen.

He came around the car and got in, and for a moment relaxed there. The fight had clawed him pretty hard, had scraped most of the emotion out of him. He was weary to the bone. It made his arm move clumsily as he fished his pockets for a cigarette. Dragging in a deep breath of smoke, he rested his elbows on the steering wheel and stared toward the outline of the ranch directly ahead.

"I'd like a smoke, too," said Lily.

He got out the cigarettes again. "Sorry," he apologized, and noticed her fingers tremble. He lighted a match for her and had trouble keeping it against the tip of her unsteady cigarette. Her eyes watched him, not the match. And then a long, high breath escaped her and she took the cigarette from her mouth and fell against him. He knocked his smoke away, nearly burning her with it. He put his arms around her shoulders. She wasn't crying—not in the way women usually cried. It was worse than that—a silent, tearless upheaval that tore its way out of her chest and shook her body. Her hands, creeping behind his neck, were quite cold. There wasn't anything he could do or say, so he kept still while the moments ran on and her fear wore off. Looking down, he could see the graceful edge of her chestnut hair against a white, smooth temple. Nothing in the world could check that feeling of satisfaction the nearness of this girl stirred in him.

She pushed herself back and straightened and lifted her two forefingers to brush away tears that weren't there. Her eyes were less disturbed. They searched him with a strange, personal, possessive quality.

She said, "How do you feel?"

"Like hell."

"I can't describe how you looked when you came out of that door."

"I wasn't in a pretty frame of mind."

"Men inside?"

He said, reluctantly: "There were."

"You could have killed the one running. You didn't."

"Because he was running. This thing will be dirty enough without that."

"Will be? Isn't it over, Tom?"

"I told you the other night Barrier was fighting for its life."

"It—it doesn't seem possible. Last night we sat around a table in Reno. And now it's this."

"RENO'S a hundred and forty miles away. But it's more than that, Lily—it's sixty years away. Why should this country change? Nothing's come here to change it. Nothing ever will. This is cattle country, with the same pattern season after season—beef and land and water, and men quarreling over those things. There isn't enough water to support newcomers. People die or move out, and the distance between ranches gets longer, and the desert has fewer travelers, and the wildness remains the same. Nothing changes our ways. Reno's only a spot on the map a long way off, and the desert and hills shut us in."

She said nothing for a moment. She looked down at her motionless hands. Sebastian lighted another cigarette, feeling better. Sitting with one shoulder touching him, she seemed to feed strength into him. Her presence was that real. It filled his mind, pushing Tumpah far back into his head.

"Tom," she said, not looking up, "do you want me?"

"Yes."

"Rather badly?"

"You knew that last night in the shanty."

"I have been too long with you to get away. Your fortune is my fortune. I found that out twenty minutes ago in front of that hotel. I can't do anything about it. I'd be a fool to try."

He said slowly: "You want to stay?"

"I noticed the faces of the older women at the dance the other night. They seemed so weathered and patient—so resigned. Will I get that way?"

"Patience, perhaps. The land slows all of us down. We can't go faster than it goes. But I don't think you saw much unhappiness there, Lily."

"I don't ask a guarantee of happiness. I'll take my chances on that."

"You'll never be resigned. Life runs too fast in you."

She lifted her head. Her eyes met him with a shining directness, without reservation. "I want you, Tom. If you want me that's all there is to it."

He bent a little and put his broad palm behind her head, pulling her forward. He kissed her, not with the violence that was prompting him, but in the manner of a man rigidly forcing himself to gently savor water after being starved for it. Then he turned and started the car and drove toward Barrier. He had nothing more to say.

Lily let her arm lie quietly on his shoulder, watching the repressed lines of his profile. A puzzled expression clouded her eyes. His kiss had answered for him, yet it hadn't been a complete answer. There was in it a reservation she didn't understand.

THEY were soon in the Barrier yard. Lily went into the house immediately. Sebastian drove to the end of the plaza and left the machine. He called out, "Gath," and didn't see the little man around. He entered the adjoining stable. Matt Strang turned out of an empty stall with a queer, rash haste. He stopped in front of Sebastian.

"Matt," said Sebastian, "what's wrong with you?"

But he knew what was wrong. The old bitterness was burning through Strang's mind again, turning him wild; and his eyes were narrowed and hostile. He pulled himself straight and laced his hands behind his back and spoke savagely:

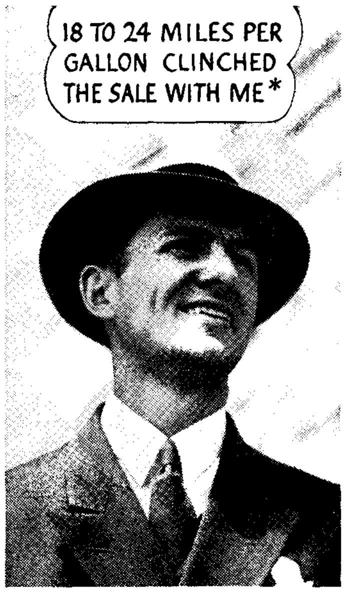
"You saw what Blagg wrote about Charm, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"If I could have found him in Tumpah last night I'd have killed him!"

"It's well you didn't find him," grunted Sebastian. Weariness was a heavy thing on his shoulders; all the snap was out of him. The scene he

GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES SOLD ME ON DODGE


18 TO 24 MILES PER GALLON CLINCHED THE SALE WITH ME*

DODGE SAFETY ALL-STEEL BODY DECIDED ME

COSTS LESS TO OWN THAN SMALL, LOWEST-PRICED CARS*

"AIRGLIDE RIDE" SMOOTHS OUT THE ROUGHEST SPOTS

AND READ WHAT OWNERS SAY ABOUT NATION-WIDE

Dodge Service

DODGE approved SERVICE PLYMOUTH

"IT'S all very well to have a knockout of a car like Dodge," says Albert Arnold, East Orange, N. J., "with swell brakes, beautiful lines, all-steel body and above all the savings that Dodge gives you — but all these would be quickly forgotten if it were not for the wonderful reasonably priced service that Dodge dealers extend after you buy the car . . . "

And Daniel J. McAuliffe of New York writes: "I bought my Dodge because of the remarkable gas mileage my friends had been getting, the safety all-steel body and real genuine hydraulic brakes. But sometimes I think the wonderful service I have had from my dealer—at very fair prices—is perhaps the greatest thing of all about Dodge."

Dodge service wins the friendship of Dodge passenger car and truck owners everywhere.

The great system of Dodge "Approved" Service Stations, built up over a period of 21 years and now one of the largest service organizations in the world, is maintained for only one purpose—to cement the friendship between Dodge and its millions of passenger car and truck owners.

On delivery of your new Dodge you get an Owner's Service Policy and Identification Card to assure uniform and dependable service no matter where you may be. And remember, Dodge dealers' service men are instructed in factory methods and know Dodge better than anyone else could possibly know it.

See your Dodge dealer today. Ask him about service. Whether you are a Dodge Owner or not he will be pleased to service your car or truck economically—efficiently. Then see the free economy test—see how you can save money every mile you drive. And remember, when you buy a Dodge you can be confident that its nation-wide service organization is always ready to make your ownership one of lasting satisfaction.

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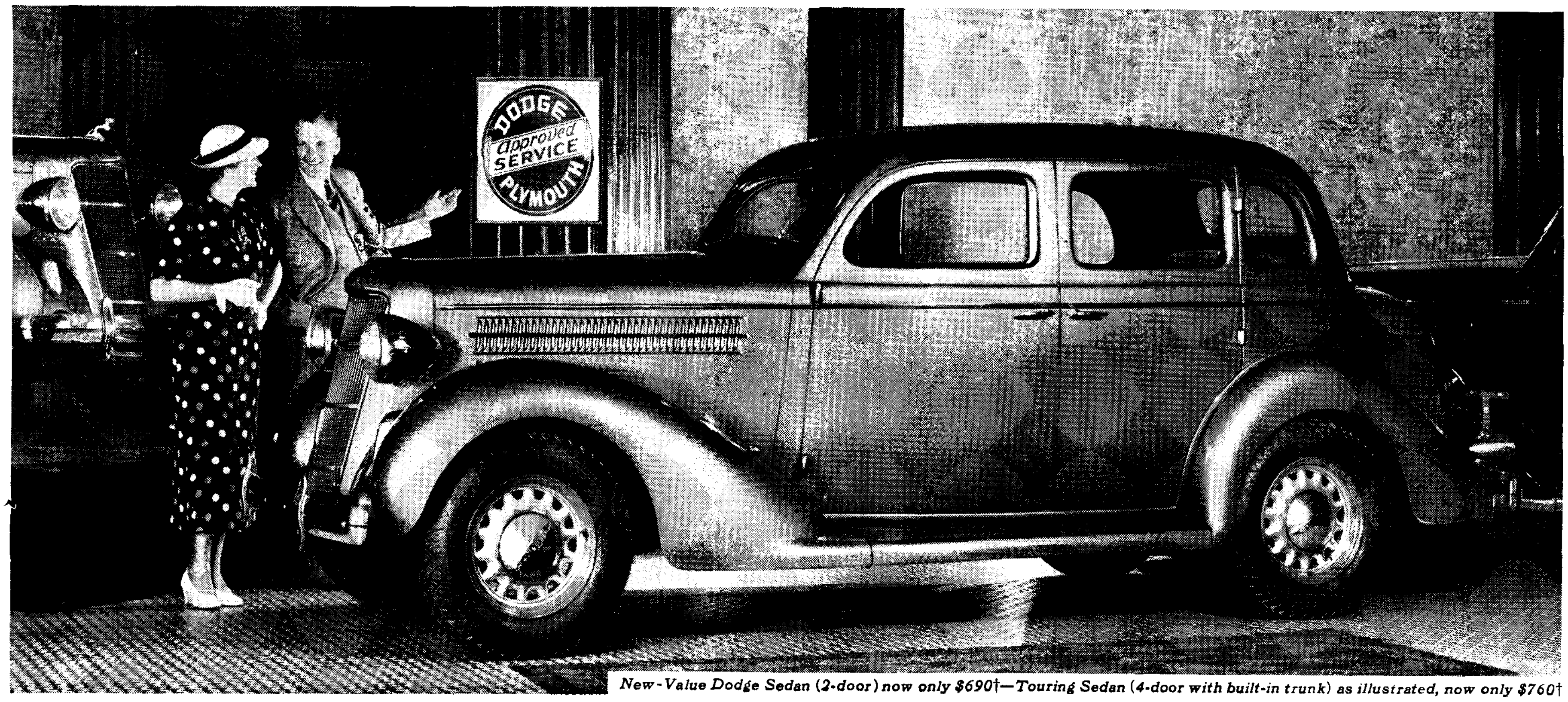
*New-Value Dodge: $645 to $770. Dodge Trucks $365 and up. †List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan. *Owners' experiences. Letters on file.*


DODGE approved SERVICE PLYMOUTH

New-Value Dodge Sedan (2-door) now only $690†—Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) as illustrated, now only $760† dreaded was here—the warning of it written clearly on Strang's raw cheeks—and he couldn't summon up the will he needed to swing the foreman back to sanity.

"You take it pretty calm," ground out Strang. "By God, Tom, I don't understand you!"

"I can wait."

"Wait!" shouted Strang. "That's all you do is wait! There ain't no time for waiting! Not when a thing like that's been said. This ranch used to take care of its injuries and it used to put the fear of God into the crooks! People respected it because it was too damned proud to creep around with the sort of forbearing Christian benevolence you preach! To hell with that! You've gone soft and the ranch is no good any more!"

"Be a little careful, Matt."

"Do I have to stand here and tell you to your face you've turned yellow?"

SEBASTIAN'S voice rode upward on a thin, still note: "Matt—don't cross the line."

"Well," said Strang with a last, headlong rush of violent passion, "I've crossed it and here I am! You and I been friends a long time, which is all that's kept me from calling you to account. I'm through with you, Tom. You've let Barrier go to the dogs—you're not fit to wear the name you got. You were high and mighty till trouble came along, but now you're dodging. You're like a coyote slinkin' along a gulch bottom to keep from bein' seen. You let Charm waste her life on you, she thinkin' maybe you'll do the thing you ought to do by her. You let her take all the talk and gossip—you let Blagg print what he does about her. The girl's in love with you because she don't know any better. But you know better. To hell with your friendship! I don't want it!"

"Matt—get off Barrier before we regret what we do."

"I'd not regret it," said Strang and held himself dangerously still.

"I would," sighed Sebastian.

"Soft!" breathed Matt Strang, his scorn cutting indescribably through Sebastian. He was carrying the quarrel relentlessly to Sebastian, the flame of his temper burning out his reason.

Sebastian put a hand against the stable wall and steadied himself. "Matt," he said, "you've always been pretty certain you were right in everything you did. It's been black or white, yes or no. Some day maybe you'll find out there's no exact answer to anything in this world, that right and wrong are pretty close together most of the time. I can't give you the satisfaction of the fight you want. I haven't got the heart for it. So long."

Strang stared at him with hot, unbelieving eyes. His lips cut a bitter semicircle across his rouge-red skin, as though he tasted something unpleasant. Without another word he walked past Sebastian into the plaza. Slowly wheeling, Sebastian watched him rush toward a pony tied near the house, climb into the saddle and ride away. He faded into the hard sunlight, this man who had been the best and nearest of friends. Sebastian rubbed his hand across his face and turned to the house. The Hollywood crowd loafed in the cool living-room but he went by without speaking, on up to his room.

CHARM, following him a moment later, found him sitting in a rocker with his long arms purely idle and his smoky eyes pinned to the floor. She said nothing to him. She stood a moment inside the door, reading the utter fatigue, the bleak loneliness in the man. Then, crossing the room swiftly, she knelt beside the chair and collected his hands against her breast, intense, dark face softened by a smile that was humble and strangely maternal. There was glow to this girl like actual warmth; a receptive depth into which a weary man might sink and find forgetfulness.

"Charm," he said slowly, "you know what it is to be hurt."

"I know you, Tom."

"Yes," he said, "I think you do. There never was a time when you didn't know how I felt. You've got a lot of sympathy in you, Charm—"

Her small voice interrupted him: "Sympathy? Tom—Tom—is that all you see? Is it all you feel?"

His long, solid lips settled. "What's this life for, Charm? I wish I knew."

"If you don't know, how could I?" But she turned one of his palms against her heart and held it there, mysterious eyes eagerly shining. She was like wild wind blowing across deep places. There wasn't any reserve or fear or thought of safety in her giving emotions. Somewhere in the Bible one of the singers spoke of a woman like her. Behind the smooth and often inexpressive cheeks was a stormy, primitive fidelity. He thought of this, and heard her speak rapidly again: "But I do know." She pressed his hand more tightly against her heart. "This is what life is for, Tom. What else is any good?". . .

Timmy Akin went into the dining-room and kept Lily company while she ate breakfast. She hadn't seen a great deal of him the last few days and it occurred to her he was not quite the same Timmy. Timmy's soul contained little iron. He was a man destined always to be squiring women about town, pulling out chairs for them, standing gently in the background while others ignored him. But some of the eager deference was gone now. He didn't talk much.

"Having fun, Lily?"

"Isn't it obvious?"

"Yes," he said. "You don't hold back your feelings like Kit does. You show happiness in your eyes."

"Aren't you having a good time?"

"I could stay here forever."

IT BROUGHT out her slow smile. Timmy's surroundings always colored him. His enthusiasm for the new thing was very real while it lasted.

He knew what she was thinking. "I realize I'm the type that tries to fit in any place. The sort that goes to a dull party and tries to convince the host I've had a perfectly swell evening. I can't help that—I don't like to let people down. But this is different." His soberness was quite genuine then; it was touched by real regret. "I wish I'd known there was a place like Barrier twenty years ago. If I had I wouldn't be just an errand boy for this or that gal who couldn't find anybody else to fill in the gap."

"Timmy," she said, surprised, "you're the last person I'd ever expect to speak with such disillusion."

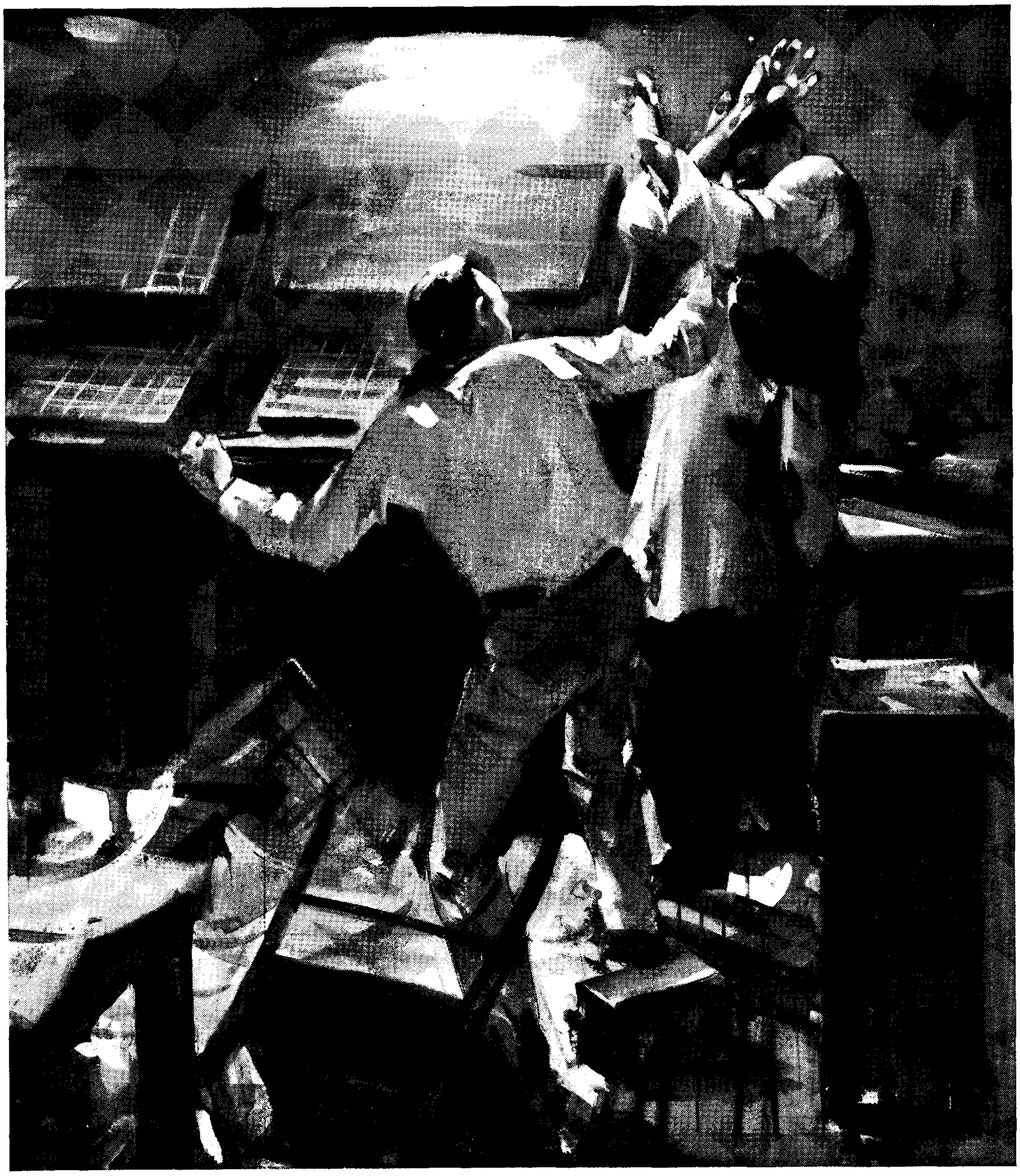
"The boy's growing up," he muttered. He got out a sack of tobacco and creased a paper and made quite a ceremony of rolling himself a smoke. It was, she knew, a trick he had learned from the crew. He'd master this novelty and then he'd throw it aside. That was Timmy.

He said: "What about Hollywood?"

"Let's not think of it right now."

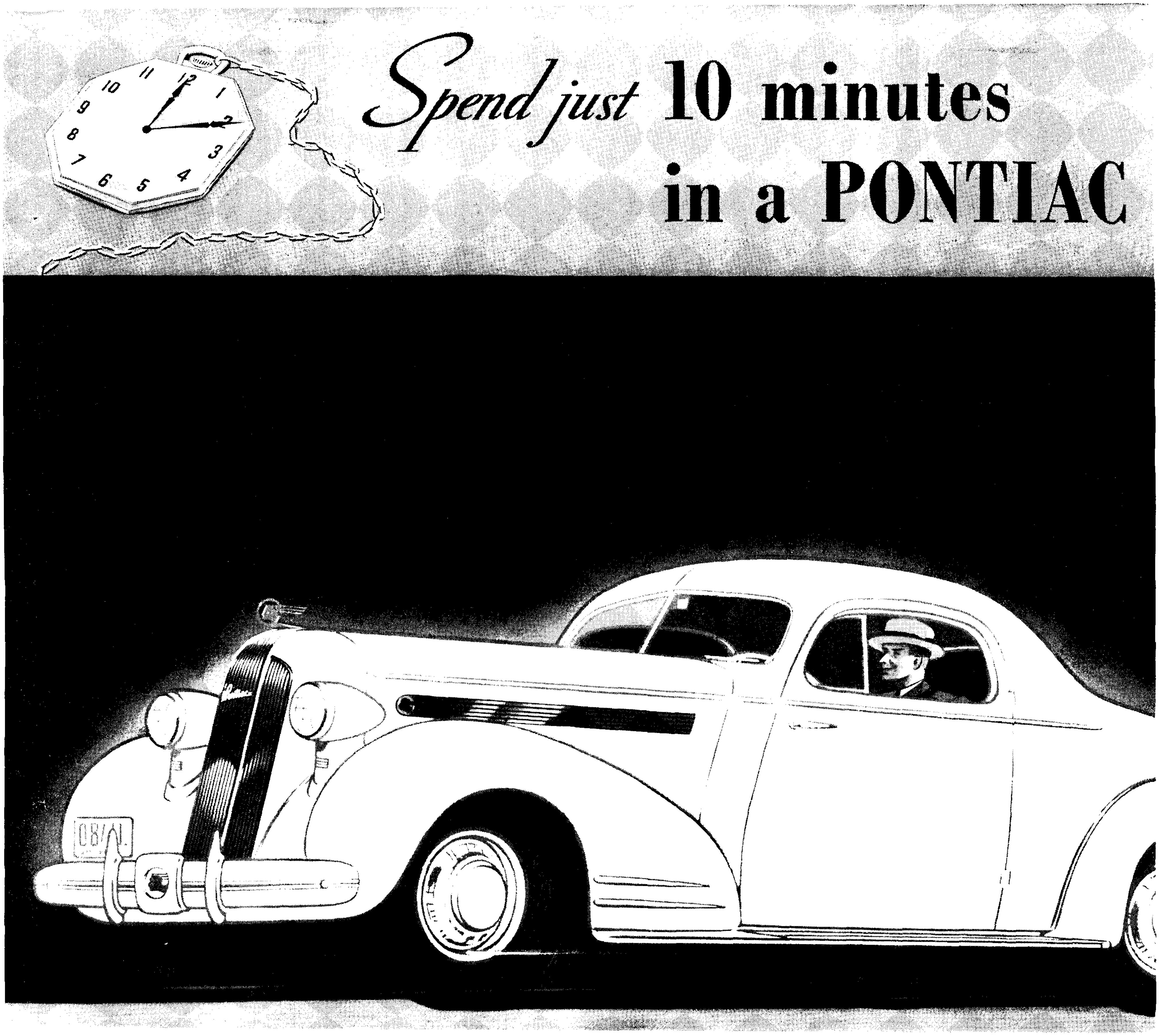
He put his elbows on the table and stared at her. "Don't let Jay or anybody else rush you. You do what you damned please. People have been making up my mind for me since I was a kid—and look at me now. I'm nothing much better than a piece of litmus paper that turns from color to color

(Continued on page 58)



Slowly circling the small space, DePard waited and struck, and waited and struck again and again

Spend just 10 minutes in a PONTIAC



A General Motors Value

Satisfy yourself that $615* buys all you want and need

EVEN though you may be willing to pay from two to three hundred dollars more for your next car, *spend just 10 minutes in a Pontiac before you buy.* You will quickly discover that nothing about a Silver Streak Pontiac suggests "low price" except the price itself.

Its riding comfort leaves nothing to be desired. Its quiet, smooth performance delights drivers accustomed to cars much higher in price. Its features, such as triple-sealed hydraulic brakes and the solid steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher are the finest money can buy. Its appearance justifies the popular phrase you hear on every hand—"it's the most beautiful thing on wheels!"

Anyone can confirm these facts in the course of a ten-minute ride. Simply tell any Pontiac dealer that you would like to drive a Pontiac yourself. He will gladly place one at your disposal for this fair and impartial test—*because you will surely want to own a Pontiac yourself once you have experienced the thrill of riding behind the Silver Streak.*

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**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Available on easy G. M. A. C. Time Payments.*

1. **Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes**
2. **Solid Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher**
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7. **The Most Beautiful Thing on Wheels**
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9. **Concealed Luggage and Spare Tire Compartment**
10. **Product of General Motors**

PONTIAC
Silver Streak **SIXES AND EIGHTS**

The President Goes Fishing

Continued from page 19

The bow of the launch poked through the fog as Leahy drove her around the point, and picked his way toward them across the long shallow reef that ran out from the rocky promontory of the island.

John Morrow was gazing uneasily across the water. He had heard the sharp report of a backfire. Suddenly the exhaust pipe of the launch belched flames, red and ugly in the mist. He saw Leahy fling open the hatch cover and reach for the gas shut-off. Then abruptly the launch was a single sheet of fire, and he heard himself say: "It's gone!" in the hollow instant before a shattering explosion rocked them backward.

In the shocked silence, as the roar died, Monsen was racing down the beach, yanking his shirt back from his naked shoulders. He galloped into the water with a heedless churn of white spray, plunged forward in a powerful dive and struck out for the blazing patch of oil. They could make out the form of Leahy kicking feebly at the very edge of the flames, and they waited helplessly at the water's edge as Monsen grabbed him by the collar and towed him back to shore. John Morrow helped lift the groaning man onto the rocks. He bent over him for a moment. The burning launch foundered, up-ended slowly, and sank.

"There she goes," said Trevelyan, almost eagerly. "What a beautiful dive!" He gazed at the water rushing over the stern with a final muffled explosion. "Took it right on her nose."

Runkel stared at the widening circles, and the dying flames on the top of the water. "I hope that plane's got sense enough to wait for me," he muttered slowly. "I'm going to be good and late now—"

"Will you give us a hand here, gentlemen?" the President said quietly. "This man's in a pretty bad way."

As they carried him up the beach, they felt the first fat drops of rain.

THE rain had settled into a steady downpour, and Trevelyan shivered as he strolled around the barren point and started back toward their camping spot. He put a cigarette between his lips and watched the dismal figure of Runkel, crouched protectingly over a little heap of twigs and shavings like a bedraggled hen hovering her chicks.

"Supper ready yet?" he grinned, taking out a match.

"Hey! Don't light that cigarette," Runkel said sharply, and knocked him off balance. "You want to waste the last match in camp? Give it here."

Trevelyan shrugged and gazed about him with interest. "I see you Robinson Crusoes have been making yourselves useful while I was gone," he smiled. They had stretched the canvas tarpaulin between two trees, and the wounded man was lying on a makeshift couch of hemlock boughs. John Morrow looked over a shoulder at him questioningly. "Been all around the island, John," Trevelyan replied, shaking his head, "and there isn't a sign of life anywhere. Even Friday took his footprints away with him."

Morrow rose slowly: "I was afraid so." He beckoned to Monsen: "Better take that pail and find some fresh water."

"By the way," asked Trevelyan, glancing toward the balsam-bed casually, "how's Leahy?"

"Resting easier," said Morrow briefly. "Monsen found some butter we'd thrown away at lunch, and that helped a little." He turned to Runkel, still peeling bits of twig with his fingernails: "Got that fire almost ready?"

"I just been waiting for him to get back from his little afternoon stroll," Runkel grumbled, and inclined his head accusingly toward Trevelyan. "He's got the only match in—" A brimful of water spilled from his tilted derby, and poured accurately onto the precious shavings. Runkel sank back slowly on his heels, and gazed blankly at the soaked pile. "Now look what you done," he whimpered.

"Perhaps you'd better give me back that match," Trevelyan prodded in amusement.

"Gentlemen, we need a fire in a hurry." John Morrow kicked aside the wet twigs impatiently. He picked up a short section of rotten log, smashed it over a sharp rock, and began to break out the punky wood in the center. "See if you haven't got a piece of dry paper on you somewhere, Alan."

TREVELYAN turned his pockets inside out, and held up a soggy wallet. He shuffled the contents and grinned: "There's a couple of bills here that aren't wet yet."

"They'll do," said Morrow tersely.

"You're not going to start a fire with that?" Runkel gasped. "It's a hundred-dollar bill."

"You know any place to get it changed?" asked Trevelyan.

"But it's a criminal waste," Runkel protested. "There are people starving—"

"There's a man suffering," said President Morrow. "Let me have the match." He shielded the little curl of yellow flame and blew on it softly as the flames caught the dry wood. "Perhaps you can find those tea-balls we used for lunch, Runkel."

"Good idea, John," Trevelyan nodded in anticipation. "A slug of tea's going to hit the spot."

"We're not going to drink this tea," John Morrow said. "We're boiling it down for tannic acid to put on Leahy's burns."

Trevelyan protested: "But I'm chilled right through to the bone—"

"If you want to get warm," suggested President Morrow quietly, "start gathering wood. We're liable to need plenty before we get out of this. . . ."

There had been no let-up on the storm during the night, and they looked out hopelessly the following morning over the dull pewter surface of the bay, hammered flat by the steadily pelting drops of rain. They had put in a miserable night. Hour after hour they had shivered glumly before the fire, rising by turns to put more logs on the flames, squatting down again in the meager shelter of the tarpaulin and steaming dismally in their soggy clothes as they waited for dawn. Sleep was out of the question. The sailor was semidelirious, and moaned and cursed at regular intervals.

From time to time John Morrow soaked strips of a torn shirt in the dregs of the tea, and applied them to Leahy's neck and shoulders. He was worried about Leahy. The burns were pretty severe, and his peeling lips and dry tongue showed that the fever was mounting steadily. That meant that toxic poisoning was setting in, he knew, and any prolonged lack of medical aid was apt to be fatal.

They were on a small island some four or five miles in circumference, one of a thousand tiny spruce-covered points of rock that dot the Alaskan waters, uninhabited, unexplored, barren of game. Probably they were not more than twenty miles from the comforts and medical facilities of the Coho, riding at anchor in Big Bear Cove; but in this impenetrable fog they might have been marooned on a planet suspended in stellar space.

To be sure, their own situation was not critical; they could subsist for a week if necessary on berries and fish; at worst, it would be a novel experience to look back on later.

He organized the camp as efficiently as possible, during the morning, and delegated special duties to each man. While he tended the injured sailor, Runkel moved up and down the beach, gathering driftwood and logs to feed the fire. Monsen was taking advantage of the ebb tide to wade out along the reef and investigate the ruins of the launch. Trevelyan had departed an hour ago for a stream he had discovered the previous afternoon, armed with a makeshift spear that had been fashioned out of a picnic fork sharpened and lashed securely to the end of a willow pole. John Morrow heard his distant hail as he hurried back along the beach.

"That stream's alive with little rainbow," he called eagerly, dangling a string of fish proudly by the gills. "Look at these babies. I never had so much fun in my life. The little devils dart out from under the bank in swarms."

"Better take them down to the water and clean them," said John Morrow. "We can roast them in the embers."

Monsen clambered naked out of the water, his shaggy body dripping like a spaniel, and pattered toward them up the sloping rocks. "I found this pot of grease down in the wreck," he offered. "It might do to put on the burns."

"Good work," Morrow nodded. "Set it beside the fire and melt it down. What's that box?"

"The tool kit," said Monsen proudly. "It ain't even hurt. There's a wrench and hammer and pliers and some electric wire—"

"You didn't happen to run across a nice juicy steak and some French fried potatoes, by any chance?" Trevelyan inquired.

President Morrow ignored him. "What did you make of the wreck, Monsen?"

"She's resting on the reef, sir, not more than a foot or so under water right now," Monsen said. "There's a pretty bad hole stove in her side, and the engine is shot, of course, but I think maybe if we took the motor out we could patch her up enough to float her. We could work her ashore with poles if we all put a hand to it."

"IT'S worth trying," said Morrow. He beckoned to Runkel. "Let's get going before the tide starts coming in."

"You're not thinking seriously of trying to sail anywhere in that wreck, John?" said Trevelyan incredulously.

"We've got to get help somehow, Alan," said President Morrow. "We can't just sit around and wait for them to come."

"But they'll be out looking for us in no time at all," Trevelyan said. "There's no need to worry. There'll be a dozen planes searching as soon as it's clear. They'll pick us up tomorrow or the next day at the latest—"

"That may be too late for Leahy," said Morrow.

"This fog can't keep up forever," Trevelyan insisted. "They're bound to find us soon. That boat would be suicide—"

Morrow turned impatiently to Runkel: "Are you giving us a hand?"

(*Continued on page 34*)

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WHAT a buy! What a bargain! Buck Skein prices were never lower. No, not even in 1932 when all prices touched bottom. Last year these jackets were purchased by thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands at higher prices. Think of it—a seven dollar Buck Skein for five dollars and fifty cents!

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Whether Buck Skein is worn by Admiral Byrd in the fierce gales of the Antarctic, or whether *you* wear Buck Skein to hunt in, fish in, or to farm in, your Buck Skein will keep you warm and *bone dry.*

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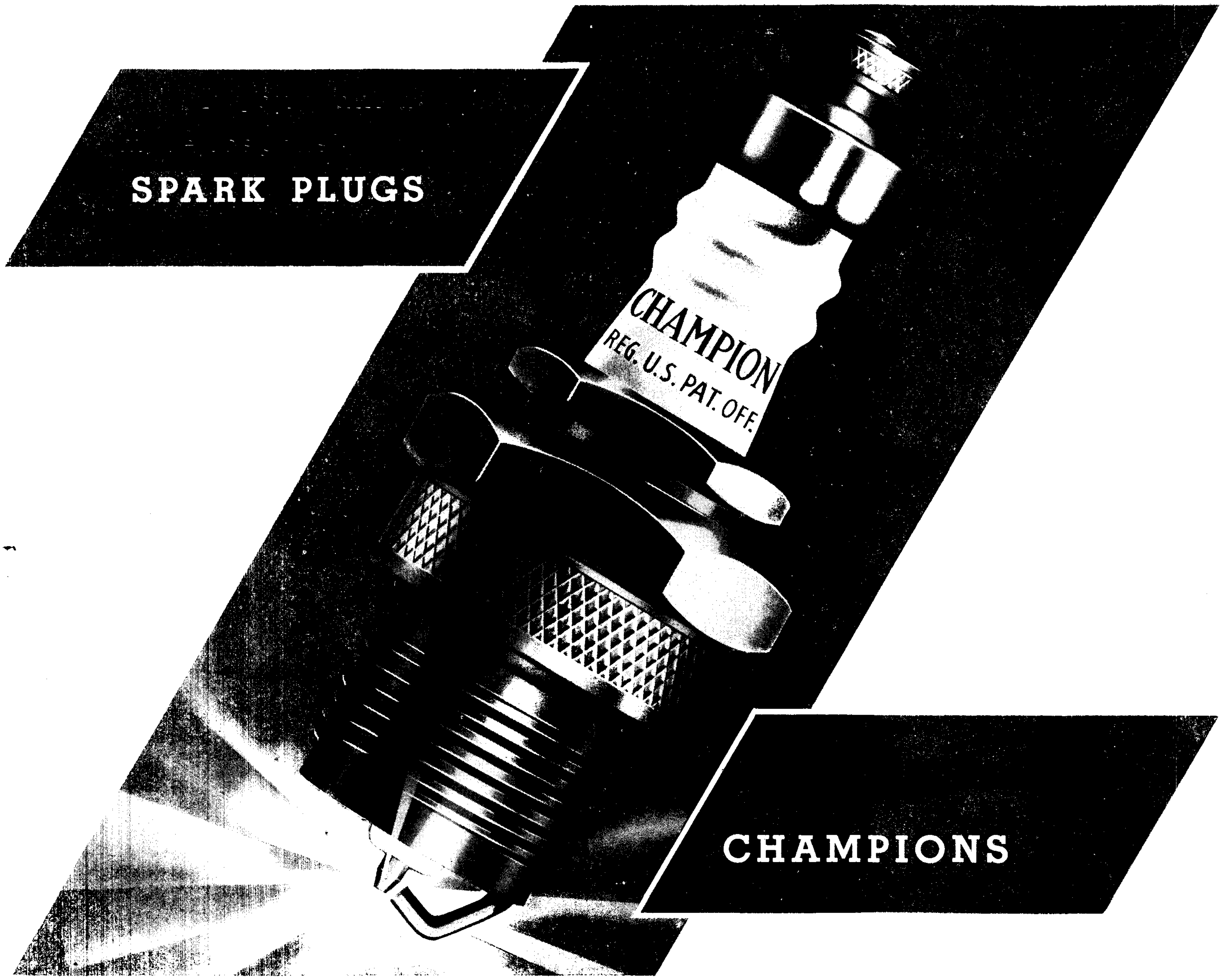
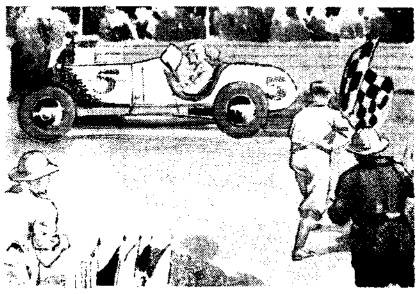
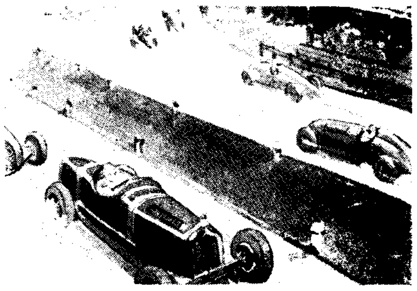
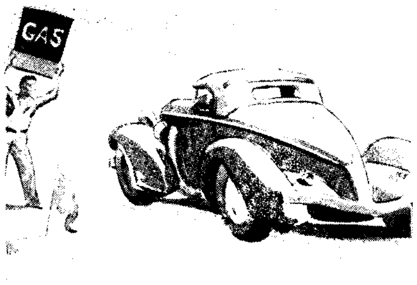




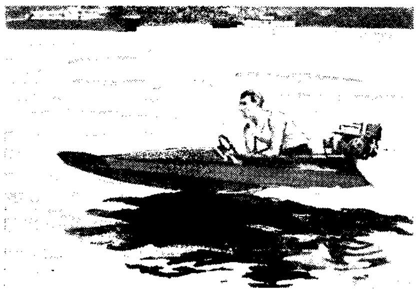
ST. PAUL — *Kelly Petillo, 1935 Indianapolis victor, continued his winning streak by capturing the National A.A.A. Championship race — driving his Champion-equipped Gilmore Speedway Special with true champion skill and daring on a dangerous track.*



GERMANY — *Louis Chiron, driving a Champion-equipped Alfa-Romeo, turned in an amazing performance in the recent Avus Rennen. Driving this hazardous 12.16 mile course for ten laps he achieved the astounding average of 143.53 m. p. h. without a single pit stop.*



BONNEVILLE, UTAH — *Ab Jenkins, driving a Champion-equipped Auburn Stock Supercharged Speedster, broke a total of 70 unlimited and American class speed records — covering first 5 miles with average of 104.395 m. p. h., a new high speed for stock cars.*



ATLANTIC CITY—*Champion-equipped craft made a clean sweep in the recent Atlantic City Regatta—including a new Class C inboard record of 33.632 m.p.h. Winners in all classes and divisions used Champion Spark Plugs—a remarkable tribute to Champions' performance.*

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Because you can see with your own eyes that the new LaFayette — in order to win customers quickly — has been made the biggest, roomiest, safest car ever offered at anywhere near the price!

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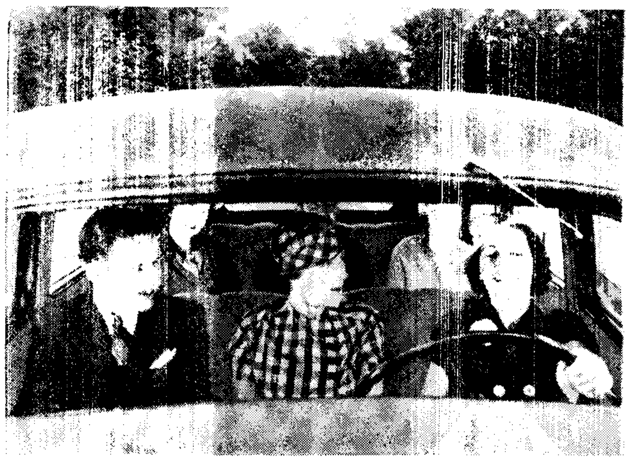
See what you've never seen before

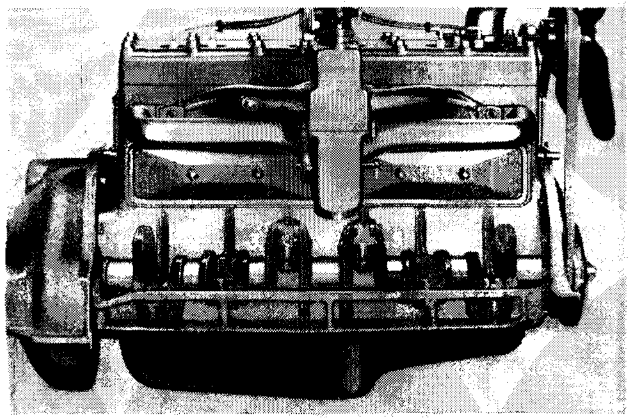
As a car buyer you have a right to know WHA INSIDE all low-priced cars before you buy any one



SIX PASSENGERS! WIDER FRONT SEATS THAN IN HIGH-PRICED CARS Three passengers—even six-footers—ride in back or front seat with room to spare!

MORE HEADROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2,000 You'll like the extra headroom you get in LaFayette. It means greater safety . . . and it's cooler!

REDISTRIBUTION OF WEIGHT—SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING No other car combines mid-section seating, balanced weight, and Synchronized Springing!



FINEST ENGINE EVER PUT IN A LOW-PRICED CAR Only LaFayette and more expensive cars have 7-bearing crankshafts and rifle-drilled connecting rods!

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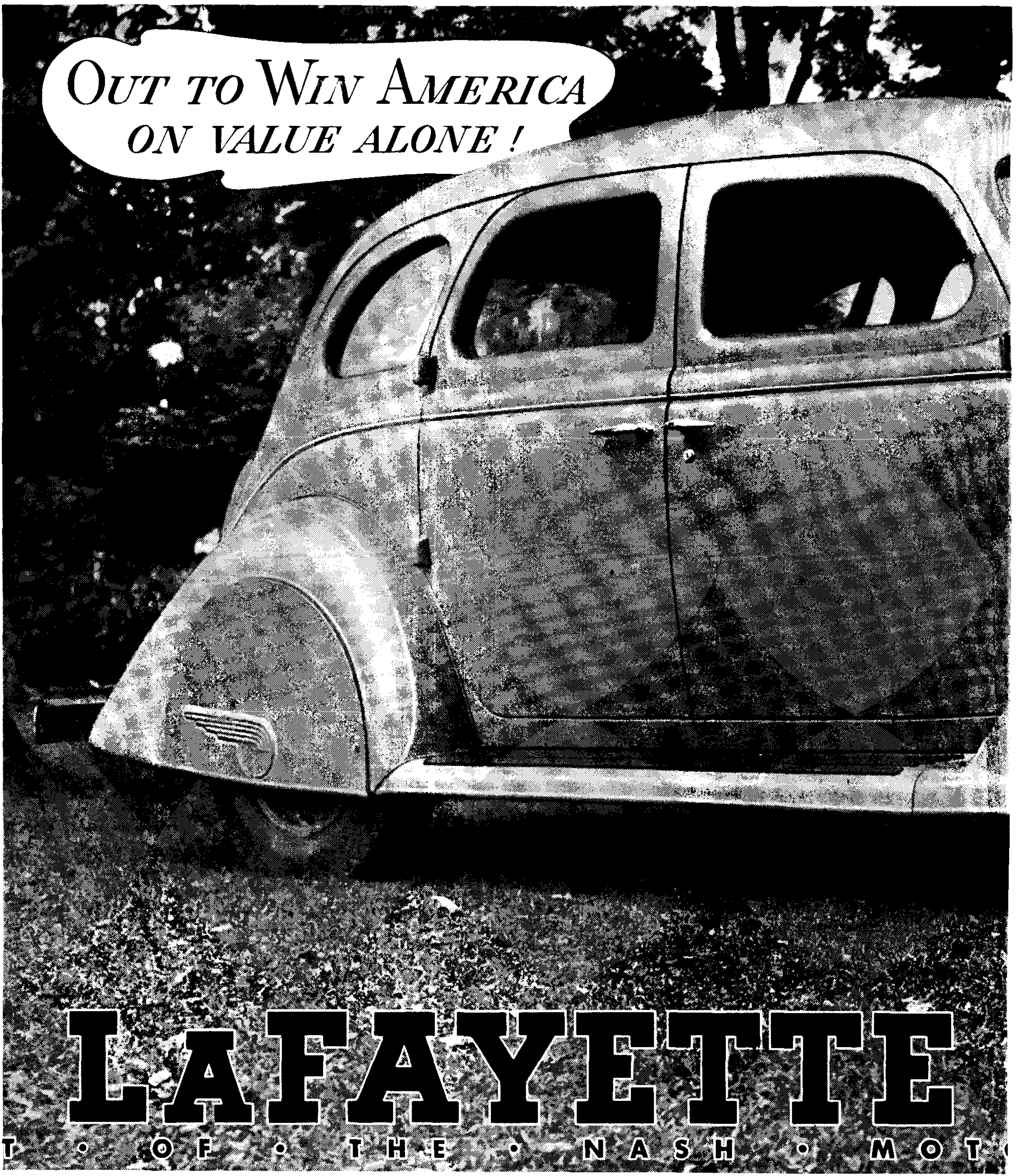

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lditional miles or more!

A *seven-bearing* crankshaft, for example, and rifle-drilled connecting rods that lubricate each cylinder separately with every stroke of the piston! Oversized hydraulic brakes, super-safe, and so big they won't need relining for years! LaFayette's SEAMLESS, one-piece, all-steel body compared with bodies you may *think* are all-steel, yet are not steel throughout!

Get in and stretch out!

The moment you get in the LaFayette you will realize, without taking measurements, that here is an infinitely bigger, roomier, SIX-PASSENGER automobile. . . . That it has a MUCH wider front seat than your present car's back seat. . . . That it has more headroom than you'll find in cars costing $2,000! And plenty of extra legroom!

Don't just buy the same car out of habit this year. And don't take somebody's word for it that "all low-priced cars are about the same inside." It's no more trouble—and a lot more certain—to see for *yourself*, through the X-Ray System, which car really gives you the most for your money! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

EDAN . . . WITH HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . AND SEAMLESS ALL STEEL BODY!

OTHER VITAL FEATURES that you get only in LaFayette and higher-priced cars

1. Complete full-pressure lubrication with rifle-drilled connecting rods.
2. Aluminum alloy pistons with four piston rings and Invar Struts.
3. A main bearing on each side of every connecting rod.
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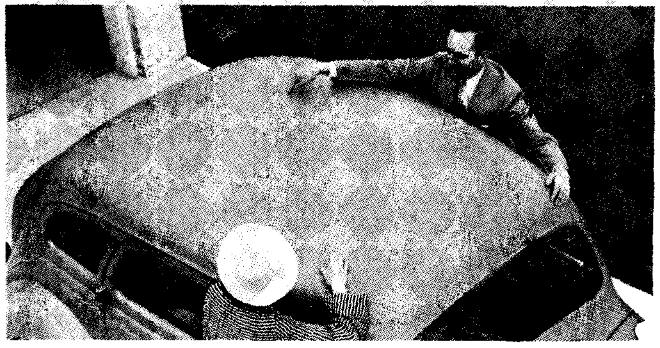
No wonder LaFayette will keep its new-car "feel" much longer and run "sweeter" for years!

OVERSIZED HYDRAULIC BRAKES BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK! Hydraulic brakes actually as large as those on one of America's fastest-selling 1½ ton trucks.

WORLD'S ONLY COMPLETE SEAMLESS STEEL BODY Only in LaFayette and the New Nash "400" a complete seamless all-steel top, steel floor and steel body with girder-steel frame!



595 and up f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. New 1936 Nash "400" prices start at $675. Advanced sixes and eights $825 to $1220. All prices subject to change without notice. Convenient terms, new low rates through the Authorized Nash Finance Plan.

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Change to Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil

DUST, wind and sun on the tennis court is sure hard on a man's skin. But—shaving every day . . . that's worse!

For this very reason . . . to prevent after-shave irritation . . . we make Palmolive Shave Cream with just the right amount of Olive Oil! And thousands of trainers and athletes say with Jack Harris, "You can't beat Olive Oil for soothing irritated skin!"

Try Palmolive. See how wonderfully fresh and *soothed* its unique lotion-effect leaves your face. You'll find too, that this same soothing action actually tends to make a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin.

And how you will like that Palmolive lather! Richer, thicker . . . each inch of cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather! Lather that stands up for a full ten minutes on your face . . . that never dries or wilts. And gives you the closest, cleanest, *easiest* shave you ever had. Get a tube today!

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

The President Goes Fishing

Continued from page 30

"I don't know," Runkel hesitated unhappily. "Of course, it don't seem as if we should really risk our lives when they'll probably find us so soon—"

He checked himself abruptly and listened. Somewhere in the fog they could hear the faint hum of an airplane motor, rising and falling uncertainly, fading, growing suddenly sharper, dwindling again. President Morrow pulled off his shirt.

"I hope I don't have to force you to help, gentlemen," he said evenly.

They looked at each other, and stripped in silence, and followed him down the beach toward the water.

IT WAS not a very promising-looking outfit when it was finally assembled. They had hauled the wreck of the launch onto the beach and removed the heavy motor; and that afternoon, while Runkel and Trevelyan divided their attentions between the wounded man and the fire, Morrow and Monsen had done what they could to make it watertight. They had calked the seams between the warped planking with rags and pitch, and covered the gaping hole in the side with grease-smeared canvas; and Monsen had hacked a makeshift oar out of cedar which they could use to scull and steer the awkward craft. The next morning, as soon as it was light, they moved Leahy to a new shelter of spruce boughs, and fastened the canvas tarpaulin which had covered him to a crude mast in the center of the launch. Runkel gazed dubiously at the clumsy sail.

"What kind of a rig do you call that thing?" he asked.

"That's a compromise rig," President Morrow replied pointedly.

The fog showed no signs of lifting Wednesday morning, and the gray curtain of rain and mist still hung down to the water's edge. Once or twice they thought they heard the sound of an approaching plane, but each time the motor faded again in the distance and died. Leahy's groans were more infrequent now; he was gradually lapsing into unconsciousness, occasionally rousing to call for water and sinking back weakly when he had swallowed. His fever was high, his eyes bloodshot, his tongue parched and dry. There was not any time to lose, John Morrow knew. The tide was running out as they pried and pinched the heavy launch down into the water. President Morrow gazed thoughtfully at the surrounding wall of fog.

"My best guess is that Koronof lies in that direction, Alan," he said. "I think we came around a point of land just north of here, and the main island was the other side of the channel. If we hit Koronof, we could walk the rest of the way to Big Bear Cove."

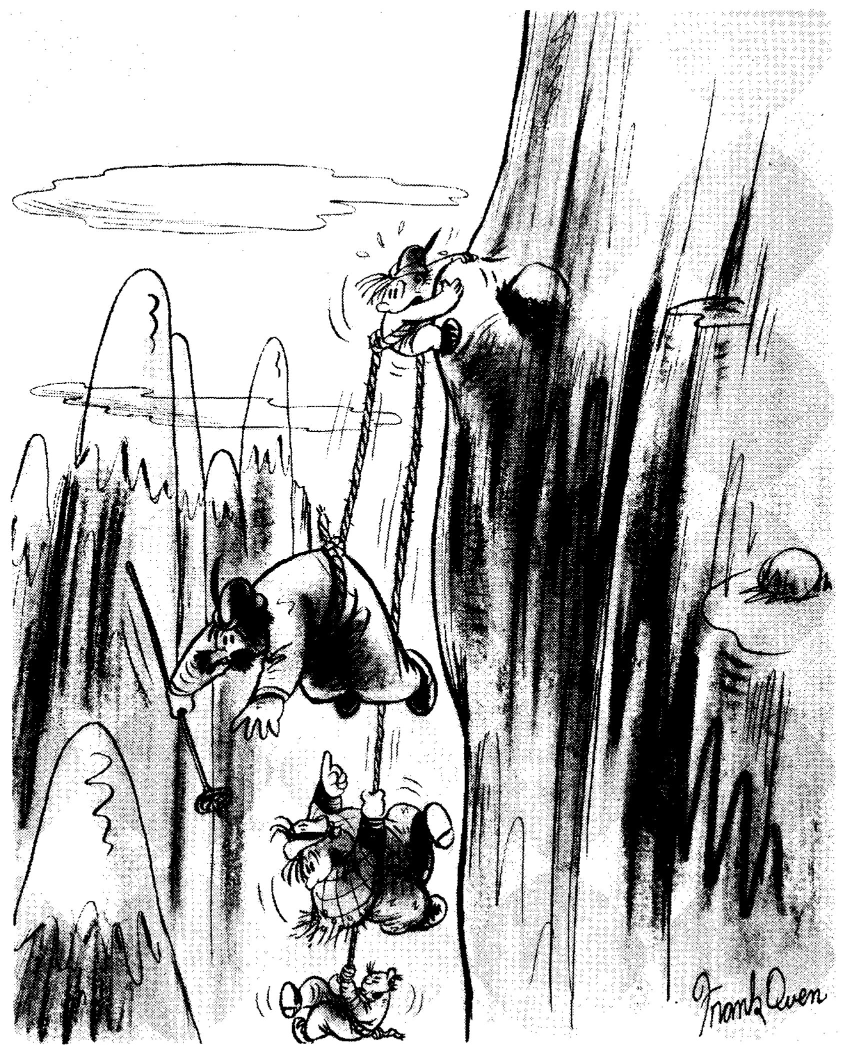
"You're figuring it too far to the left, John," Trevelyan insisted. "That way would head you straight out to sea. Your next stop would be Japan."

"I'm afraid that's a gamble we've got to take," said Morrow briefly. He broke off three sections of twig, one long and two short. "The long man wins."

(Continued on page 36)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



"Philbert says, Quick, what'll we give him not to let go?"

CHEVROLET

MASTER DE LUXE
COACH

Quality is remembered all the more pleasantly when price is so low

It is pleasant to have possessions that reflect the ***highest*** standard of quality. And all the more pleasant when those possessions place such a light tax on the purse as the new Master De Luxe Chevrolet for 1935! Money cannot buy a motor car built to finer limits of precision or higher standards of quality manufacture than this Aristocrat of the low-price field. Money cannot buy a safer, more beautiful motor car body than Chevrolet's solid steel Turret-Top Body by Fisher. Or a smoother, more comfortable ride than Chevrolet's famous gliding Knee-Action Ride. Or surer, more dependable performance than the Master De Luxe Chevrolet gives to its owners. Yet you can buy a Master De Luxe Chevrolet at surprisingly low prices and count on it to give even greater fuel economy than the thrifty Chevrolets of previous years. Needless to say, Master De Luxe quality will be long remembered by all who purchase this car—and remembered all the more pleasantly because the price is so low!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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The President Goes Fishing

Continued from page 34

"What are we drawing for?" asked Runkel uneasily. "Ain't we all going?"

"A couple of us will have to stay and take care of Leahy," said John Morrow. He arranged the twigs in his fist with only the ends exposed. "Are you set, gentlemen?"

"Look here, John," Trevelyan began hurriedly, "you know this is absolutely insane. It's too big a chance to take. It isn't sense—"

They heard a sharp groan from Leahy and Monsen hurried toward the shelter of balsam boughs.

"Whoever stays," Morrow continued, "had better haul some big logs onto that high point of rock and start a beacon fire for the plane—" He paused—"or for the boat in case it misses Koronof and has to try to find its way back—"

Runkel licked his lips. "Suppose we can't get back," he hesitated. "Even if that tub holds together, we wouldn't know where we're going in it."

"There's a man dying," said Morrow, "and we may be able to save him." He held out the twigs. "Will you draw first, Alan?"

"One man, John," Trevelyan pleaded. "One ordinary sailor against our own lives. Oh, I mean, it's too bad, and I hate to think of him suffering, but after all," he said, "that's too big a sacrifice—"

"No sacrifice is too big," said John Morrow, "when you're face to face with human suffering."

TREVELYAN stared fascinated at the extended twigs. "But he could be spared so much more easily than we could, John," he said desperately. "It would be different if it were one of us—"

"Different, hell!" Runkel turned on him angrily. "Why is he different? Just because he's a working-man? That's the treatment you've dished out too damned long. That's why we're calling this strike. Leahy's really a symbol—"

John Morrow lowered his hand and crumpled the twigs slowly.

"Then why don't you take the boat and get help for him yourself?" said Trevelyan, eying Runkel squarely. "You claim to be devoting your life to the working-man's cause. Here's your chance to be a hero."

"He's working for you, ain't he?" Runkel evaded. "You're responsible for him. It's your duty. You've always treated your workers like an old machine—get all you can out of it and throw it away when it's broken—"

"John!" Trevelyan exclaimed suddenly. "Where are you going?"

They stared down the beach. John Morrow had shoved the launch away from the rocks alone, and was poling over the reef slowly toward the channel. Monsen emerged from the shelter and started running toward the water's edge.

"Hold it a minute!" he yelled. He turned to Trevelyan. "He can't do it alone, sir. Maybe he don't know where he's going," he said, "but he's willing to try. I'm going with him."

They watched as Monsen splashed knee-deep through the water and clambered into the launch. He gripped the pole behind the President, and leaned his weight against it. . . .

Trevelyan and Runkel looked into each other's eyes. "We better get that signal fire started," said Trevelyan at last.

"Do you want to give me a hand with this big log?" Runkel replied.

They turned automatically and looked out again toward the channel where the launch had disappeared. The first puff of a breeze parted the fog for a moment, and the boat was small and ghostly in the distance. They saw the double swirl of the sculling oar, the President bending over the handle, Monsen emptying a pail over the side, stooping, bailing again. Suddenly he stood erect and sprang to set the flapping sail, and the gathering breeze drew the fog around the boat once more like a curtain.

They lifted the heavy log in silence, and staggered together under its weight toward the point of rocks.

". . . on the whole we confined our fishing to the uninhabited bays and islands south of Koronof," President Morrow concluded, beaming amiably at the newspapermen assembled on the Brooklyn. "We both killed a number of heavy salmon with light tackle, earlier in the week, and in addition Mr. Trevelyan caught some rainbows in a fresh-water stream on one of the islands with a remarkable rig of his own invention." He smiled reminiscently. "All in all, I'd say it was an experience that I'll never forget, and I'm starting back to Washington tomorrow with fresh vigor and confidence—"

"By the way, Mr. President," said Heeney of the Courier, "have you seen this I. P. dispatch that came in about an hour ago? Seems that labor leader Runkel down in Seattle made quite a stir late last night."

"I hadn't heard," said the President with interest. "What happened?"

"He stuck his neck right out at that transportation - union meeting," said Heeney. "His chin, too, I got to admit. Dashed into the hall at the last minute and jumped on the platform, and made a speech that knocked them in the aisles. They were yelling for his scalp when he first started, but he kept right after them until he stampeded the whole meeting. Take a look at the flash."

President Morrow ran his eyes slowly down the typewritten page.

"—in spite of threats from the crowded hall, William Runkel stated he had definite assurance that the transportation owners are willing to meet the workers halfway, and he advocated immediate acceptance of a ten-per-cent wage cut as a 'compromise rig' to carry the country through the present emergency. 'A general walkout at this time,' Runkel declared, 'would cause the entire nation to suffer hardship and distress and maybe even starvation. No sacrifice is too big,' he concluded in a ringing voice that shocked the protesting audience into silence, 'when you're face to face with human suffering—' "

President Morrow looked up from the page and his eyes lighted. "This Runkel must be quite a man," he nodded mildly, and handed back the dispatch. "Things have a way of working out, haven't they?" he smiled at the group. "If they get too tough, just knock off for a while and go fishing. . . ."

THE I. P. correspondent flipped a cigarette in disgust over the side as the newspapermen wandered below to the press quarters to hammer out their routine dispatches. "The same old yarn," he said to Heeney. " 'President Morrow stated to reporters that he had a perfectly lovely trip and caught several dandy salmon—' " He lit another cigarette speculatively. "Do you suppose there might be a story in that sailor they flew in to Juneau Hospital this morning who was so badly burned? I wonder if anything really went on out there in all that fog."

"What the hell," Heeney shrugged, "we ain't paid space. You got an extra cigarette?"

Murder on the Lawn

Continued from page 14

been a casualty in lacrosse, and few serious injuries. What are a few cuts among gentlemen?"

With me it is entirely all right. There have been no wounds among spectators and I have given up active lacrosse life. I am now in shape to join the cheering squad which used to greet opposing teams down at Navy. In the exuberance engendered by a close game, the midshipmen lined up and followed their cheer leaders through the proper gyrations.

"Crown the dirty bum," yelled the midshipmen, swaying to the right. "Crown the dirty bum," repeated our naval defenders, swaying next to the left. Out on the field their champions endeavored to do the same, being kept from it in most instances by the desire of the opposition to accomplish the thing in reverse.

Bred in Baltimore

The early days of the game in Baltimore saw such families as the Symingtons and the Pennimans taking a leading part. There were six in the Symington clan and they acted as missionaries in starting the game at Lehigh University, which for years was the principal Hopkins rival. Stevens Institute was also among the early college teams, and the sport dwindled at one time to a three-college proposition. However, the club teams in Baltimore and New York were always active, with some of the stars of Hopkins and Lehigh continuing along in action after graduation until they were too old to move.

In late years the competition has broadened to take in high schools and preparatory schools. The earnestness with which the game is played was exemplified years ago at Penn when they were launching the sport and still had some yards to go to reach top class. Penn had a long passing attack which was meat for the opposition. It consisted in a lone attack man dashing down the side line and hoping that a pass the length of the field would nestle in his stick at the proper moment to launch it toward the goal. The only thing wrong was that if the pass was good one of the defense men would pick it off. Along about the middle of the second half, the attack man was getting discouraged. He had been plowing his way down all day and hadn't caught anything yet. He made one more attempt, starting down at top speed and yelling for the ball. The pass was not good. It wasn't that it was bad or that it was intercepted, but that it almost passed out of the park completely, soaring over the heads of the players, over the goal net and being intercepted eventually by an usher sitting in the top row of the stands. As it soared over the head of the weary attack man, he stopped slowly and looked to the rear.

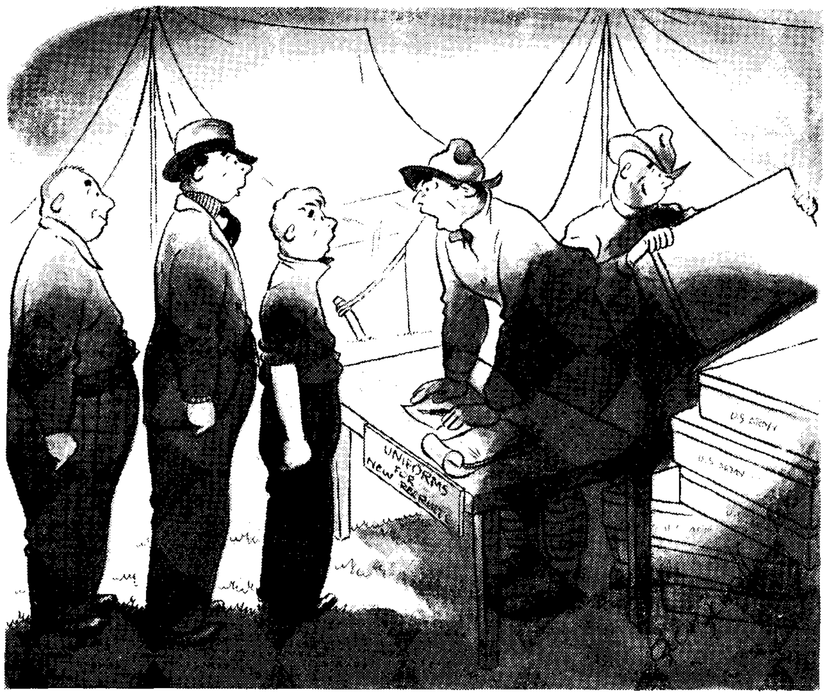
"Ah, Willie," he protested in tones of mild plaintiveness, "what the hell?"

Like all other sports, the game keeps progressing, which explains why the Canadians, who were kings for years, have had to adapt themselves to new tactics. The attack has speeded up, there are plays from behind the goal net (as in hockey) and the defense has become so tough that only attack men who can throw from any position and on the dead run have a chance.

Last year an attempt was made to introduce box lacrosse into this country. There was a professional league patterned after the hockey league, with teams in cities of the East. The teams were cut to six players and combat went on in a cage about the size of a hockey rink. It altered the character of the game because players had to be effective on both offense and defense, as in hockey, and the plays were essentially power plays, with the team in possession of the ball blasting its way through to the net. The Baltimore clubs overwhelmed all opposition, and interest faded early. By the time recruits could be rushed to the support of the two New York clubs the game was dead, buried under a mass of debt, heartache and broken bones. The professional game is still played in Canada and there will possibly be attempts to revive it here.

This, however, is professional lacrosse. The college and high-school game is growing steadily. The worst difficulty to overcome, paradoxically, has been the fine teams around Baltimore. They have outclassed all competition so long that it is only now that other colleges are coming close to them. There persisted.

(Continued on page 38)



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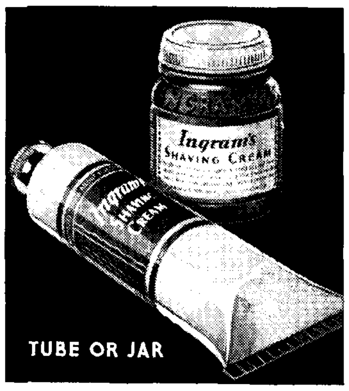

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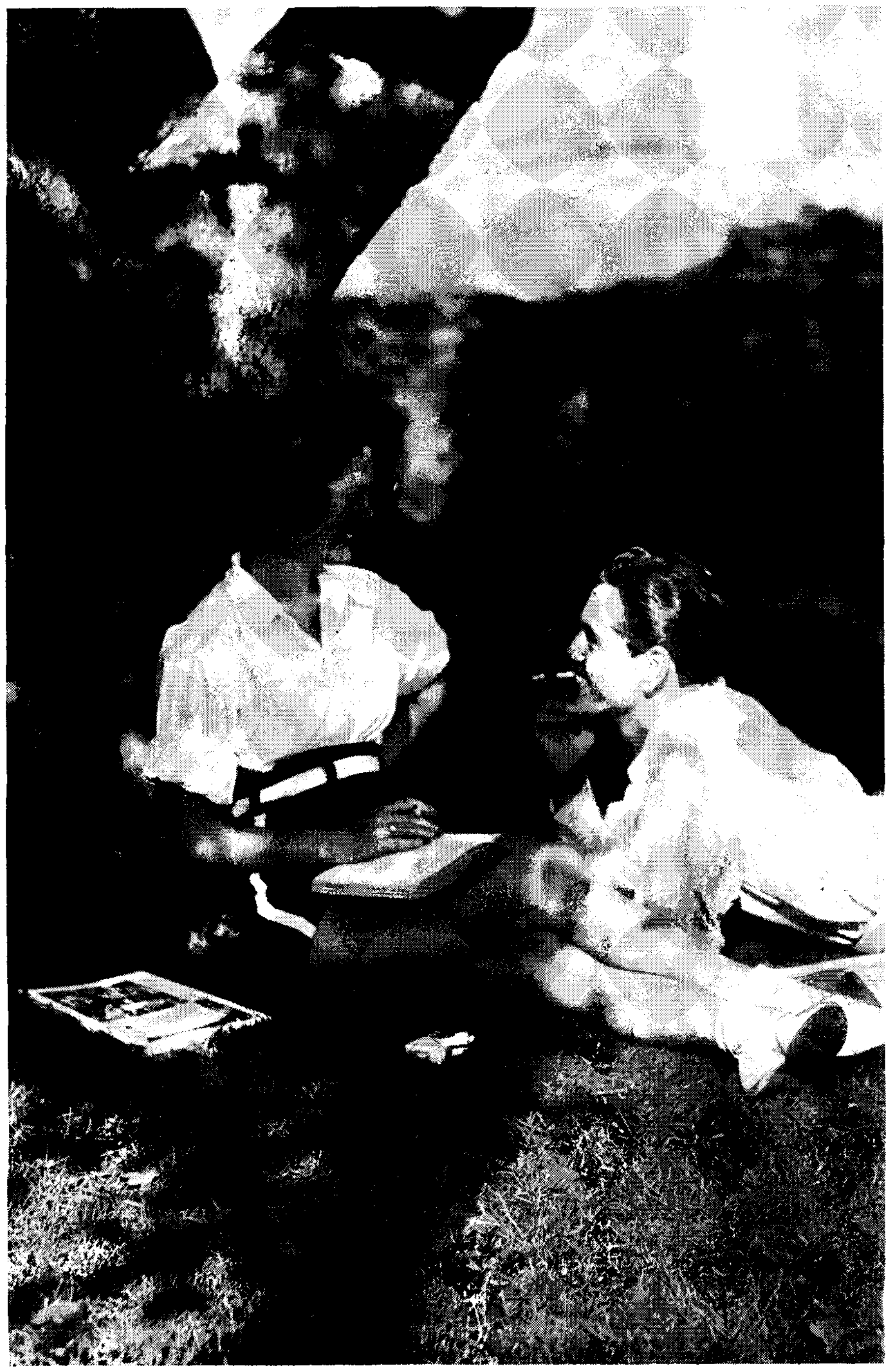

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(Continued from page 37)

in addition, the theory that only a team which had played as a unit was capable of representing America in the Olympics. That killed interest in other places where a particular star needed recognition and kept its hold until 1934, when an all-star college team was selected to play Crescent-Hamilton and Mt. Washington, the best teams in the country. The result was a massacre of the club teams. The All-Stars had a week or two of practice and descended on Crescent-Hamilton like a flowerpot falling off a roof. The score was: All-Stars, 17; Crescent-Hamilton, 7. The passing combination of Robbins of Syracuse and Kelly of Hopkins ran rings around the club members. Two days later they beat Mt. Washington, 5-2, having them 5-0 until substitutes went in in the later period. Ceppi, the great Princeton tackle, simply annihilated the Mt. Washington offense, stopping such men as Guild and Turnbull, former Olympic stars, dead in their tracks. If there is another Olympic chance—and plans are being worked on now for the Berlin games in 1936—an all-star combination will undoubtedly be picked, with resultant enthusiasm in sections which have not previously had that excitement.

Indian Massacre

The greatest player of the present time is Don Kelly, late of Hopkins, who scored nine goals in the game with Crescent-Hamilton mentioned above. He is a marvelous dodger, passer and shot. Robbins, his Syracuse associate on the all-star team, is the best feeder now in the game. Jack Turnbull and Lorne Guild, formerly of Hopkins and now of Mt. Washington, were Olympic stars, and among the best of all time. Johnson, the goalie from Hobart, has been the pick of the colleges in late years. Of the older players, Tom Biddison of the 1928 Hopkins Olympic team is said to be the best. He stood 6:2 and weighed 190 and was a transplanted defense man who became a terror before the net. Like Kelly, he could shoot whether coming full tilt or careening in on his ear.

They still tell of Bob Wall, who came down from Canada to play with the Crescents in the old days. He started as a defense man but found the American game of that time so soft that he shifted to attack and put in fifteen years before deciding that his age entitled him to a rest in defense. He was back there taking things easy in a game with the Shamrocks of Canada, when disgust at the futile efforts of the Crescent attack overcame him.

"Just get everybody out of the road down there," he said finally, taking the ball in deep defense and starting for home. His legs were no longer springy and he couldn't dodge with the younger players, but he knew how to roll around the offense and side-step. He carried the ball all the way down, disdaining to pass to a teammate and having no difficulty evading the Shamrock defense. When he got down close, he wound up and let fly with a murderous shot which would have annihilated the goal tender if he had been so unfortunate as to get in front of it. It not only went into the net but continued out at the other end, tearing the rear out of the thing as if it had been the wrapping for a cheese.

"Proving again," said Mr. Wall, as he trotted back, "that it takes a good man to play defense."

The past of the sport is bathed in mystery, but the story has come down of Chief Pontiac's treachery at Fort Michilimackinac (now Mackinac, Michigan) in the French and Indian War. It was the birthday of H. M. George III, of England, and Pontiac offered to entertain the English garrison with an exhibition lacrosse game. The two Indian teams lined up and had been at the pastime about half an hour when they suddenly dropped their lacrosse sticks, salvaged tomahawks from the blankets of the squaws huddled on the side lines and proceeded to massacre the whites. It is recounted in Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac and is undoubtedly authentic, but I have never been able to understand why the Indians bothered with the tomahawks when they had those lacrosse sticks already at hand.

Captain Basil Hall in his book, Travels in the United States, 1827-28, described the game as played by the Creek Indians in Alabama. It was a popular sport with the Chippewas, Ojibways, Ottawas, Crees, Onondagas, Cayugas and Mohawks. There was still playing, a few years ago, an Indian team from Nedrow (near Syracuse), N. Y., called the Onondagas. But the last great Indian teams here were the Carlisle Indians when Glenn Warner was coaching football at that institution. In most colleges, as a matter of fact, lacrosse is held to be an ideal spring game for the football men. The Carlisle team was practically the football team and had no hesitancy in playing the game up to the hilt. The toughest game of lacrosse I ever saw was at Lehigh when the Indians had Guyon and Calac playing. By the middle of the second half, both sides were running out of men. The crowd, properly elated, was yelling, "Use the wood!" and the young gentlemen were using it with abandon. It was a question of a short dash, a *wham,* and time was called to drag another white or red warrior off. Carlisle left the field about ten minutes from the end and had to be coaxed back. They stood it about two minutes longer and left for good, preferring forfeit to death.

William C. Schmeisser, dean of lacrosse coaches and now advisory coach at Johns Hopkins, thinks the rough aspect of the sport is overstressed.

"Nobody gets hurt and, if it's full of body contact, it is no fuller than football, and there is so much more open-field work that you never get the piling up of other contact sports. What set the sport back in Canada after the war was the attempt to make it a rough-house like hockey."

War Correspondent

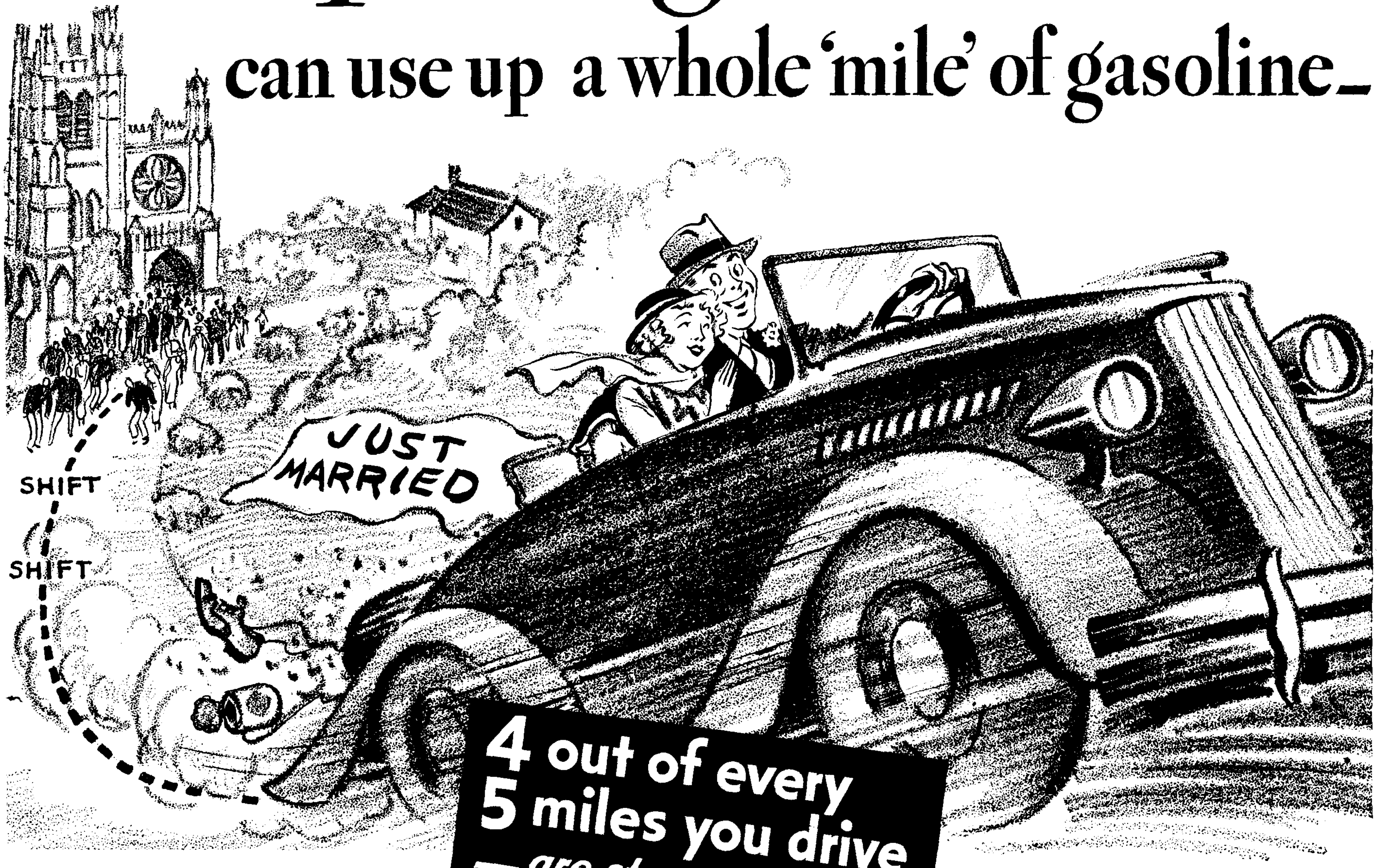
The Ojibways called the game baggathway and also had a nice complete name for it called teionlshiksahelks, which would have given the men on the sporting desks something to worry about if it had survived. Nobody is sure where the name lacrosse came from. Some say it was taken from the bishop's cross—the crozier, and others maintain it is simply a result of its popularity at the old mission on the shore of Lac Ile de la Crosse in Saskatchewan. The game was started in Canada in 1840 through the efforts of Dr. W. G. Beers, "father of lacrosse among the white men," who gathered information about the sport, made the rules and later introduced the pastime to England and Ireland. The first American team was the Mohawks of Troy, N. Y., followed soon by clubs in Buffalo, Boston and New York.

When the game was played at the Olympics in Amsterdam in 1928, the good burghers could only look on in amazement, not knowing whether to summon the gendarmerie or to retreat in good order to their homes and bar the shutters. The Baltimore contingent may insist that lacrosse is not rough, but the foreign press had another idea. A photograph of the game appeared in a Parisian newspaper with this caption:

"Scene of the lacrosse game at the Stadium in Amsterdam yesterday between America and England. The picture was taken by a Dutch photographer at the risk of his life."

One quick 'getaway'

can use up a whole 'mile' of gasoline—



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YOU often start up from a full stop over 30 times a day. And a single zooming getaway, engineers and car manufacturers will tell you, can use 33% more gasoline than normal driving.

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It's one thing to put these three kinds of power into a gasoline, but it's an even bigger engineering job to have them in the right proportion . . . in perfect BALANCE. But that is the feat Shell engineers accomplished in creating Super-Shell—the FIRST truly balanced gasoline . . . the gasoline that saves you money in 3 WAYS!

Fill your tank with Super-Shell at one of Shell's 30,000 neighborly service stations from Coast to Coast. Start today to cut your driving costs.

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STARTING—This *balanced* Super-Shell can save up to a cupful of gasoline on every "cold" start. Even on sizzling summer days, your engine is relatively "cold" after it has stopped running.

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Bring Home the Rainbow

Continued from page 17

scraping all the cheap molassy varnish off, getting down to the natural wood and then waxing it or rubbing in a white glaze, has a wonderfully calming effect on the wildest furniture.

If it strikes you that papering some of the walls and painting others, or painting some one color and some another, is a bit abnormal, not to say goofy, it's only because you haven't heard the latest news on decorating. A few years ago it *would* have been goofy. Today it's standard practice. A word from Miss LeMaire on this subject:

"Should the four walls of a room be painted different colors? The answer is unyieldingly and unmitigatedly, 'Yes.' The four walls never *look* the same color anyway because of the way the light strikes them. So why not admit it and achieve something really new and striking by following up this lead? In a white room, for example, the wall opposite the windows is a true white, but the walls in shadow appear gray. Why not make them a definite gray? Paint the wall opposite the windows and one side wall white; paint the window wall dark gray, and the fourth wall a medium gray. This gives the effect of a white room but one with subtleties and sophistication. In this way the window wall is pushed away and the room immediately appears much larger. At the same time, the white draperies at the windows look whiter against their dark background. Then if a dark gray rug, the color of the darkest wall, is used, the floor is tied up with the walls and an effect of sweeping surfaces is achieved. The same principle applies to a room in any other color.

Rules to Break

"Then take the problem of the two-in-one room—the living-dining-room or the sitting-bedroom. Pie to the color expert. Often an alcove indicates where the dining table or the bed is to go. Very well. Paint three walls of the room varying shades of gray and the fourth wall blue; carry this blue into the alcove, two walls of which (adjoining the blue wall of the room) will be blue while the third wall will be gray to tie up with the adjoining gray wall. This makes the alcove appear larger and a part of the room, yet with its own individuality. Or the color of the ceiling could be reflected down into the alcove."

We labor under all sorts of inhibitions and prejudices regarding color — that we mustn't use blue in a north room, yellow in a sunny room, a dark color for a ceiling, or combine pink with red. And yet I've seen the most knowing decorators paint a ceiling red — yes, black. Why? Because it was too high. I've seen a north room painted blue—ah, but a faint, powdery blue. I've seen rooms simply streaming with sunlight made happier yet by the cunning use of yellow. The rules were made to be broken by those who know how.

What is wanted in a dark room is luminosity, which doesn't mean the brightest colors, but those with the most light—tints, not intense values. For a north room, therefore, yellow would be first choice, being nearest light; then yellow-green, Syrian (heavenly) blue, pink; and we'd tone down a too-bright room with the blue-greens. Almost as good as air conditioning for a country house are color schemes involving the cool greens and blues (the colors of the sea), blue-violets, yellow-greens and white. But, on the other hand, if you want a warm and friendly room, then work in close harmonies—colors close together in the spectrum. With red, use pink and brown; with yellow use salmon and pink.

That's all very well, say you, but it's not enough to tell *what* goes into a cake —you must also tell *how much*. Here's how much: One half the color used in a room should be the color you wish that room to assume, and this is best used in floor, walls, ceiling. One quarter should be devoted to the second color in your scheme, used in drapery, upholstery, carpet; one eighth (the third color) may go on one wall or into upholstery and trims; and the final one eighth (the accents) goes into accessories.

But how, you may ask, does one set about choosing a color scheme? Fair enough. It's no sinecure to select a telling combination of four or five colors, just the most mouth-watering shades of each color. But here's a simple trick suggested by that color-schemer, Harry Richardson.

Ready-Made Color Schemes

"Wallpapers today are beautiful," he says. "With all due respect for your own taste, the size and lighting of the room and its period (if any), select yourself a nice wallpaper. Ask the salesman to cut you a sample, and with that clasped firmly in your moist palm, you have your color scheme—ready made. You don't have to lie awake a single night more wondering what shade of blue goes with what shade of green. You merely follow, as though it were a chart, the color scheme of the wallpaper, matching the paint of the woodwork, the color of upholstery and draperies, even that of the accessories, to it.

"As, for example: Say you select that charming paper designed by a well-known artist (as so many papers are today) which has, on a French gray background, various hunting motifs in mustard-yellow and black interspersed with tiny, deeper gray horseshoes. You simply translate these colors into paint, floor-covering, etc., by painting the woodwork gray, using yellow hangings, and a black linoleum floor. Nice for a country-house hall.

"Now let's take a harder one. Suppose you fall a victim to that exquisite and exotic paper which shows a bamboo design printed in warm tones of beige on a brilliant rose-vermilion ground. Go easy. Use its richness judiciously. Use it at two ends of the room (living-room or dining-room) and paint the other two walls and the woodwork to match the beige bamboo, for such a paper must be toned down. A third color would have to be chosen with the utmost discretion. Let's hope your guardian angel will lead you to chocolate brown (for the carpet) or parrot green (for the upholstery).

"If you're using the figure in a chintz instead of in the wallpaper you can, of course, operate in exactly the same way, getting the colors for the painted walls, the draperies and upholstery from the chintz. And another thing: there are some color combinations which might be called 'naturals'—brown and pink is one of them, so is Burgundy and pink. Others are soft ocher yellow with brown (for use with walnut or fruitwood furniture); yellow with gray (for use with mahogany); olive green with white; pumpkin with yellow—the latter two being especially lovely in Early American rooms.

"White is always an excellent second or third color and is simply unsurpassed as an accent, so much so that today touches of white are found in practically every beautifully decorated room."

The Sign of the Goat

Continued from page 23

July 24, 1929, to remain until November, 1941. In the banking world, the effect has been great and unjustified expansion and contraction of credit, which is illusion money. The bank may demand other security, and yet be involuntarily swayed by Neptune. This influence, wisely used, may be benefic. Go to the bank now."

MR. HAGENBOW was receptive.

"I have been thinking of retiring for some time, Mark," he said, "if I could find somebody who would take care of the business. It should be worth a hundred thousand dollars of anybody's money, but these are other times and I will figure very closely and give you a cash price, take it or leave it."

"How much, Mr. Hagenbow?"

"Let me figure it exactly, Mark, and be fair to both of us."

Mr. Hagenbow had in his bookkeeper. He figured for two hours straight, running all decimals to the edges of his scratch-pad. He then called in Mark.

"The figure," he said, "is exactly—"

"Fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Hagenbow?"

"How'd you know?" said Mr. Hagenbow, impressed. "Anyway, Mark, that's the figure. Cash! Take it or leave it. Let me know when you make up your mind."

It seemed to Mark that Mr. Hagenbow could have shaded two hours in arriving at the figure. But the price was reasonable for an established business netting a thousand a month and better in bad times.

Mark went to the United Bank.

His account at the United stood at a grand total of two hundred dollars and ten cents. The bank officials, infrequently encountered, had always been polite but abstracted in manner; he had always had to tell his name.

"Hello, Mr. Naugle!" called the receiving teller from his cage as Mark entered the bank now. "Got it with you?"

"Hello, Mr. Naugle," said the cashier, hastening to grasp his hand. "My very best; you deserve it if anybody does."

"Ah, Mr. Naugle," said Mr. Lockman, appearing in the door of the president's office. "Glad to see you, sir. Come in!"

Mr. Lockman wasn't pretending to be glad to see Mark; he was glad. Here was fifty thousand dollars in real money, with no strings on it.

"A handsome nest-egg, Mr. Naugle," he said, beaming benignly.

Besides being a competent banker, Mr. Lockman was a person of presence and voice: tall, gray, Roman-featured and sonorous. He was an after-dinner and commencement speaker, and, at bankers' conventions, he generally got to his feet.

"Just another illustration of an ancient verity, Mr. Naugle," he said musically. "The good old-fashioned virtues are virtues still. Thrift, industry, wise investment—

"Very interesting," he said, scrutinizing the lottery ticket placed before him by Mark. "The first one I've seen. Fifty thousand dollars, eh? My goodness! As always, Mr. Naugle, the bank's facilities are at your service."

"That's why I'm here, Mr. Lockman," said Mark throatily. "I want to borrow fifty thousand dollars."

"Pardon me?" Mr. Lockman's glance was keen and alert now. "On this? Oh, no, Mr. Naugle; that the bank could not do. This is a gambling transaction. and the bank couldn't possibly lend on a—a security of this nature. I'm sure the ticket is good, as the newspapers are advised on matters of this sort, but how should I present it to my board of directors? Oh, no, Mr. Naugle."

"I WANT the money now," pursued Mark, "because I have a chance to buy the business of Sigmund Hagenbow & Company, where I am employed."

"The real estate firm?" Mr. Lockman leaned back and contemplated the ticket with more tolerance. "Tell me, Mr. Naugle, if you know: what are the rent collections of Hagenbow & Company?"

"Over sixty thousand per month, Mr. Lockman. I know, because that's my end of the business now. In normal times we collected a hundred thousand per month. It's never netted Mr. Hagenbow less than twelve thousand a year."

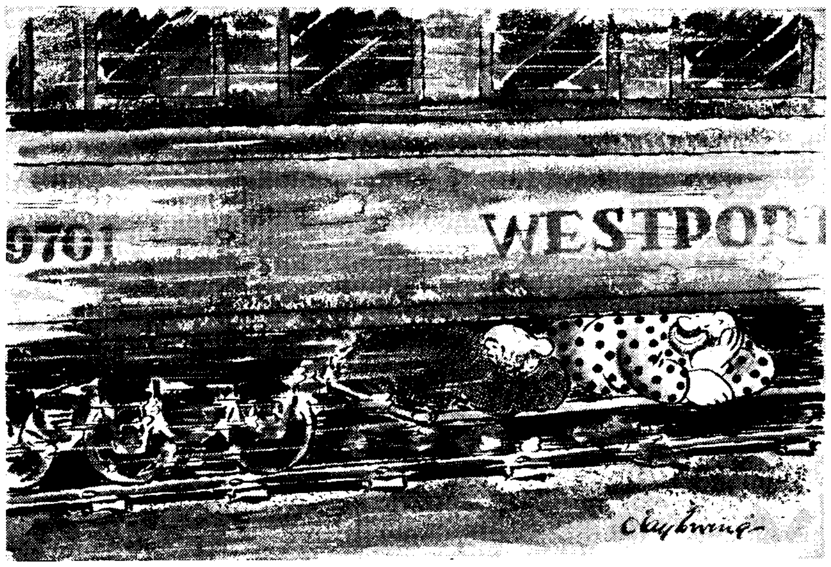
"I see. You propose, Mr. Naugle, to deposit the rents in this bank as collected?"

"Yes, sir; I'd do that."

"A real estate firm, too," said Mr. Lockman, musical again but thoughtful now, "can frequently secure good accounts for a bank with which it works in harmony.

"Mr. Naugle—the bank cannot lend on this—ah—obligation, but, I venture, our counsel can devise a way by which we may take it as an added security.

(Continued on page 42)



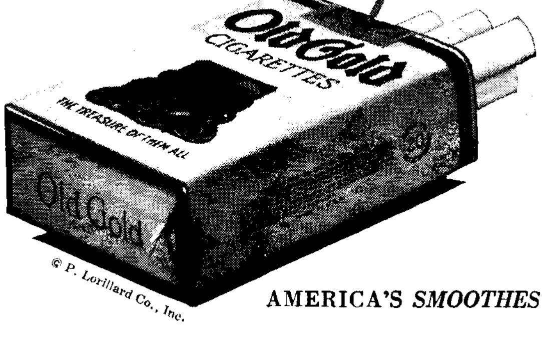
"Me, I'm funny that way. I can't sleep without I got on pajamas. . . ."

JAY IRVING

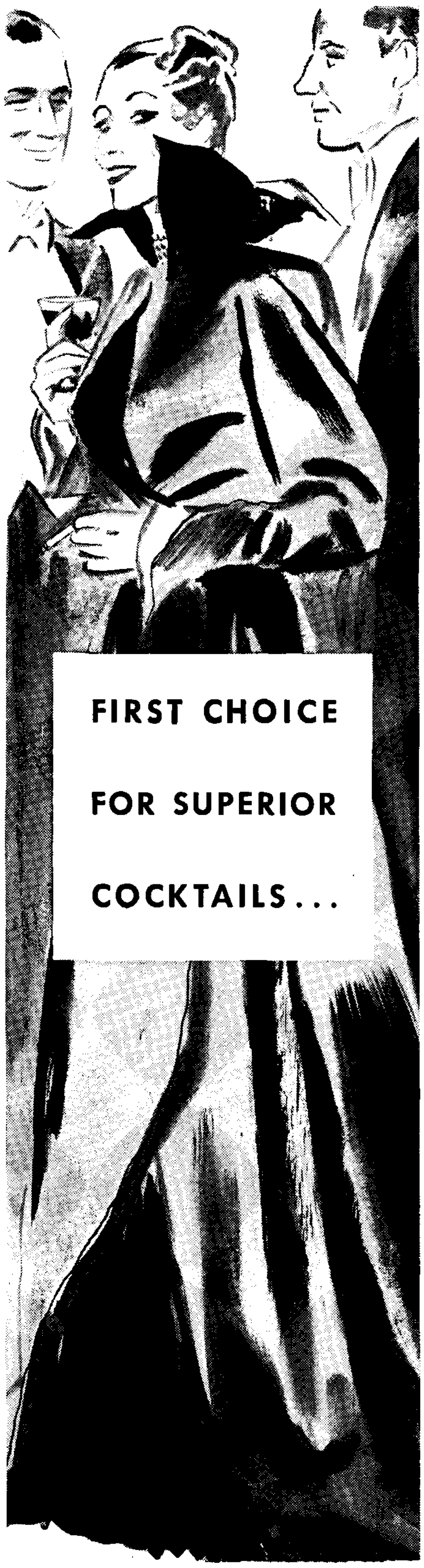
Light an OLD GOLD
for young ideas

EVERY DAY, more and more smokers are saying: "*Have a young idea!*" as Old Golds change hands. An amusing pleasantry? More than that! These smokers say an Old Gold has a special charm. That it acts as a pleasant "pick-me-up" when one is low in spirits. Reason? Finer and milder tobacco; aged and mellowed far beyond the usual standards.

Stimulating BUT NEVER IRRITATING



AMERICA'S *SMOOTHEST* CIGARETTE



CINZANO
ITALIAN
(SWEET)
&
FRENCH
(DRY)
VERMOUTH
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 41)

If we lend, we shall lend to you as the president and owner of Hagenbow & Company. With Mr. Hagenbow's consent I shall put our accountants at once on his books. We can then decide. Let me congratulate you again, Mr. Naugle; and congratulate myself and the bank on seeing a way in which we can be of service."

THE accountants' report was favorable. Hagenbow & Company was collecting a minimum of sixty thousand dollars per month in rents, and had never been in the red. Mark Naugle, Mr. Lockman was privately informed by clients of the bank in a position to know—brokers, supply dealers and the like—was the firm's work-horse, and managing director in all but name.

"Sig Hagenbow retiring?" said one broker. "Why, he is retired; he's only living on a pension over there. Young Naugle is the works."

There was some brisk bargaining with Mark as intermediary between the bank, hungry for a large account, and Mr. Hagenbow, eager to seize a block of cash for a business that, under his sedentary government, had begun to slip. Mr. Hagenbow finally agreed to take forty-two thousand dollars and step out.

The deal was closed on that basis, at a meeting in Mr. Lockman's room four days after Mark had applied for the loan.

Mr. Hagenbow took the bank's check for forty-two thousand dollars, assigned his stock in Hagenbow & Company to Mark, shook hands all about, and walked out.

Mark assigned the stock to the bank as collateral, signed a three-months note for the money, and transferred to the bank's dummy, a gentleman in a confidential and unofficial relation, his Morocco Lottery ticket No. 936,636. He shook hands gratefully with Mr. Lockman, and departed toward Lexington Avenue.

Mr. Lockman pulled his Roman nose and shook hands with himself. He had long wanted the account of Hagenbow & Company; he had it. He had lent forty-two thousand dollars to a borrower whose account, day in and day out, would average over thirty thousand; in effect, Mr. Lockman was lending Mark thirty thousand of Mark's own money, twelve thousand of the bank's, and was charging him six per cent on the total—a perfectly proper and pleasing bit of business.

He had security in the stock. He was not lending on the ticket; he simply couldn't have done it. Which poses a contradiction that Mr. Lockman, practical man, did not bother to reason away: he had not lent on the ticket, and he would not have made the loan without it. It takes Tarat to explain why Mr. Lockman took the ticket from the gentleman dummy now, folded it lovingly into an envelope, and tucked it into his private box.

THIS transfer of funds, signing of papers, and round of handshaking was accomplished complete by eleven o'clock in the morning of Thursday, January 11, 1934.

At three o'clock of the same day, Mark Naugle, president of Sigmund Hagenbow & Company, entered the bank. With him was Sue Yereance. With him also was the reporter who, following Mark's telephoning to the newspaper, had appeared in the Yereance apartment on West 184th Street on the evening of Friday, January 5th.

Mark and Sue were pale and calm; as calm as despair.

They were admitted to the president's room.

"Mr. Lockman," said Mark, drawing back from the banker's welcoming grasp, "you won't want to shake hands with me when you hear what we've come to tell you. What has happened is not my fault or that of anybody concerned, and I'm here to do the right and honest thing by the bank. We'll have to call that deal off, Mr. Lockman."

"Call it off!" said Mr. Lockman. "But that is impossible. And why the change of heart? Does Mr. Hagenbow wish to call the deal off?"

"That's right, too," said Mark, freshly alarmed, to Sue. "Mr. Hagenbow won't give the money back. Why should he?"

"I'm from the newspaper," said the reporter. "I wrote that story that went with Mr. Naugle's picture last Saturday morning. You see how we made the mistake. Our information from the American agent for the Morocco Lottery was that ticket 936,636 belonged to a taxi-driver in Kansas City named Schornstein. When Mr. Naugle called up and said he had the ticket we supposed he'd bought it from Schornstein. They sent me up to verify that he had the ticket and to get the story. I didn't even know about Schornstein. Now Mr. Naugle tells me that he borrowed fifty thousand dollars from your bank on that ticket. That's a good story too; can I have the details?"

"What is the point, kindly?" said Mr. Lockman.

"Why, the ticket that Mr. Naugle had was counterfeit. It looks now as if more than a million dollars in counterfeit tickets were sold for that draw. Since the drawings, the holders have begun to howl."

"You think that Mr. Naugle's ticket is—counterfeit?"

"No thinking about it, Mr. Lockman. It is! Schornstein wrote to us from Kansas City, and we checked up with him and the American agent. Schornstein has the one and only genuine No. 936,636; and he gets the money."

SUDDENLY tense, Mr. Lockman called the newspaper, got the managing editor on the wire and spoke to him briefly.

"Mr. Naugle," he said, swinging about, "I'll avoid harsh words and say merely that this looks like a very serious misrepresentation! Very serious, sir. I naturally relied on the accuracy of that newspaper story; and now it appears that the story came from nobody but you."

"That's the stuff I want," exclaimed the reporter happily, pulling out pad and pencil. "Oh, boy! You lent him fifty thousand dollars on that phony ticket, did you, Mr. Lockman?"

"No," said Mr. Lockman in a hollow croak. "We did not. If you state in print that we did, we'll sue you for libel. Tell your editor."

"Oh, come, Mr. Lockman—"

"We understand each other, I'm sure," said Mr. Lockman, rising and going to the doorway. "Good day, sir."

"And what, Mr. Naugle," he said explosively when the reporter was gone, "do you propose to do?"

"Whatever you say, Mr. Lockman," said Mark drearily. "Just show me where to sign. The bank needn't wait three months to take that stock. Let me have it here and I'll transfer it to you right now."

Mr. Lockman was silent for several seconds. A clerk, entering and handing him an envelope, ended his morose reverie.

"As to that, Mr. Naugle," said Mr. Lockman musically, while he opened the envelope, took out Mark's lottery ticket and tore it to pieces with spaced but vicious jerks, "there is no pressing need of haste. You will oblige me greatly if you do not proceed in that way. You would embarrass me, really; I should have to go before my board and state that I had bought a real estate business with the bank's funds. They would not receive the information in a constructive spirit.

"And, too, Mr. Naugle, a certain element in the community, and sensational newspapers, would interpret your action, noble in motive, as meaning that the bank had lent you on your lottery ticket, and not on the solvent business of Hagenbow & Company and your own high reputation and character. Let us proceed in harmony."

"You mean, Mr. Lockman, that you—you want me to go ahead as owner and president of Hagenbow & Company?"

"Precisely. It's the only possible thing to do. Let me suggest that you draw only one hundred dollars per week for your living expenses, devoting the rest of your profits to reducing the note. Until, under your careful management, the business has considerably improved."

Mr. Lockman rose; Mark took his hand this time and shook it fervently.

"It is a wonderful opportunity for such a young man, Mr. Naugle, but you will prove worthy of it. Keep me advised as to your business problems. And remember that your success must be based on character, honesty, thrift, hard work; the good old-fashioned virtues!"

"IT TURNED out in the loveliest way," cried Sue, telling to Tarat the later history of the lottery ticket. "When we found it wasn't the real ticket, we were frightfully heartbroken, and we went to the bank and Mark wanted to give everything up—didn't you, Mark?—but Mr. Lockman wouldn't let him. I tell him we're better off than if we got the fifty thousand dollars. But how can that be, Tarat? Nobody lost; and yet we gained so much. Mark's been trying to tell me."

"Neptune, the Shadow Planet, favorably aspected to Jupiter, the Greater Fortune," said Tarat succinctly. "I told you on your last visit that Neptune, though working through illusion, may be benefic. At that time, I had reason to believe that your ticket was counterfeit. I did not tell you so because I did not wish you to oppose the benefic illusion cast by Neptune. I told you not to wait for the money, but to borrow from your bank. Your bank would not lend you on the ticket, I knew, but would be favorably disposed by the illusion cast from Neptune."

"The stars showed the ticket was bad?" said Mark incredulously.

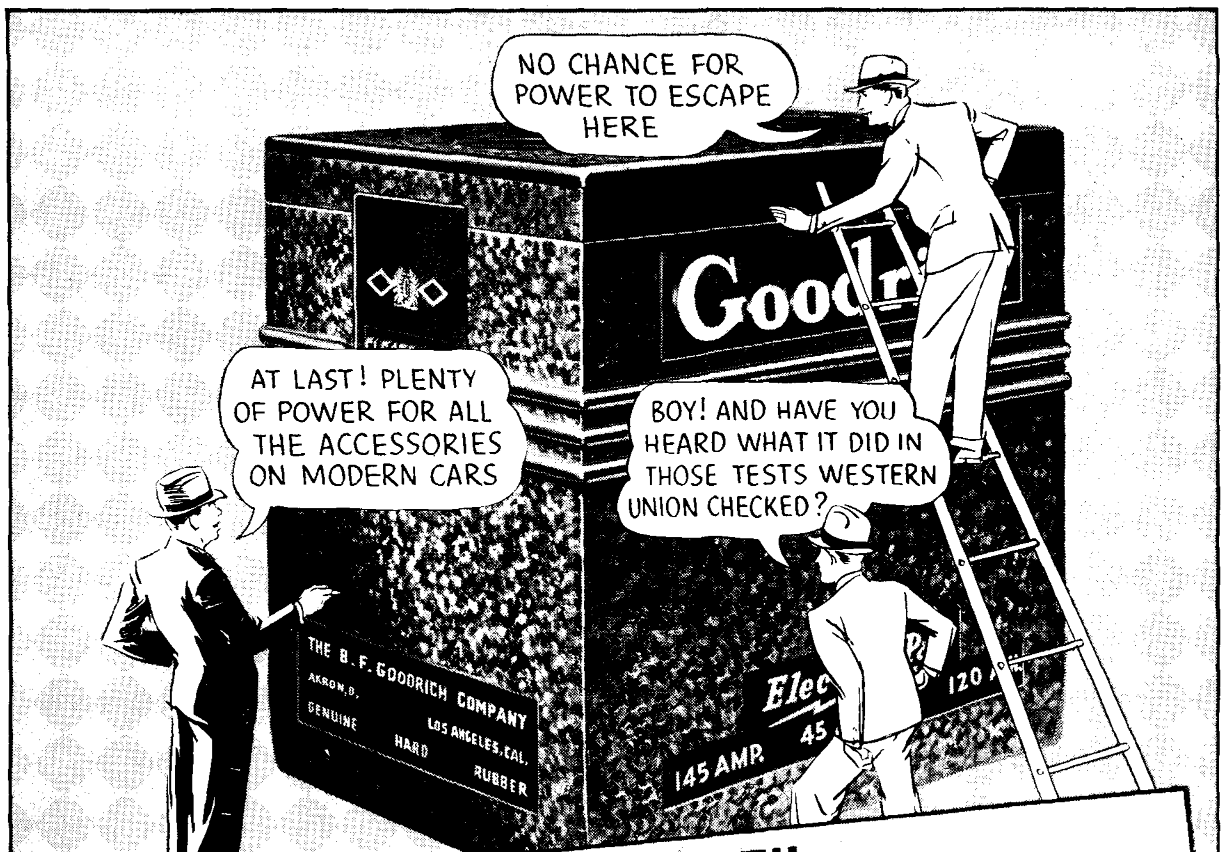
"That was the indication, Mr. Naugle. On January 5th last you came suddenly under the illusion of wealth, by seeing the number of your ticket in the newspaper. After six in the evening, was it not? And where, think you, Mr. Naugle, was the Shadow Planet at that moment? Just entering the second house, the house of Money."

"Isn't it amazing what they can tell from the stars! But, Mark dear, you always look so doubtful, though how you can doubt when it turned out so nicely— Well, if Tarat didn't know something from the stars, why did he question us about the ticket—where we got it, and who told the newspaper, and all that? That shows he knew something."

"That is pretty convincing, Sue, now that I remember."

"Not at all, Mr. Naugle," said Tarat, with a hint of mockery in his smile. "A great many tickets were sold, genuine and forged. Several hundred ticket-holders asked me to tell them whether they would win or no; among the numbers so naïvely submitted were several duplicates. Evidently, forged tickets were being sold, possibly as many or more than of the genuine. Explained, Mr. Naugle?"

New BATTERY SENSATION ASTOUNDS AMERICAN MOTORISTS!


NO CHANCE FOR POWER TO ESCAPE HERE
AT LAST! PLENTY OF POWER FOR ALL THE ACCESSORIES ON MODERN CARS
BOY! AND HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT IT DID IN THOSE TESTS WESTERN UNION CHECKED?
Goodrich
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.
GENUINE HARD RUBBER
Elec
145 AMP.
45
120

GOODRICH ELECTRO-PAK TOPS POWER RECORDS IN THRILLING ENDURANCE TESTS CHECKED AND CERTIFIED BY WESTERN UNION

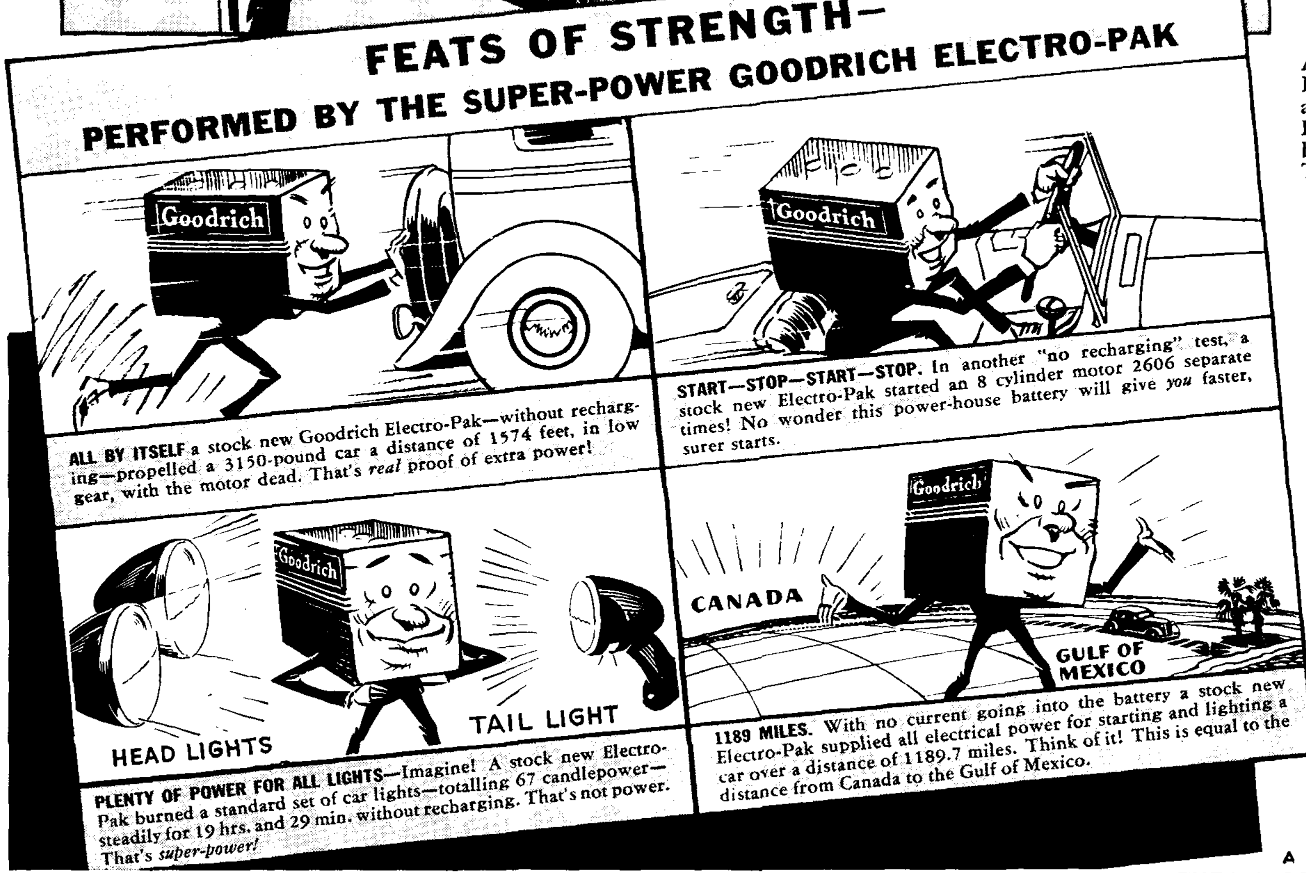
● *FLASH!* The Goodrich Electro-Pak Battery that has saved money, time and trouble for motorists ever since it was introduced, now has *20% more power*—45 big, over-size plates. No wonder it smashed power and starting records to smithereens—actually gave 2606 separate starts without a recharge in a dramatic "stop and start" test—supplied *all* the electrical energy for starting and lighting a car over a distance of 1189 miles (equal to the distance from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico)—including 38 separate starts of the motor and 10 hours and 18 minutes of lighting during the run—*with no current going into the battery!* And Western Union held the stop watch—clocked and certified the results.

Here's real proof that this new Goodrich Electro-Pak is the battery you'll need on cold mornings when stiff motors tear the heart out of ordinary batteries—the battery you need to supply all your accessories with live, surging power.

And don't forget, the new Electro-Pak is the *only* battery in America with the exclusive Goodrich power-saving top-cover which keeps the top of the battery clean—and prevents power leakage caused by dirt and moisture accumulations. It's the *only* battery that's protected both *inside* and *outside* against corrosion, short circuits, leakage, cold weather and other power-robbers.

More power at no extra cost

Avoid battery grief. Put this Goodrich Super-Power Electro-Pak in your car today. Remember, all this extra power is FREE, because the Goodrich Electro-Pak costs no more than other leading batteries. Buy an Electro-Pak from your Goodrich Tire Dealer today.


FEATS OF STRENGTH—PERFORMED BY THE SUPER-POWER GOODRICH ELECTRO-PAK

ALL BY ITSELF a stock new Goodrich Electro-Pak—without recharging—propelled a 3150-pound car a distance of 1574 feet, in low gear, with the motor dead. That's *real* proof of extra power!

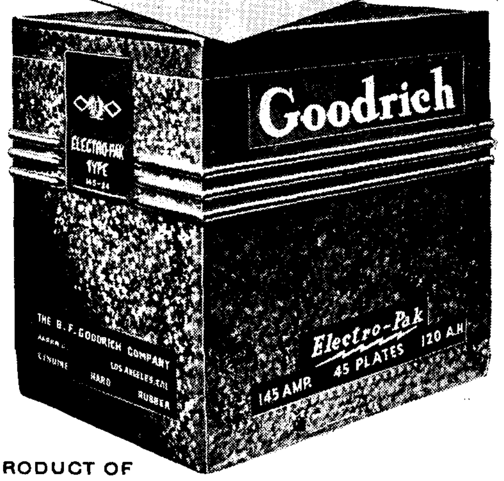
START—STOP—START—STOP. In another "no recharging" test, a stock new Electro-Pak started an 8 cylinder motor 2606 separate times! No wonder this power-house battery will give *you* faster, surer starts.

PLENTY OF POWER FOR ALL LIGHTS—Imagine! A stock new Electro-Pak burned a standard set of car lights—totalling 67 candlepower—steadily for 19 hrs. and 29 min. without recharging. That's not power. That's *super-power!*

1189 MILES. With no current going into the battery a stock new Electro-Pak supplied all electrical power for starting and lighting a car over a distance of 1189.7 miles. Think of it! This is equal to the distance from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

Goodrich
HEAD LIGHTS
TAIL LIGHT
CANADA
GULF OF MEXICO

EXCLUSIVE POWER-SAVING TOP COVER


Goodrich
ELECTRO-PAK TYPE
THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
GENUINE HARD RUBBER
Electro-Pak
145 AMP.
45 PLATES
120 A.H.

A PRODUCT OF
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Goodrich *Electro-Pak*

THE SUPER POWER BATTERY

Here's where America's favorite Laxative begins!

THE gentleman in the sun helmet is inspecting a fine specimen of *Theobroma Cacao*—cocoa tree in plain words. And the finest chocolate it yields will eventually arrive at the Ex-Lax factory to be made up into the pleasantest, most palatable, mild, effective laxative that America knows.

Taking Ex-Lax is like eating a piece of smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. What a treat! . . . if you've been taking nasty-tasting cathartics. With Ex-Lax you never taste anything but the chocolate.

Mild, Gentle Action

The chocolate taste is only *one* virtue of Ex-Lax. It is mild. Gentle. Its action is almost like Nature's. And you needn't increase the dose to get results. To make a long story short, Ex-Lax is America's favorite laxative. More people use it than any other brand of laxative! 46 million boxes last year alone! 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. Insist on the genuine.

When Nature forgets — remember

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Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name ____________
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Deepwater Island

Continued from page 13

Tonga Dick Wayne looked at her with expressionless eyes. "Not one penny has come to me from Alakoa."

"But what on earth do you do with her?"

He met her gaze directly; but he was unable to keep a hint of a twinkle out of his eyes. "I use her to get around in," he said; "you know—to different places."

"Is the reason for your name another secret?"

"Name?"

" 'Tonga.' "

"Oh, well, you see, when I first started running off to sea, naturally I was called by my first name. But the Pacific is dotted all over with Toms and Dicks and Harrys. It is also scattered over with upwards of forty principal languages. Later, it was never any use to try to teach people that my name was Wayne—not in all those different languages."

After a moment she realized that she had steered among uneasy currents. She put aside her questions, waiting. It was easy to wait, stretched full length under the foredeck awning. The Holokai was running under sail alone, quietly and smoothly; she had a light, easy lift of the head, and a deep heel to lee which brought her lee scuppers so low through the swell that the swarms of little flying fish seemed flickering through her guard lines. When once Karen had relaxed to the slope and swing, the broken voice of the sea began to sing in her blood.

She studied Tonga Dick Wayne covertly. In the bright, reflected light of the cloudless sea he still seemed young, even younger than she had believed the night before. As no other man she had known, he combined a humorous and boyish air of irresponsibility with an effect of singular competence.

Perhaps, she decided, that effect of competence came from his eyes alone—eyes perpetually squinted and narrowed against the reflected light of the sea; their blue glint had the quality of the water, yet an effect of instant and effortless perception. Never yet had she seen Tonga Dick looking at something without seeming to see it, as so commonly habitual with other men. Watching him sidelong, it was hard to remember that this man was an enemy from whom she had set out to learn certain things.

KAREN shut her eyes. When she opened them, she found him looking at her.

"You're very lovely," he said. "It's only fair to tell you this: in every way that I can imagine, you're the loveliest thing I've ever seen on the earth or the face of the sea."

"Well, really, are you making love to me now?" It was a flimsy defense; in contradiction to his words, she knew that he was not making love.

"No man of any sense pretends to know anything about women," Tonga Dick was saying. "The old Island people drew deadlines past which no woman could come, and those lines were drawn by darkness, and fear. They knew the truth—that it is not possible for a man to know what things govern a woman. Yet I'll tell you this: it would be easy for anyone to believe in you, even without understanding you at all."

A sharp and immediate panic swept Karen as she understood, all at once and completely, that Richard Wayne knew who she was.

She jerked her eyes from his face and stood up, bracing herself against the reel of the little schooner. A glance across the face of the sea told her a startling thing, before unconsidered. All that day, since early morning, they had been striking straight out from Honolulu into the open Pacific.

"I think," she said, "we'd better go back, hadn't we?"

There were defeat and admission of defeat in that; but, knowing what she now knew, she could hope for nothing in the world here, except a means of return. "We'll be very late into Honolulu."

"A little," Dick said.

"But if you'll turn now—"

She knew now that, Diesel or none, hours were between the Holokai and Honolulu, and a naked panic had come upon her, close-hidden under the smooth balance of her body and her voice. She would have given something then, to have been out of that.

"The funny thing about it," he said oddly, "is that we can't turn back. At least not yet."

"You mean—you mean—"

"Don't worry," Dick said; "there isn't anything to worry about. Meanwhile—if you'll look across the starboard bow, you'll see Alakoa—Karen."

HIS use of her name put an infallible clincher upon her immediate position. Even though she had been expecting it, the impact was dazing for a moment, simply by its finality.

After half a minute, though, she raised her eyes in the direction he indicated; and when she did that she realized that it was a long time—hours perhaps—since she had stopped watching the horizon. When last she had looked out there she had seen only a dim blue hump upon the line between sea and sky. But now, out here where the blue-black water dropped to an illimitable depth, and Hawaii was lost hull down in the horizon, an island rose which spoke to Karen Waterson in a strange way. Thus suddenly from no place and all at once, Alakoa came out of the sea in front of Karen. This was the spot of earth which she, without ever seeing it, was claiming for her own.

Alakoa, as seen from this approach, rose steeply from the water; the folds of her hills were of a shadowy and unearthly blue, but the rays of the sun, slanting low now, struck her tall upthrusting ridges with traceries of red gold. There was something terribly appealing about Alakoa as Karen saw it then. In one way it seemed so little in that vast expanse of salt water, the very intensity of whose deep blue seemed to speak of a vital strength, a vast living will which nothing could withstand or deny. Yet Alakoa rose bravely from the heart of the sea, so tall that it seemed slenderly tall. Karen's throat was hurting as she looked at that steep little island, lonely in the ocean, almost as if she remembered it.

Yet, as she looked more closely, Alakoa began to show a different aspect. She saw now not only its two or three vertical mountains but its sheer windward cliffs, rising incredibly, straight up from the surf that spouted at its feet. What impressed her then was not that it was small, but that it was high. Once, when the world was young, the floor of the ocean itself must have split, and a half-hour of heaven-reaching fire burst from the heart of the earth to thrust these tall peaks up from under the weight of the Pacific.

There was a strangely mysterious quality about Alakoa, alone in the warm ocean, as if it were a spiring castle belonging to things which only tolerated man because so little aware of him. Little threadlike streams, the *waileles* of Alakoa, dropped vertically hundreds of feet down those sheer faces, and far above a lush vegetation began. It looked like a scheme of things not conceived by man, and not inviting him.

A peculiar awe was upon Karen Waterson. She said to herself: "They say that this belongs to me. All this is supposed to be my own. Well, I don't think it rightfully belongs to anyone." Then, after a moment— "And yet, I am trying to seize it, to capture it—" The sense of awe turned to one of swift panic.

Tonga Dick stood up, rising lightly on one heel instead of two, and reached for her hand. When she did not give it he took her wrist and pulled her to the forward rail, beside the reaching bowsprit.

"Of course," he said, "you don't see much of it from here. There's four thousand feet of rise in those highest hills. The cane fields, the rice paddies and the little fishing villages are all on the other side."

Karen stared at Alakoa with an irresistible fascination. Before her eyes certain things had suddenly taken visible form. That rise of land from water represented three millions which she had set herself to appropriate. It represented—or, at least, a part of it did—all the heritage of this man at her side, a heritage which she was about to make her own. Oddly, the fact that he knew this seemed to make more difference than the fact itself.

Driven by an indescribable emotion, Karen's eyes swept the horizon astern, seeking the familiar outlines of Oahu or Molokai. At first she could not find them at all; and when her eyes did catch their focus in blue distance, she was overwhelmed again by the vastness of the sea.

WHEN she looked at Alakoa again, something had made the little island seem looming and terrible, a monstrous, fever-dream sort of thing, striking up incredibly out of the depths.

Karen dropped her eyes to the rail. Suddenly, impelled by a need of near human comfort, she slid her hand along the rail and slipped it under the quiet hand of Richard Wayne.

Tonga Dick did not turn or move, but his hand shifted lightly and naturally to cover hers.

At first a tremendously reassuring warmth flowed into Karen through the touch of Dick Wayne's hand, and she steadied. After a moment, however, she recognized that the light pressure of this man's hand was no more comforting than it was inimical; instead, it was awakening and disturbing, like something electric. Stiffly she drew her hand away.

"And now what?" she asked.

"We'll land in another hour," he told her.

"In another hour? But Honolulu is—"

"I mean on Alakoa."

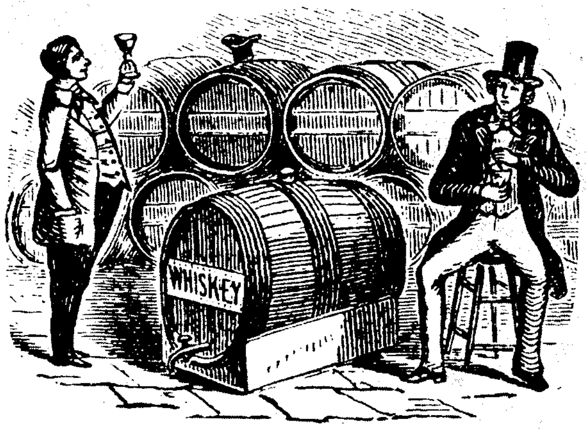
When Karen was certain of what he had said, angry tears sprang into her eyes. "You mean you're not going to turn back?"

"I'm afraid I can't."

"You can't what?"

"I can't turn back. You see, I have received an extremely urgent radio from Alakoa. It will be necessary for us to

(Continued on page 46)



What Is Good Taste?

Good rye whiskey
Should taste of good rye

Should remind you
When you sip it
Of tall stalks
Heavy with sun-plump kernels
Nodding in the breeze

Should be extra rich
In body too
Robust in flavor
Deep in color
Grainy in bouquet
And mellow as a lute note

That's the kind
Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey is...
Has been for 125 years

And it's back again now
Bottled in bond
4½ years old

And as gracious to the palate
As barreled Nature

A corking drink to uncork!

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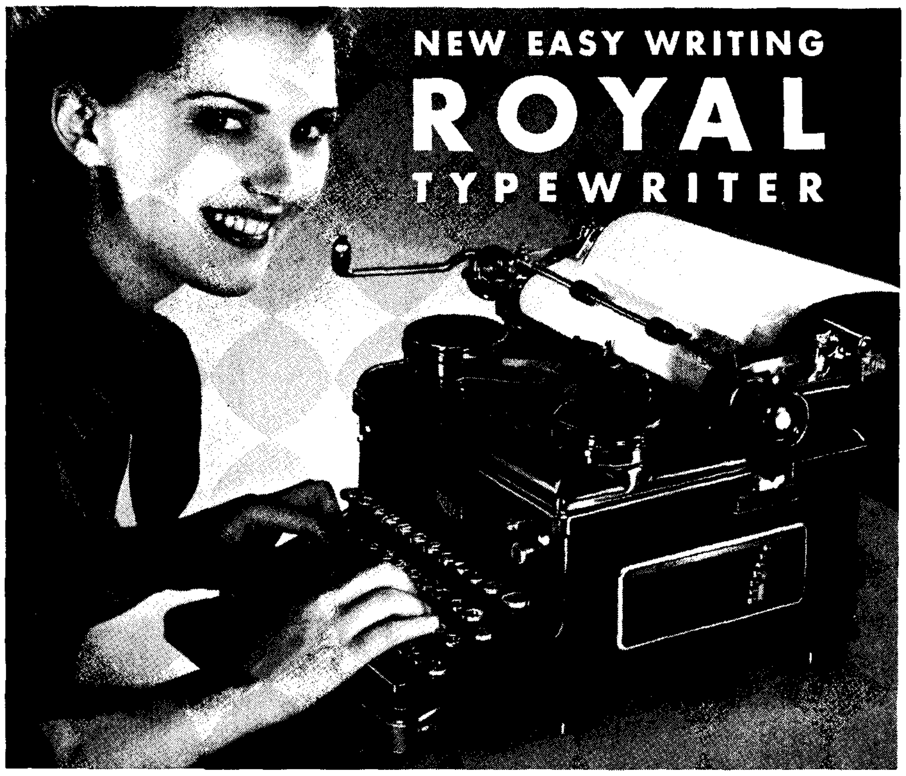

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Deepwater Island

Continued from page 44

land. I think, Karen, you had better plan to spend the night as Alakoa's guest."

"This is preposterous," Karen said. "I certainly shall do nothing of the kind."

"Now, now," Dick said soothingly, "I was hoping you would enjoy it."

"Just when," Karen demanded, "did this extremely urgent radiogram come in?"

His answer told her more about the nature of this man with whom she had chosen to match wits than anything he had yet said.

"About two hours before we sailed from Honolulu, this morning."

"Then you've known all the time—"

"Oh, yes."

She drew in her breath and for a moment held it. Then she managed to break free her words, and they poured out against him: "You can't do that—you can't do it—do you hear me? Every law in the world—"

HE WAITED in silence until she was done, though in truth he seemed not to hear. He even stared at her abstractedly a second or two when she was out of breath.

Then he sung out the length of the vessel:

"Inyashi!"

"Yes, Tonga!"

"Engines! Start up the Diesel! Kamaku, where are you? Man sheets! You at the wheel—up two points, and watch where you're going."

The deep beat of the Diesel began to shake the Holokai, and the little ship rose slashing and reeling into a racing speed.

"This is kidnap," Karen said. Her voice was steady now; the anger was still there, but leveled now by something very like a calculating hate.

Tonga Dick smiled. "Shanghai," he corrected her. "We call it shanghai, at sea."

"I can't imagine," Karen said, "what you can possibly expect to gain by this."

"I'm very much surprised that you're not more interested," Dick said. "Inasmuch as you have set out to take possession of Alakoa, I should think you'd like to see what it looks like."

"I can see it perfectly plainly from here."

"You see a rock sticking out of the sea," he admitted. "There are a good many thousands of them in the Pacific. But you can't see from here any of the things that make Alakoa desirable to you and to your friend John Colt. What is really interesting, from a financial standpoint, is the development that the Waynes have made—the flumes that make the cane fields possible, and the mills. Those things have taken a good many years to build; without them Alakoa would still support only a handful of fishermen, and would certainly never have come to the attention of Mr. Colt."

Karen cried out, with a passion strange to herself, "If you've brought me out here to preach at me—"

"Preach? I don't know what you mean!"

Her voice dropped to a level and bitter anger: "You've known who I am, every moment, from the first!"

"Of course."

She hesitated, anger increased by her bafflement. "And yet—and yet—"

"Be sure of this," he said crisply. "I preach to no one. I brought you here for the same reason that you came. I wanted to know what you were like. Isn't that what you wanted of me?"

"Yes," Karen Waterson said. Her voice was suddenly quiet.

"And are you satisfied now?"

She hesitated again before she answered that; and when she spoke her voice was lower still. "No," she said. Then, before he could speak— "You must see there's no use of talking any more about that."

Tonga Dick shrugged. "Look at your island. After all, this is the island your grandfather gambled for and won, way back in the days of the kings. And it's the island you and John Colt are gambling for now. Your father was born on it—except for a fluke you might have been born there too. You ought to be interested in seeing what it looks like, I should think."

She drew into herself, then. After a while Tonga Dick Wayne went aft to stand beside the man at the wheel, but Karen remained at the rail, her eyes on Alakoa.

For a long time the island drew no nearer. The Holokai seemed fixed at a given distance from her goal, racing across a restless sea which forever interposed itself. Under Karen's feet the deck of the little vessel pulsed between the steady boom of her Diesel and the shock of the smooth swells she was smashing to pieces as she drove. She still carried all sail, heeling deep and boring off at a long slant, but the great added power of her engine made her lift and reel, reaching across the face of the sea like a crazy thing.

The astonishing performance of the Holokai could not, however, divert Karen's attention from what was happening to her. She tried to consider her position intelligently; but she could not because her grotesque disadvantage filled her with anger—the tempestuous, hot-tempered anger which any sensation of helplessness had always brought to her all of her life. Anger gave her a tense yet supple balance of body, so that for the first time she stood easily on the swinging deck. It made her face unreadable, but her eyes were clouded with a pale gray smoke, as alive as the thin spume that winged up from the cutwater. Dick Wayne would have thought that she suggested a stormy petrel, or the slim-winged man-of-war bird that the Hawaiians call *Iwa.* But, although Karen supposed that Dick's eyes were drilling at her back, he was not looking at her at all. His teeth were clamped upon a pipe that had gone out, and his eyes, seeing neither Karen nor the sea, were preoccupied.

THEY had rounded the eastern point of Alakoa now, and were skirting the restless reefs. Here Alakoa once more took on a new aspect. The relatively great height of the little island was apparent still; but the slope of the land to leeward was more gentle, so that the mountain folds embraced a number of green valleys, so obviously fertile, so hospitable to habitation by man that they must have all but broken the hearts of the brine-pickled whalers who first saw them.

Stealing a glance over her shoulder, Karen saw that Dick himself now took the wheel. There was a great stir on deck as most of the canvas came down; and after this the half dozen of the crew who were visible stood alert along the rail, watching the water.

Very much alive with a definite concentration, Tonga Dick Wayne spun his vessel through Alakoa's treacherous shoals. A Hawaiian boy was in the bow with a lead line, his eyes turned to Dick's face, but Dick did not call for the lead. A great mound of water rose under the taffrail of the Holokai, slamming her shoreward like a surfboard before it broke and raced along her counter in a thrashing roar.

Then suddenly upon the little schooner there was silence—unexpected, but complete and final. The engine quit, and the voice of the reef diminished surprisingly, until it seemed no more than a whisper. Effortlessly, on so even a keel that she seemed to glide upon glass, the Holokai drifted under a single scrap of sail into Alakoa's little harbor.

Karen had not realized what a smash there was in the quiet swell of the open sea until they glided into this mirror-like bay of placid water. The Holokai's cutwater, which had smashed apart ten thousand swells since they left Honolulu, was making hardly a ripple now. The bay of Alakoa lay still and deep, of a blue impressive and imperturbable. The arms of the mountains reaching about the bay no longer seemed forbidding, but protective, forming a haven within which all struggle ceased.

Along the shoreline of the little bay the sun still struck the water so that a band of electric blue, emerald and the red-gold of reflected sunset made the shallows an aggressive rainbow, unbelievable to mainland eyes. Beyond this radiant prism the indescribably soft tan of the beach lay broadly; then the deep, dark, silent green of tropic vegetation, studded through with little buildings that were like toy buildings, quiet and lovely in the sunset light.

SO ABSORBING was her interest in the little port that for a while she forgot Tonga Dick; she was even unaware of the scrutiny of a hundred pairs of eyes—mostly those of small brown-skinned boys who swam beside the slowing Holokai. What occupied Karen now was this unfamiliar soil where her father had been born: this land which even yet, if John Colt was to be believed, belonged to her.

The background of Alakoa's tiny port was like that of Honolulu—a near swift rising of mountain slopes, dark with *ohia* trees and *kiavi* brush, into which reached from below the long, pale green fingers of the *kukui* trees, following the moister contours. But the foreground was new and unknown.

At one side, just behind the beach, an old warehouse ran, long and low, silver-gray from uncounted rains. It was half smothered in a tangle of sea grapes, and over one end hung a vast flame tree of the brightest crimson Karen had ever seen. Out from it ran a massive but crazily leaning pier; and all except the pier seemed lost in the riot of coconuts and hula palms, breadfruit trees and banyans, which made a veritable jungle behind the beach. This ruined development was the old Waterson layout, now turned over to the fishermen whose sampans and outriggers dotted the shallow water and the beach. The pilings leaned and sagged, but stood.

Here was perhaps the last landing old Garrett Waterson's eyes had ever touched, that day when he had pointed his tall schooner southward to the open sea—never, so far as Karen knew, to be heard from again. When she thought of that it made the shadowy figure of her grandfather seem unexpectedly close.

There had been a great, angry force about everything Garrett Waterson ever did; when he drove pilings he drove huge ones, and drove them deep. It was surprising how often he had come into her mind since she had been in the islands, this grandfather whom she had never known. For Karen he existed only as a remote, mythical figure, about whom had gathered legends of exploits that were fantastically pointless, but heroic in scope. It was very hard to picture the thunderous old swashbuckler as actual and human. Not until she stood looking at the things he had built was she able to comprehend that he had really been flesh and blood—the same flesh and blood of which she, in part, was made.

But the pier that Garrett Waterson had built was not the principal landing any more. Farther to the west the Wayne landing stood, a modern concrete dock, long and clean-cut. Behind it a number of long, handsome stucco buildings stood, set in parallel. The roadways between them were ornamented with neat rows of date palms, and here everything was well planned, efficient and clean. Already, from what John Colt had learned, Karen knew that this orderly and permanent development showed in its every angle the character and methods, even the personality, of James Wayne.

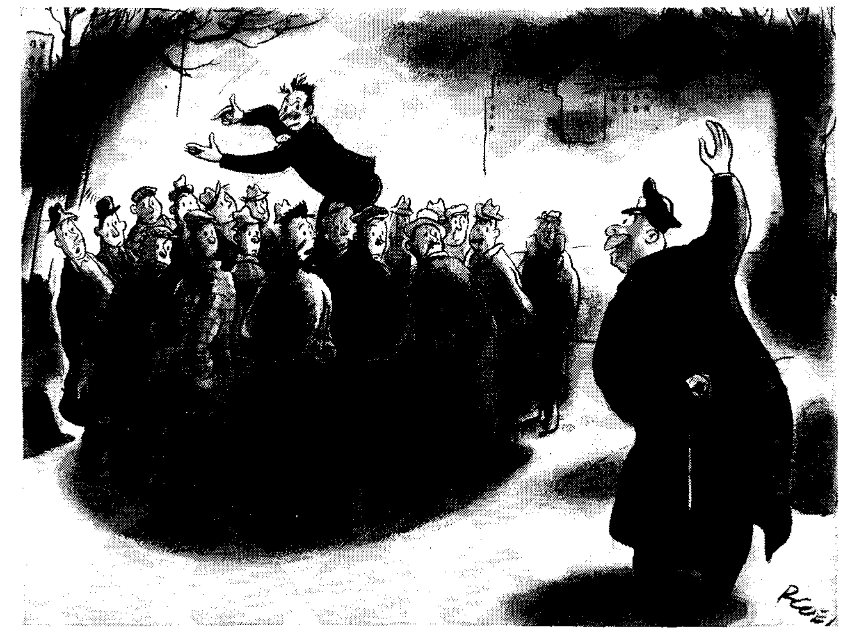
One hundred yards from the beach the Holokai's anchor roared down, splashing water higher than her booms; and now Dick Wayne was standing beside Karen again.

He spoke to her with an impersonal courtesy:

"The ladder's down. If you're ready to go ashore—"

A quick flicker of panic returned to Karen.

(To be continued next week)



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Yes—Scalptone does both the things you want a hair tonic to do: Checks Dandruff. Keeps hair neat—but not plastered down.

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Scalptone is a *doctor's formula*. And like a doctor's prescription, it is adjustable to the needs of your own hair and scalp.

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Make 'em Lead

Continued from page 24

the opponent may be thrown into the lead, is in the same suit as the tenace he is compelled to promote with his ensuing lead. A player holding certain combinations can assure himself of an extra trick by postponing his first lead of their suit until the hand has been stripped, even though the opponent at his left holds all of the missing strength in the suit. It is so with these combinations:

Left Hand Opponent	*Declarer*
K Q X	A J 10
K J X	A Q 10
Q J X X	A K 10 9
Q 10 X X	A K J 9

An opponent with those holdings in even a trump suit would expect to take two tricks, but can be limited to one trick if the lead of the suit is postponed until the end of the hand. In the first combination, a jack lead throws the opponent in. The same thing occurs with a ten lead in the second combination. In the third and fourth, after one high card is laid down, the opponent can be thrown in with the low one and compelled to lead up to the tenace remaining.

The kind of plays so far shown work equally well at no trump and suit contracts, and the same is true of the second main kind of lead-throws, which, however, do not occur very frequently. These are of use only when one hand of the declarer's two is shy of entries and an opponent's aid is solicited in order to cash a winning card or cards in it, as in this case:

North
♡ Q
◇ 10

West
♠ J
♡ 9

East
♠ 8
◇ K

South
♠ 10
◇ 8

South, needing one more trick and having no direct access to the good queen of hearts in the dummy, leads his spade and so gets West to do the job for him. That exact play came up on this deal:

North
♠ 3
♡ Q 7 4 3
◇ 10 6 5 4 3 2
♣ 4 3

West
♠ Q J 9
♡ 9 8 6 5 2
◇ 9 7
♣ 10 9 7

East
♠ 8 7 6 5 4 2
♡ J 10
◇ K Q J
♣ Q 2

South
♠ A K 10
♡ A K
◇ A 8
♣ A K J 8 6 5

West having tried the "smart" lead of the spade queen against South's six no trump, the latter won the trick, peeled off six club tricks plus his two high hearts and his high diamond, cashed his other high spade and then led the spade ten to West's jack, whereupon West found that he had to lead to the heart queen for the contract-producing trick, since he had kept a heart instead of a diamond while discarding on the clubs.

A more important kind of lead-throw, because it is more frequent, is that in which the opponent must lead a suit of which both dummy and declarer are void, so that it can be trumped in one hand while a discard is taken in the other.

This obviously is impossible except in suit contracts. Here is a specimen of it:

North
♣ 10
◇ 4
♠ 10

West
◇ 9
♣ 6 3

East
♡ 9
♣ K Q

South
♠ 3
◇ 7
♣ 9

With spades as trumps, the declarer apparently must lose two more tricks, one in each minor suit. He can make East save him the loss of a trick, however, by putting him in with a club. Now, regardless of whether East returns a club or a heart, declarer can ruff it in one hand, discard a losing diamond from the other, then ruff the last diamond for the final trick. Here is the hand on which that play arose:

North
♠ K 10 4 2
♡ 10 8 3
◇ A Q 4 2
♣ 10 5

West
♠ 9 5
♡ A K Q J
◇ 10 9 8 6
♣ 6 3 2

East
♠ 7 6
♡ 9 7 5 2
◇ J
♣ K Q J 8 7 4

South
♠ A Q J 8 3
♡ 6 4
◇ K 7 5 3
♣ A 9

Against South's spade game, West had started with two heart tricks and then shifted to a diamond, South winning it. Three trumps were played and the dummy's two high diamonds were laid down, showing the suit wouldn't break. South then had to build the end play. He ruffed a heart to get that suit out of both his hand and dummy, cashed the club ace and then threw East in with the last club.

The salient difference between preparation for the ruff-and-discard play and the lead-up-to-tenace play is that in one case all suits are eliminated from the opponents' hands except those which they are obliged to lead, whereas in the other the suits are eliminated from the declarer's own two hands. Then when the opponent leads the declarer's void suit or suits, he can ruff and discard.

A large percentage of all lead-throwing plays will include combinations of the first and third types of tactics—giving the defender a choice between leading up to a tenace and presenting declarer with a ruff and discard, as in this one:

North
♠ 7
◇ 5
♣ 5 3

West
♡ 10
◇ Q
♣ Q 10

East
♡ 8 7
◇ J 8

South
♠ 8
◇ 10
♣ K J

When West is thrown in with the diamond, he must choose between leading up to the club tenace and returning a heart, which declarer can trump with a spade in one hand while discarding a losing club from the other. One characteristic of hands on which this play is necessary is likely to be a complete balance of number of cards of each suit in both declarer's and dummy's holdings. That was so with this one:

North
♠ A 7 5 2
♡ J 5 4
◇ A 5 2
♣ 5 3 2

West
♠ 9 6 3
♡ A K 10 9
◇ Q 9 6
♣ Q 10 4

East
♠ J 10
♡ 8 7 6
◇ J 8 4 3
♣ 9 8 7 6

South
♠ K Q 8 4
♡ Q 3 2
◇ K 10 7
♣ A K J

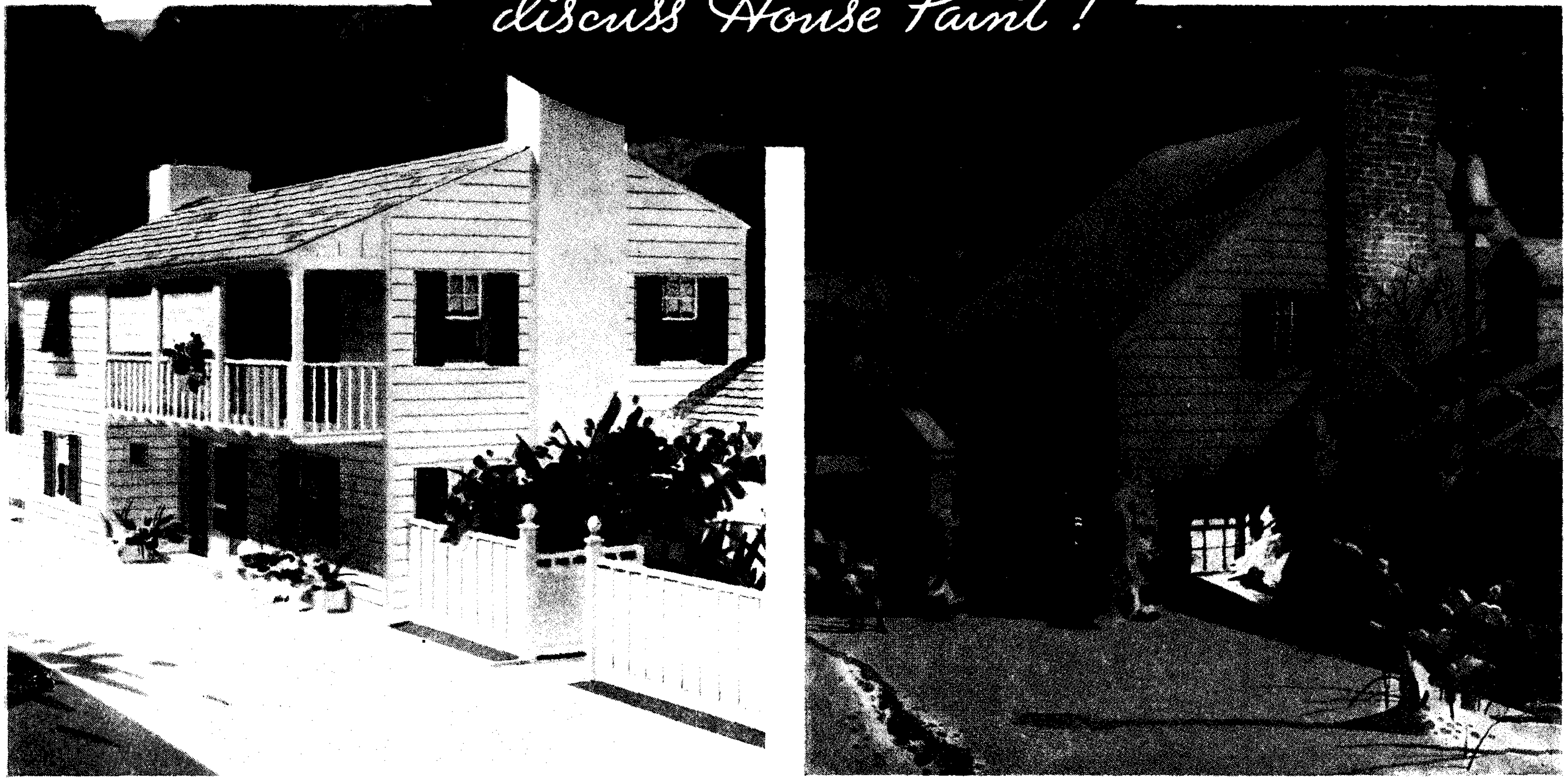
Even with the good fortune of having his queen stand up for the third heart lead, declarer's four-spade contract looks rather hopeless. Seemingly he must drop a diamond and a club, too, unless the club finesse will bring it in. But the declarer made his contract by avoiding the finesse. He ran three spades, stripped the hand of two diamonds by playing the ace and king, laid down the club ace and then accomplished two purposes, by his lead of the third diamond—eliminated the suit from both hands of his side and put West in the lead. The extra trick was now a certainty.

That deal, by the way, illustrates the defense that keen players should make if they see the enemy trying to build an end play of this sort. An alert West should have sensed what was coming and should have tossed his queen on the second diamond trick, so that his partner would be the winner of the third one and could lead through the club tenace. Even if his partner did not have the jack, nothing would be lost by the play, since it would merely give the declarer the trick that the special play would produce anyway.

HOW SOUTH MADE SIX DIAMONDS

The playing of the hand shown on page 24 is as follows: The club and heart aces take the first two tricks, the heart four is led to the king, and then a ruffing process begins to shorten South's trumps so that he can throw West in at the eleventh trick and thus limit him to one trick in trumps. To the fourth trick, dummy leads a heart, ruffed with the deuce. Declarer reënters dummy with the spade ace and ruffs a spade with the three. The club king is now ruffed by North's ten and a spade led, ruffed with the four. A ruff of the club jack now puts dummy in to lead another spade. If East trumps this, declarer over-ruffs with the nine; if East discards, declarer ruffs with the six. South is now ready for the end play, holding only three trumps. He leads his next-to-highest. If West wins this, he has to lead away from his remaining honor into the jaws of South's tenace; if West lets South win it, the latter then cashes the ace and concedes West the last trick.

OLD SOL *and* JACK FROST *discuss House Paint!*



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"No wonder you're having such an easy time with it," laughs Jack. "It's nothing but 'cheap' paint. Lucky for us it isn't Dutch Boy!"

"You said it, Jack. It burns me up to work on *that* paint. We do our worst to it year after year, and then have practically nothing to show for all our pains."

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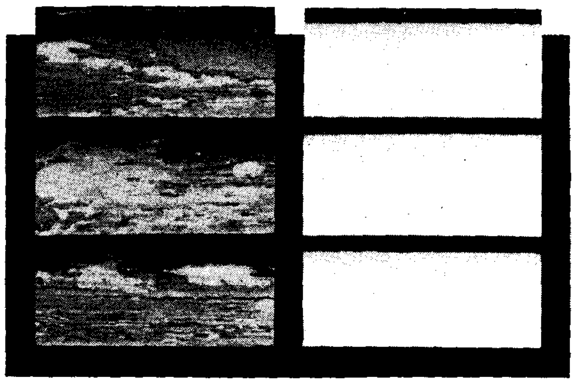
Dutch Boy does show great resistance to the weather. It does not crack and scale, but wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface.

You can see the difference between Dutch Boy and "cheap" paint in the photographs on this page. "Cheap" paint, because it cracks and scales, must be burned and scraped off down to the wood. Then, in addition to the regular coats, a new priming coat is needed—another unexpected expense. You don't have these extras to pay for with a Dutch Boy job.



"CHEAP" PAINT *after 1½ years*	DUTCH BOY *after 4 years*
Cost $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's more expense—an extra coat (a new priming coat) will be needed in repainting.	*Exposed, like the "cheap" paint job, to severe northern New York winters. Cost $120, or $30 per year to date, which will be still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping, no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.*

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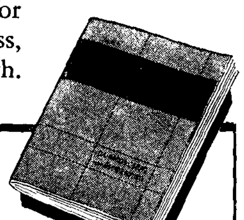

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AND
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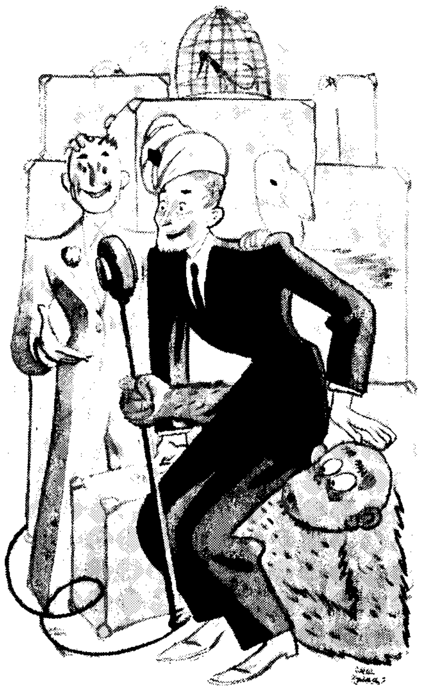

Q...
Here's a man up to his ears
In a pile of souvenirs,
Please step up to the microphone,
You traveled Round the World alone?

A...
Why, no sir, my Orang-outang
Has sailed with me clear from Penang.
I also brought back gifts galore—
Enough to start a general store:
A Lama's robe from Old Bombay,
A Shanghai Buddha made of clay,
Colombo natives' Sunday hats,
Italian glass and Cairo mats.

Q...
Please tell these listeners of mine
Just why you took the Dollar Line.

A...
Well, you can see I've had my fun
And so, I think, can anyone
Who takes advantage of sidetrips
Afforded by these Dollar ships.
No matter where you sail, you'll find
Another Liner close behind,
So stop at any port you choose
Then catch the next or later cruise.

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Visit 21 ports in Cuba, Panama, California, Hawaii, the Orient, Malaya, India, Egypt, Europe. President Liners, with every stateroom outside, outdoor pool, grand food, sail weekly via the Sunshine Route ... allow you to take 85 days to two years. Your Travel Agent has all details. Or write us at 604 Fifth Ave., New York; 110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago or 311 California St., San Francisco. Offices in other principal cities.

DOLLAR
Steamship Lines
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No Experience Needed

Continued from page 9

Archibald smiled and looked as if he were about to spit on his hands, but he refrained.

"Well, Pop left me about five hundred dollars when he died a few years ago and I got a job caddying and put the money in your bank, Mr. Dutton." Mr. Dutton had been president of the defunct Three Lakes National Bank.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Dutton defensively. "It was beyond my control. In spite of my bravest efforts, using all my vast knowledge and experience—these gentlemen here, as well as you, Pilliwer, lost—"

"Oh, I didn't lose anything, Mr. Dutton," said Archibald, waving a hand. "Pop always said, 'Never do business with a guy that bullies a waiter.' I heard how you had a policeman fired because he gave you a ticket for parking alongside a fire plug and I decided Pop meant men like you so I went right down and took out my money. The bank didn't fail until three months later."

Mr. Dutton started to explode.

"Quiet, please," said Mitterson grimly. "Just let him keep talking."

ARCHIBALD looked at Mr. Woolfus. "I never will forget, Mr. Woolfus," he said gratefully, "the day your foursome was waiting on the sixteenth hole. Mr. Pinkney, you were there, too. I was wondering how to start getting that little dough and you showed me how, Mr. Woolfus."

"I showed you!" Mr. Woolfus doubted. He had lost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the last three years. "What'd I show you?"

"It was what you said to Mr. Pinkney. You said Woolfus Pickles had come through the depression as clean as a whistle—that was the way you put it—and now that Hoover was bringing back prosperity you were voting yourself a good bonus and—well, Mr. Woolfus, you went on and on, recommending yourself and—"

"Arfhh!" snarled Mr. Woolfus. "I did nothing of the kind."

"I'm afraid you did, William," said Mr. Pinkney ruefully. "I bought a thousand Woolfus Pickles." He turned to Archibald. "Did you lose your five hundred dollars?"

"Oh, no. You see, Pop always said, 'When a champion begins telling how good he is, get a bet on the other guy.' I sold ten shares of pickles short and made sixty-three dollars."

"Quite a fortune," Mr. Woolfus barked, pulling nervously at his vest. "You *are* a go-getter, aren't you?" he disparaged.

"Yes, *sir!* It's better to make sixty-three than to lose three hundred and fifty thousand."

"How did you know that?" Mr. Woolfus demanded.

"You'd be surprised," Archibald smiled agreeably, "what caddies know. Players think caddies haven't any ears. They know more than the players. For instance, take Mr. Birmingham, there. He doesn't know the More Miles Oil Company has been secretly buying his stock and has got control of his company and unless he does something right quick he'll be out of a job."

"*What?*" Mr. Birmingham cried.

"And, Mr. Gaston," said Archibald, turning to M. S. Gaston, the Wall Street broker. Archibald was rolling merrily along and having a swell time. "Now that I think of it, perhaps I should respectfully advise you to send your son abroad. He's about to marry a night-club dancer who already has had three husbands."

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Gaston.

"Will you gentlemen pardon me?" said Mr. Birmingham. "I want to make a few telephone calls."

"Me, too," said Mr. Gaston, rising.

"This will be all over in a minute." Mitterson's voice was like cold steel. "Have you any more gossip to relate, Pilliwer, before I begin to ask you a few questions?"

"Well," said Archibald, trying to be helpful, "Mr. Pinkney is going to get into a nasty suit if he doesn't pay for that fur coat that he sent to a chorus girl his wife doesn't know about."

Mr. R. Worthington-Brown, smiling in a superior manner, looked around the table. "I seem to be," he said, "the only one of us who is able to remain calm in this extraordinary situation."

"Ha!" said Archibald. "Ho, ho! Get set, Mr. Brown. Tootles is— Gee, this is funny!" He chuckled. "Tootles, the little girl I'm going to marry, is your daughter Betty!"

Mr. Worthington-Brown, red-faced, jumped up and shouted, "I forbid it! I forbid it! You—you—you rapscallion, you! I knew you caddied for my daughter but, to think you—"

"I move we adjourn," demanded Mr. Birmingham.

"I second the motion," said Mr. Worthington-Brown.

"What's all this got to do with Major Scrumshaw's costume?" Mitterson heckled.

Archibald spoke quietly. "That kid Major Scrumshaw kicked was a pal of mine, Mr. Mitterson. I was going to beat up the major but Tootles said to wait, a better way would come along. When I heard Scrumshaw was coming back into the club I wanted to stop him, and to hurt him—to hurt him bad. Tootles and I talked it over and thought up the way. That hurt him more than any beating anybody could give him."

"My daughter is implicated in this?" Mr. Worthington-Brown exclaimed. "It's a lie!"

Archibald went on. "I waited in the office for the letters, took them over and told Scrumshaw it was going to be a costume party."

Mitterson pounded on the table. "You *deliberately* wrecked this club?"

Archibald grinned proudly. "If that's what you want to call it."

"This is more than I can bear!" gasped Mr. Woolfus, placing his hand over his heart.

"I hear," Archibald went on, "you need a hundred thousand dollars. Tootles and I thought it would be a good investment for a little dough."

ARCHIBALD drew an envelope out of his pocket and slid it down the table to Mitterson. "There are the papers." Archibald said, "if you want to make a deal. I don't know anything about business but the lawyer we got said everything would be okay if all seven of you gentlemen signed."

No sound but the gasps of choking men was to be heard as Mitterson's trembling fingers took some documents out of the envelope.

"You," Mitterson swallowed, "you—have—one—hundred—thousand—dollars? To lend?"

"Half belongs to Tootles. We each put in five hundred dollars to start."

"Gug-ug-gol-glup?" gurgled Mr. Worthington-Brown.

"We operated on Pop's principles," Archibald said, seeming to understand Mr. Worthington-Brown's question. "Pop used to say, 'The main thing is to let the other fellow do the picking and then bet he's wrong. You'll win six times out of ten and that's percentage enough.'

"So that's what we did. Mr. Gaston, when you told another golfer government bonds weren't going to be any good with Roosevelt as President, we bought, and made plenty. Mr. Pinkney, when you'd said your stock exchange house was positive the market was going up, we'd sell. Three or four years we've been doing things like that. Sometimes we lost—but mostly we won." He nodded toward the document. "We've got a little more, too."

"Ridiculous!" protested Mr. Dutton. "You have a hundred thousand dollars, and are working as a caddie? It's false on the face of it!"

"Ha! The golf course is my office, Mr. Dutton. That's where I hear what not to do. But I'm quitting. Pop always said, 'When you're a winner, go to dinner. Don't be greedy. Money gets tired keeping company with a greedy guy.' That's why Pop didn't end up very well, he said. He was greedy, back in the boom days, like—" he looked at the former president of the defunct Three Lakes Bank—"like lots of men I know. I've got my little dame—" He avoided meeting a challenging, black look from Mr. Worthington-Brown and swallowed. "I hope. And we've got our little dough." He waved a hand at Mitterson. "Ask him whether the papers are okay."

FIVE florid men hastily shoved back their chairs, scrambled to the end of the table and, breathing heavily, looked over Mitterson's shoulder at the documents. Mr. Worthington-Brown remained in his chair, his elbows on the table, his hands in his hair.

"Look here," he announced, finally, in a husky voice, "if half that money is my daughter's I won't allow her to risk it in such an unsound investment. The property isn't worth—"

"She's twenty-one, Mr. Brown," said Archibald pleasantly. "And we're dead sure it's safe. Every one of you gentlemen and all the bankers think it isn't." He held up a hand. "Now wait, please. I'm not afraid. You'll pay. You think you're all sunk but most of you are going to be prosperous again. I don't know anything about business, but Pop always said, 'It ain't fair, but no matter how much you scatter it, money likes to drift back to its old homes.' "

Mr. Worthington-Brown rose, defeated, and went to the wall and pressed a button. A waiter entered.

"Lots of champagne," Mr. Worthington-Brown ordered. He bowed to Archibald Pilliwer. "You win."

Archibald shyly put a hand on Mr. Worthington-Brown's shoulder. "You're grand," he said softly. "Just like Tootles."

Mr. Worthington-Brown coughed in embarrassment. "Thank you, sir," he said. "We shall drink, er—Archibald, to my daughter, a—" he choked, "a little, uh, a little dame and to," he nodded toward the documents, "a little, er—dough. Will champagne be satisfactory to you, sir?"

Archibald hesitated.

"Take my word for it. It will be good for you," Mr. Worthington-Brown advised.

"Then," Archibald grinned, "I'll take ginger ale." He stood erect and said softly, "And me, I'll drink to Pop. He always took ginger ale."

Mr. Worthington-Brown spoke to the waiter. "We'll all take ginger ale," he said.

Stupendous, Colossal, Gorgeous

Continued from page 16

his glorification of swimming pools became the greatest single benefactor of the plumbing industry, relates one adventure in a manner that leaves you no choice but to believe in Jehovah.

De Mille was at the Grand Canyon, the potentialities of which as a bathtub for Aztec wenches in a spectacle to be called "The Admirable Montezuma" have always invited him. He was shooting "The Squaw Man." If your gray hair is premature you don't remember that William Faversham portrayal of Kipling and Maugham in the American Southwest. At four o'clock one afternoon, just when day grew ready to quit and spilled its burned-out colors into the earth's most publicized hole, De Mille called for one last take. It was two hundred feet long. When the company looked at the rushes, every person in the showoff room came bolt upright with cries of pure wonder and delight. For that late afternoon scene on the edge of the Grand Canyon was sheer and perfect stereoscopy. It was just as though you looked at the screen through one of those stereopticon hand slides that your Uncle Charles, who was a bit of a globe-trotter in his day, used to keep on the front-room mantel with a box full of twin-view postcards of the Parthenon and the Horseshoe Falls. Quite accidentally, with ordinary lens, De Mille had achieved in exquisite faultlessness an effect that movie inventors have dogged more or less futilely for a quarter of a century.

De Mille's experience was a prophetic vision of part of the future of motion pictures; and it served usefully, together with similar phenomena that have befallen other producers, to emphasize something the movie nabobs have never bothered to tell you (perhaps they didn't know) although it is a scientific commonplace. When you went to yesterday's movies you saw as with only one eye. *When you go to today's movies, you still see as with only one eye—and you hear as with only one ear,* even though you are completely rigged with the normal dual controls of nature.

Should you have the misfortune to lose one eye, you would find your visible world gradually retreating into two dimensions. For a while, the accommodation of experience would help; backgrounds would flatten out first, and eventually you would be stepping high and gingerly over curbs.

Optical Obstacles

The movies present to you a world such as a one-eyed man sees; in two dimensions, length and breadth. When you open two normal eyes upon life you see a third dimension—depth: background and foreground, and the spaced distances between. Single telescopes do not give you depth; binoculars do. Charles Wheatstone, English scientist of a hundred years ago who invented the concertina, fetched out that other parlor instrument, the stereoscope. His researches had led him to observe that relative distances of all objects within your field of vision at a given time are determined because each eye receives the impression at a different angle from its mate (about two and a half inches, the average distance apart of human pupils). When each eye transmits and contributes its respective picture to the single image formed in the brain, the disparity produces the effect of depth.

Then, you say, it's very easy: why not build a camera with two lenses, placed as far apart as the human eyes; and then project the simultaneous films obtained through twin projectors, also placed at interpupillary distance, to a common focus point on the screen? Well, try it. Others have. The joker is, no one knows precisely what happens in the brain to the pictures obtained by the eyes. At least, no one has yet found a way to imitate mechanically the brain function in vision.

George K. Spoor, movie pioneer and official of the old "Essanay" company—of "Broncho Billy" fame—and his technician, P. J. Berggren, got stereoscopy of a sort many years ago by shooting with two lenses, and combining the images on double-width film. They achieved, like so many later experimenters, depth without perception; natural contours, rounded or squared, were lacking and figures and objects merely stood out flatly.

Experiments Are Endless

Other workers tried to simulate the dissimilarity in angle of the eye pictures received by the brain through alternation. Now you saw it; now you didn't. This involved use of additional equipment, and the active coöperation of the spectator. When you sat down to view the picture, you were handed a "scanning" device; spectacles with one red and one green or blue lens. The film proper was treated so that alternate frames were invisible to each color. Suppose the right lens of your glasses was red. You saw through it the "frame," or individual picture, that was visible to red, but invisible to your blue left glass. Next you saw with your left eye a picture that was visible to blue, but invisible through your red glass. These, of course, flashed along with great speed and the effect was of continuous action; with a fair result in stereoscopy—and usually a first-rate headache when you left the theater, because of the abuse of your eyes, which are made to work together.

This method has not been entirely abandoned. The camera chief of one outstanding picture company foresees a day when you will be handed a pair of varicolored spectacles with each theater coupon. They will be yours to keep or to lose; the objection to using a scanner that someone has used before you is thus met. Another prominent young sound engineer, a truly renowned technician in the industry, employed by one of the largest studios, is working hard—in his spare time and at his own expense, be it noted—with an idea for manipulating the polarization of light. This would do away with colored glasses and utilize plain ones, of which each lens would be polarized in the opposite direction from its mate. Alternate "frames" of the film would be likewise oppositely polarized to match. A third method of the modern experimenters involves an ordinary lens, so mounted on the camera that it shifts constantly but slightly from side to side, resulting in a mild displacement of alternate pictures. A fourth notion makes use of rotating mirrors, one on each side of the lens, which alternately reflect the scene into the film being exposed. Furthermore, approach to stereoscopic illusion can be gained by artful lighting, and placement of figures and objects; these ends are often called upon by inventors trying to make out better cases for their systems.

One school of stereoscopic investigation believes the secret lies in more painstaking study of light waves in relation to photography, claiming this is

(Continued on page 52)

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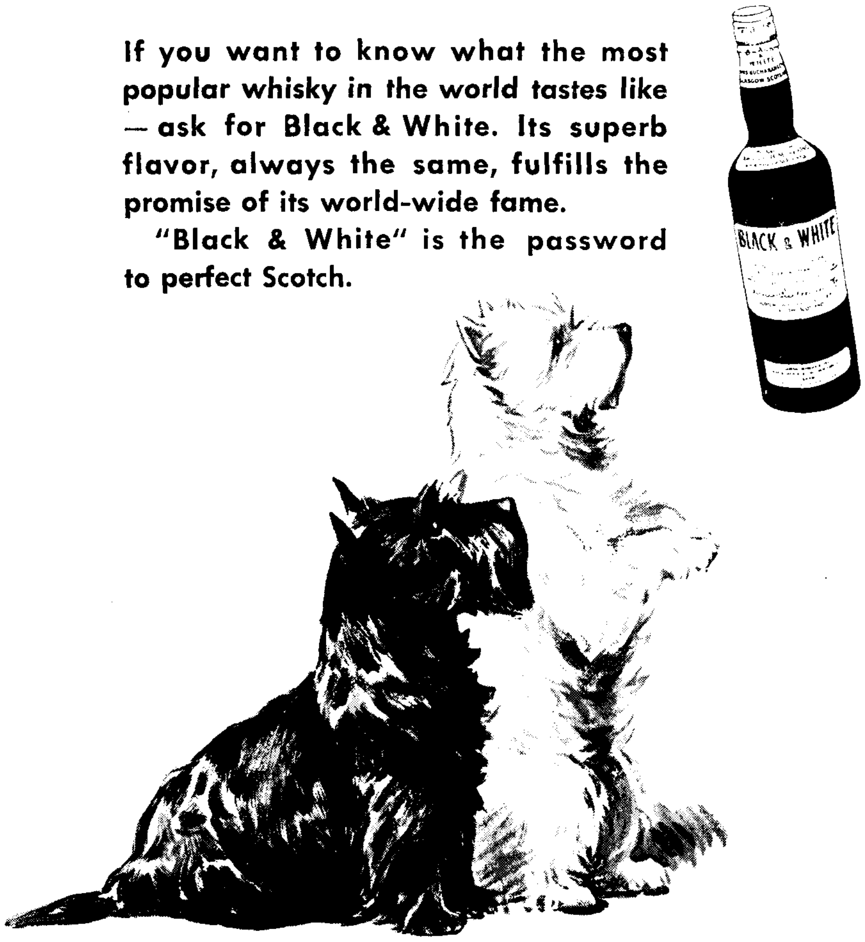

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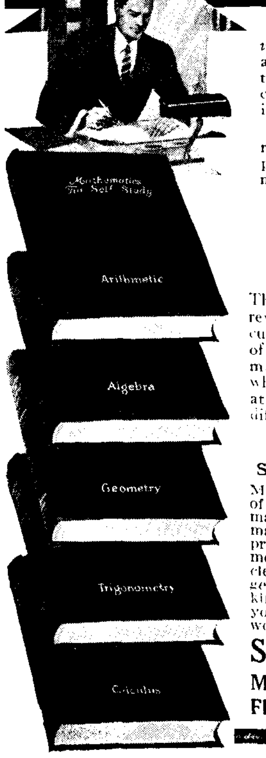


(Continued from page 51)

a scarcely touched field; points to the numerous examples of accidental stereoscopy; and maintains that a sudden discovery will throw the means to the sought effect into the laps of the industry. These men concentrate attention on available data behind experiences such as De Mille's. The latter and his associates, on the spot, concluded that their extraordinary scene grew out of some perfect harmony, some mysterious affinity, of light-wave vibrations and shadow and color and atmospheric conditions.

The affair gave De Mille an opportunity for a practical joke. A staff man of one of the film stock manufacturers was carrying on tests of a system of his own devising at that time, and he asked De Mille to look at the results. De Mille obliged, but stuck a print of his own precious 200 feet in his pocket. He looked at the inventor's stereoscopy. "Fair," he said, "fair. But—now *you* look at mine!" He caused his Grand Canyon scene to be run. "My God," shouted the film maker, "that's it! You've got it! Who's your inventor?" "That's Him," said De Mille. "You've named Him! God!"

Stereoscopy, by the way, has its opponents; timid fellows, who believe that you won't be able to stand it. They contend that a locomotive, thundering naturalistically smack at you from the screen, would cause a panicky rush for the exits; they tell of the day six women fainted in a studio projection-room because a spider was shown in stereoscopy; they swear a hose turned, in a scene, toward the audience, or a baseball thrown, would cause you to duck. They smell fear and horror in stereoscopy.

"Color is Coming!"

In general there is a cheerful disposition in the laboratories and among the cameramen to see reliable stereoscopy just up the street. The present ascendancy of the motion-picture industry's interest in color—the prevalent conviction that you and I want all the blondness and the cherry-red lips and green eyes and rainbow backgrounds of our lady loves—is responsible also for the concurrent activity in stereoscopy. For certain technical reasons, these are related problems of vision, and in a measure overlap; each will complement and improve the quality of the other. Color and stereoscopy have come along the road of motion-picture invention and experimentation together. They have shared the same ups and downs. They are the twins of Hollywood's Poverty Row.

"Color is coming!" is in truth the shrillest, most insistent, most determined cry that resounds in movieland today. It rings over the luncheon tables of studio executives, and reaches to distant box offices; it brings sighs from veteran cameramen, who have just about reconciled themselves to sound; and it echoes over the queues outside Main Street film houses every Saturday night.

Behind the alarm is, among other factors, the recurrent economic need of stimulation to an industry that wrings itself dry of novelty in quick order and has to find a new gloss in which to soak. Also, there is contagion from the madness for color which is burning now in all forms of industrial and commercial art. Chief factor, however, so far as the studios are concerned, is your reaction to a couple of color movies, as measured by the practical yardstick of ticket-window cash receipts. When the big, bad wolf huffed and puffed and blew himself purple in the snout in Three Little Pigs he may have failed to wreck the house of the prudent porker who built of brick—but he succeeded in blowing into the motion-picture field a whole new era, together with an unprecedented conception of the utilization of color as an agent of story action.

The present color frenzy dates from that Disney classic; and, faithful to the sheep instinct, every producer of cartoons in color for months thereafter had one or more of his characters blush. The second recent color event of importance and significance was the musical short, La Cucaracha. This gem, intelligently and tastefully fashioned, began unpretentiously; and now it has grossed nearly a third of a million dollars—miraculous for a short—and is still thriving, and it has pushed Steffi Duna, a girl hitherto unknown, toward stardom.

Doing Wrong by Becky

More recently, with a deluge of adjectives and a thumping of drums, Becky Sharp, with her background of Vanity Fair, came to the screens in a feature-length presentation which was rather a bit looser in its colors than Bill Thackeray's heroine was in morals. This picture was a reasoned gamble by a young millionaire, amateur dabbler in movies, to swing a tide. As a new advance in colored movies it failed because —unlike La Cucaracha and the precious Silly Symphonies—it restated all the mistakes and flaws of previous color features. Its emphasis, its exclamation points and circumflexes, were on the work of the interior decorator and set and costume designer; not on the work of the dramatist, where they properly belonged. De Mille remarked to me, recently in Hollywood, that the danger in color pictures was that the spectator would be more interested in the hero's necktie than in his facial expressions. The Becky Sharp makers fell into this, and every other pit. One example that particularly distracted your normally well-behaved and attentive reporter was the moment when Becky, in sardonic triumph, quits the boarding school. The mistress, surrounded by comely stay-on pupils, watches Becky's departure. The mistress was clad in a dress that suggested a startling combination of rose trellis and picked fish skeleton; and your eyes missed everything but that.

Becky Sharp reaffirmed a lesson which the makers of movies never retain. In the very old days, bitter losses taught them a star alone was not enough, without a story. When sound came in, they had to learn that the novelty of sound was not sufficient to carry over a weak photoplay. Now, again, they will have to go through all the agonies, and learn that color alone will not assure a picture's success.

The fundamental threat to color pictures is the inability of their makers to be repressive. It is partly a technical catch; because the so-termed "natural color" movies cannot yet run the scale of natural tints and shadings, but must depend upon the several basic colors. If the average producer of color pictures went to shoot a scene in your living-room, he would not be content to film the room naturally, as it stood; he would make your brown rug cerise, your wife's pale blue frock would become deep lavender, your daughter's white socks would be turned green and her pretty bare knees, tanned and windblown, would become a comic red; while your tattered old bathrobe—well, heaven spare you. In La Cucaracha, as in The Three Little Pigs, the story movement and drama were of paramount interest and you accepted the color as an integral and natural element; it added to your pleasure, and never obtruded.

Color, in various manifestations, has been hovering almost since the earliest days of the movies. It has been utilized in sections of many notable features of the past, and whole pictures were attempted; Blackton's The Virgin Queen, for example. Some of these were processed, many by an earlier version of the leading commercial system of today. Others were hand-painted on the positives. Vitagraph, leader in pre-war movies, made extensive use of "tinting"; that is, staining whole sequences of the prints with appropriate colors, such as violet for deep woods, light green for seascapes; blue for nighttime. Now, the advent of color along the entire movie front is imminent because public demand—whetted by La Cucaracha and Disney—has fathered, as usual, inventiveness and ingenuity.

Color Madness

Color, undoubtedly, will contribute artistic stature to the movies; the peculiar fluidity of the photoplay, its illimitable range and adaptability, will take advantage of color beyond the powers of other art mediums. The purpling face of the big, bad wolf is a humble point from which may spring undreamed-of usages of color as a constituent agency of screen-play action. Thus, your enjoyment of future movies will be vastly enhanced; your neighborhood screens will glow with visions of beauty, and to your home town will be fetched reproductions of the grandeurs of all the earth, just as you would see them on their spots. There are first-rate minds in the studios who will guide color pictures toward rational and intelligent restraint; men who know that giving free hand in color pictures to the scene dressers is like presenting a case of Scotch to the village drunkard. Such men, after you have proved their case by your howls, will take color pictures away from the interior decorators and give them back to the directors and playwrights and actors.

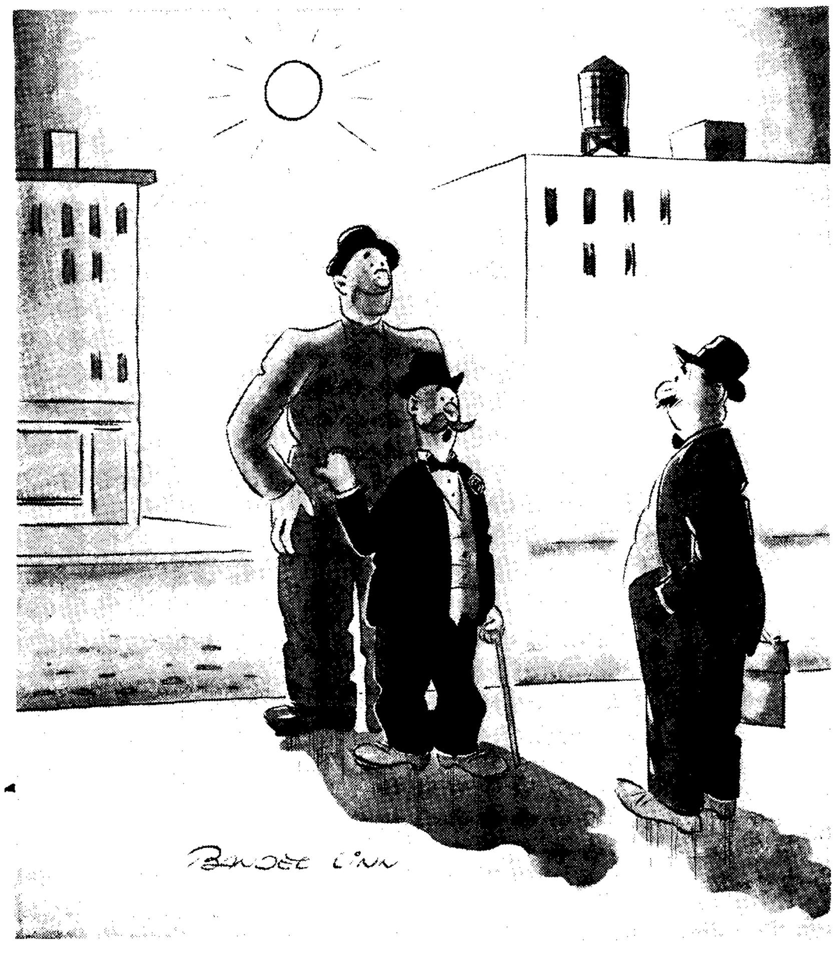
A great stride in the technical advance of color pictures was made through your "home movies." In Rochester, New York, film stock capital, David Mannes and Leopold Godowsky—musicians, if you please, to whom photography is but a hobby—achieved a 16 mm. film which takes color pictures without the use of any special apparatus or filters. The film is a kind of five-decker sandwich of gelatine and emulsions; in which each of three layers is sensitive only to red, or green, or blue-violet. Projected, the results are soft and beautiful. When developed, however, like all 16 mm. or home-movie stock, it is a direct positive: no copies of it can be made, except by rephotographing, or "duping." If a method can be found to run off multiple prints—color is licked: there is a rumor in the industry that John Capstaff, of Eastman, has come upon it.

The process in general use in the studios today involves the use of $15,000 cameras, which must be rented from the patentee. Three films are run through simultaneously. One is coated with an emulsion sensitive to red; another fixed to blue; the third is conventional panchromatic film, but is guarded by a green filter which lets through only green images. A magenta filter, which transmits red and blue light, serves the other two films. Three matrices, absorbing the colors, are made from these three films; and then pressed, one by one, in exact place, against a single black and white film which takes up all the color. That is the film which is projected in the theaters. Many prints may be made from those three original matrices.

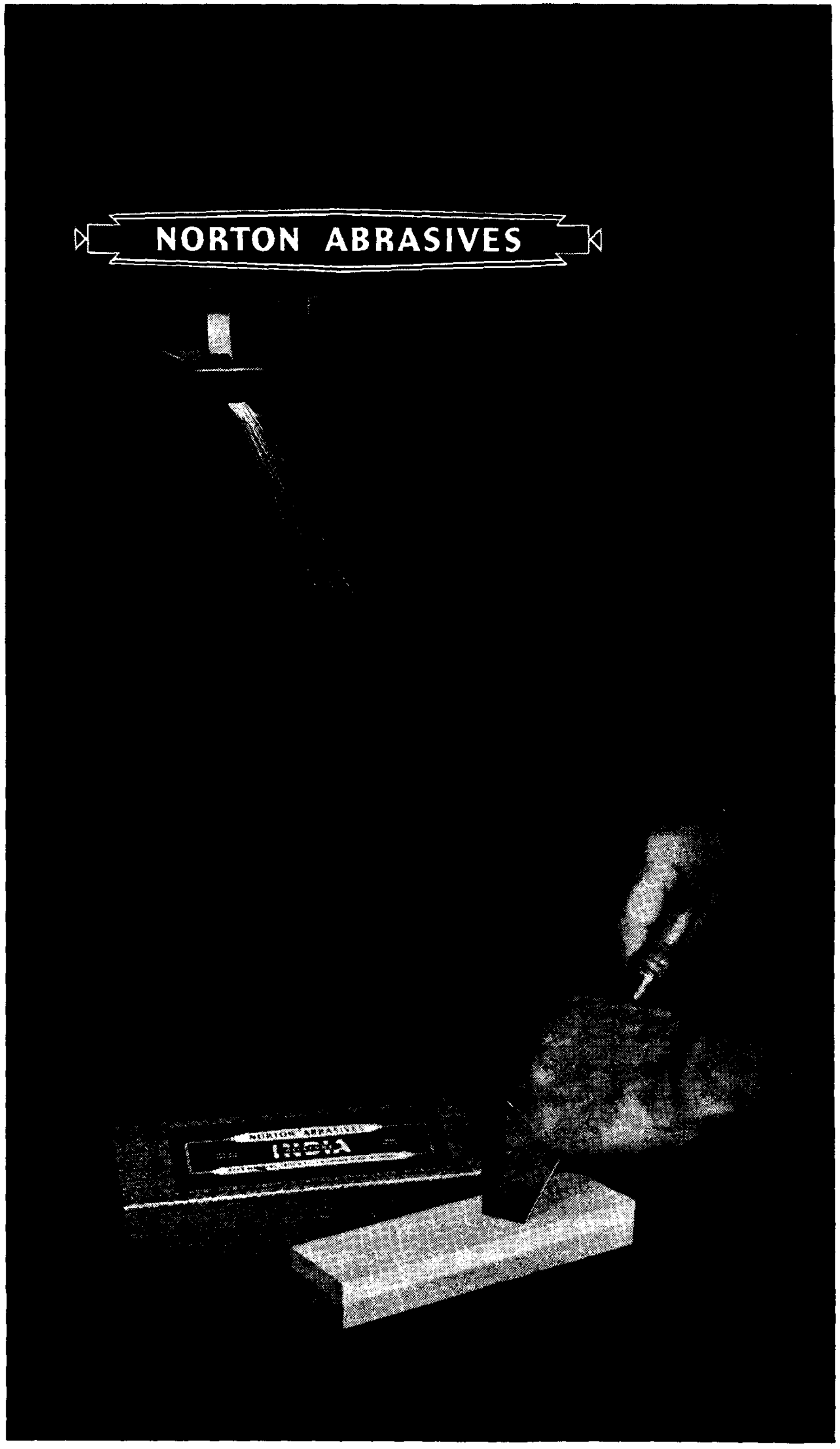
The cost of these prints, heretofore, has been exorbitant, from the point of view of the movie industry. It has come down; and reduced expense, probably more than any other reason, is why you are going to see only color movies tomorrow.

Staff experts in studios loathe to pay royalties, and little fellows "outside" who seek a cut of the expected bonanza are working madly to perfect their own methods. In one of the largest studios in California I was blindfolded and led through dark alleys and given dread passwords and sworn to secrecy—and finally shown a color film, made by a system developed by the studio technician, which revealed quite extraordi-

(Continued on page 54)



"This is my shadow! I'm afraid of sunstroke!" BANDEL LINN



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(Continued from page 53)

nary fidelity to nature's colorings and pastel tints: it was superior to any other color work I had ever seen. It is still being worked on; has not yet had public showing; and costs less than the major commercial method.

La Cucaracha, and other modern color films, are as far ahead, certainly, of their forerunners as The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, for example, is better in sound than the historic Jazz Singer. Color films, by that token, right now are as practical as sound films. Within the motion-picture industry the complete turnover to color from black-and-white is going to have repercussions that will equal in violence those which attended the coming of sound. The combination of the necessity of "hard lights" for color films and of certain desirable pigmentation, is going to drive out of pictures many of your favorite stars: more, in fact, than were thrown on the ash-heap because of squeaky voices and adenoids when sound arrived. One camera chief rattled off for me, from his studio's list of stars, fifteen now glamorous, but surely doomed, names. I won't break your little hearts by repeating them.

Only street make-up will be permissible in color movies: and that isn't enough to make some men and women exactly starlike. It is possible that improved, more sensitive emulsions will permit softer lights than those used heretofore with color; it is also possible make-up science will help find a way to save threatened stars.

Reactionaries in Hollywood advance the prevalence of color blindness as the defense against the films' "going color," just as seven years ago they contended the rifeness of total and partial deafness would halt sound. A producer seriously told me that 60% of our population is color blind in one degree or another. Optics experts fix the percentage, generally, at 4% among men, and less than one-half of 1% among females. Moreover, while color-blind spectators will miss some of the photographic glories of tomorrow's films, they need miss little of the story values.

The Future of Television

Stereoscopy and color are the major differences that will meet your eyes when you enter tomorrow's picture shows. However, there is a new character striding into the cast; another phantom that is causing insomnia to magnates: something that will make it unnecessary for you to go out to the theater if you want to see a professional movie tomorrow. Television. It will bring the movies, with all their gaudiest trimmings, to your living-room. Its rise to practicability is pressing the picture industry from without. Their fronts even now are embattled; soon it will come into the open and you will be reading of great shifts and mergers and maneuvers for control.

Television will not, of course, gobble up the picture industry, despite the uneasiness of the latter. The public has infinite capacity for assimilating new forms of art and literature and defining their spheres. Early motion pictures did not harm the theater; they got more people into the habit of theatergoing. Radio has not harmed concerts; it has made additional music lovers. When a major art form languishes it is usually because of temporary ineptness within itself; a lack of virility in its practitioners.

The theater in the last decade has gone through such a phase; so, more recently, has grand opera. The movies, in bad years, pointed an accusing finger at radio; whereas the picture industry was really choking itself with an avalanche of inferior products. There will be a special niche for television, and it will stimulate rather than hurt the other arts it touches. The coming of television has been hastened in this country because of progress abroad, particularly in Germany, where a portable station on a truck is in everyday use for the visual broadcasting of spot news; and in England, where home sets are on sale. Virtually, there is an international television race, with dollars by the millions reinforcing American laboratories.

The manner in which television will first break into motion pictures is not yet clearly apparent. Hollywood, with unprecedented foresight, has set up a committee to peer ahead. The eventual utility is twofold. First, news reels that in many instances will give you world events, political, catastrophic, social and athletic, as they are taking place. Second, motion-picture features, complete programs, after they have been filmed in the studios, may be taken to three or four central television stations and from those broadcast to all the nation's theaters and homes as well. Conditions in theaters, of course, would be more favorable technically; and those who like their entertainments en masse will seek public rendition; while the solitary-minded look and listen at home. This is an ambitious use, which might live up to a much abused and misused word—revolutionize—in its application; fewer prints of each movie production would be required, all modern projection equipment would be junked.

Sound Effects

Television is sight added to sound. Radio's growth, thus, is the reverse of movie development, which added sound to sight. From each field have emanated contributions to sound engineering that will make it possible for you to hear with both ears, naturally, in the movie theaters of tomorrow; instead of with one ear as now. Sound, of course, has been enormously improved since the first talkies. The sound engineers, newest workers in the motion-picture industry, are, as might be expected, also the most progressive. They have seized at once each applicable discovery in acoustics, physics and engineering.

Nevertheless, when you sit down in your picture house today it is as though you plugged cotton into one ear when you listen to your wife's descriptions of the men she might have married. On the production set, one microphone picks up the sound. It is usually over the subject's head, which introduces an unnatural element at once, because you are accustomed to hearing from in front of talking persons, approximately on a level with their lips. One sound track is made on the film. In projection, the sound comes to you from behind the middle of the screen. If your favorite heroine, Gretchen Gooseflesh, is sobbing from a head-in-the-waste-basket position in the lowest right-hand corner, while her boss-lover, Horace Hoofer, counts birdies from the chandelier in the upper left-hand corner, as a result of a visit from Mrs. Hoofer, the chirps from both come to you from the same spot: the plumb center of the screen.

Tomorrow's sound movies will be different. The change will not be spectacular; it may lead you merely to say "better reproduction." The fact is, you will be getting closer approximation of natural twin-ear audition. There will be two microphones on each production set; and two sound tracks on the film. Sound will be projected from two sources; one on each side behind the screen. Both microphones, of course, simultaneously pick up all the set voices and sounds. If the actor moves from right to left the full volume of sound blends from one microphone to the other, and when you see the picture—the sound of which is projected from two sources, one on each side behind the screen—you will receive the illusion of the actor's voice following him across the screen. In brief, you will be hearing the motion pictures as you hear in real life.

There will be other technical gifts to your pleasure and comfort. Flicker will be missing altogether from tomorrow's films; and the question of eye strain will go from the movies forever. Better emulsions—the sensitive coatings on raw film—will help toward this end; also improved development methods; and, finally, "continuous projection." As you know, modern projectors have a shutter, timed to flash across the lens between each individual photograph, or "frame," creating the illusion of motion. Without such interruption, a projected film would be a blur. Shutters, however, are a source of flicker. Continuous projection will dispense with shutters. Each frame will dissolve out and the succeeding frame will dissolve in, so imperceptibly that you will not be visually aware of it, yet giving a sufficient dead, or black, space between each picture that will act as an "interruption" with the virtues but none of the vices of the shutter.

Further development of the "transparency," or "rear projection," method that has come into studio vogue lately will provide authenticity and variety. The studios do not want you to know too much about this system, feeling that if you are aware of the manner in which "tricks" are done, you lose interest in them. On the other hand, the inability even of experts to detect perfect transparency work makes their fears groundless, in my opinion. Briefly, transparency is this: you want to show Claudette Colbert walking across the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and stabbing Clark Gable when she finds him feeding the pigeons there. If you went to the actual location of this scene, expenses would be considerable; a delay might result from weather, gendarmes might not be able to keep back the gaping crowds. So you send a cameraman. He takes a moving picture of the Place de la Concorde. By "rear projection" the scene is thrown upon a screen in a Hollywood studio, while Claudette and Clark do their stuff in front of it. You'll never know the difference. Transparency, obviously, puts scenes under better control by a director; makes available locations that heretofore would have been ruled out as prohibitively expensive.

Thrills to Come

There will be a different type of actor in tomorrow's picture. Intelligence and character are supplanting cuteness. Grand opera will be brought to the screen, due to the improvements in sound recording, in the opinions of Lubitsch and other leaders; and there enjoy a vogue that will be reflected back into renewed prosperity for the ailing opera houses. One studio has grimly and grandly announced its determination to do Shakespeare, as he never could have been done before. One fears musical numbers, and Falstaff with a red and blue nose, and a tap dancer as Ophelia.

At any rate, and obviously, rich hours await you in the cathedrals of the cinema. For now that screen technicians have managed to satisfy fully two of your senses—sight and hearing—don't be astonished if they have other surprises for you. It may be they will find ways to reach and titillate your remaining senses. Don't, in fact, jump out of your seat tomorrow night if you find that you can not only see and hear your favorite player as she is in real life, but that you can, in addition, smell the fragrance of her golden locks, take a bite out of her shell-like ear, and pinch her winsome calves.

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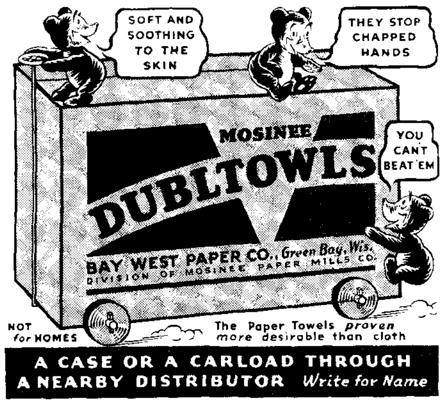
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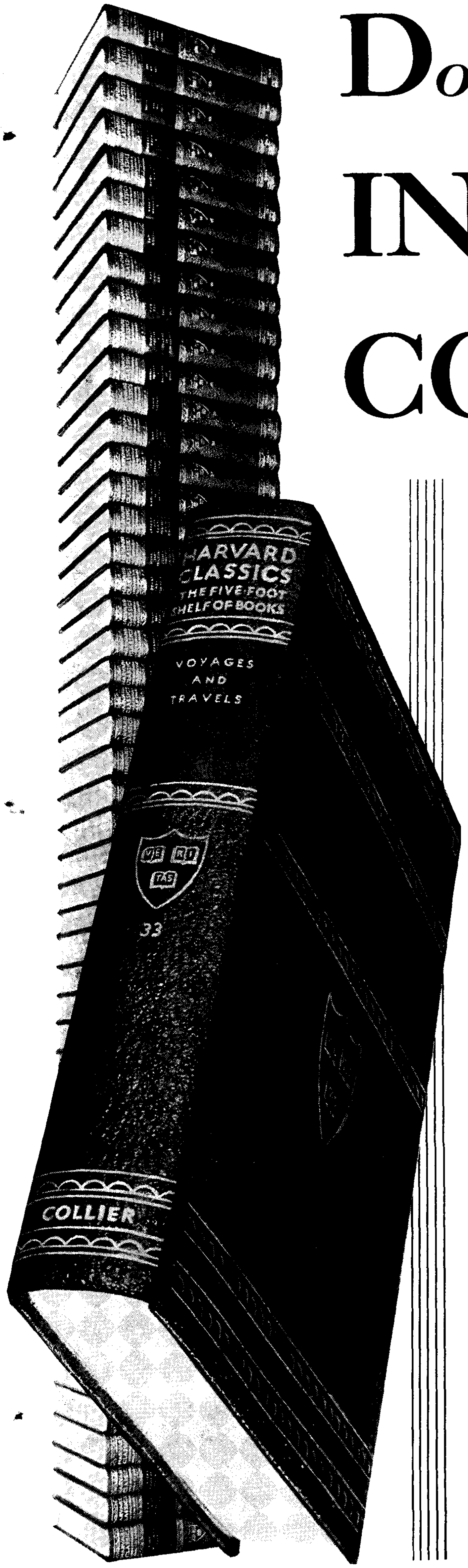

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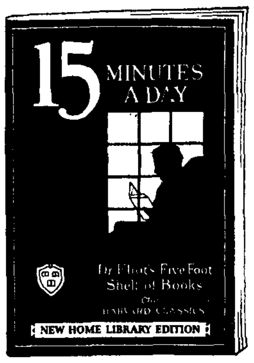

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Sentence of Marriage

Continued from page 21

goofy idea that matrimony would cure me of frisky flying. Is that a laugh?"

"Ha, ha, ha," I said.

"I'll be seeing you at the Jolly Bachelors in six weeks and four days!" he said. "Good night, sir."

I watched them disappear in the crowd, with a definite foreboding of disaster. Flathead was swaggering. He was taking Margie Widdam in his stride.

Alarmed, I telephoned Hots McGroarty at the island, next morning. His mordant voice confirmed my worst fears: "We don't seem to have found the right woman for Arthur, sir."

"Hasn't he gone for *any* gal on our list?"

"Not yet, sir."

A final, despairing question:

"Has there been any improvement in Flathead's flying?"

Hots McGroarty's voice was so sepulchral that I recoiled from the telephone as if a ghost had touched my cheek.

"Worse every day, sir. He missed a flag signal coming up the groove this morning and almost crashed the deck. The Saratoga mechanics say 'any day now.' And we have a tradition—"

I clanged down the receiver.

It was not a temporary setback. As the days passed, our plot became a defeat and then a rout. Flathead had dates with certified dangerous women nearly every night and escaped unscathed. In the midst of a week-end house party at Del Mar, where Mrs. Cooney, a San Diego grass widow of surpassing charms, presumably had Flathead cornered, he wired me as follows:

ONLY THREE WEEKS AND TWO DAYS NOW STOP AM THINKING OF MY JOLLY BACHELOR COMRADES FONDLY STOP SHE IS ONE OF THE WORST THEY HAVE TROTTED OUT YET BUT I HATE 'EM, SASS 'EM AND WALK AWAY STOP CARRY ON FOR NAVY LOVE TO ALL. FLATHEAD.

I read this telegram to Jidge and Squiffer amid deep gloom.

"We deserve this for trifling with the matrimonial angle," I said. "I'm for calling off the gals and framing Flathead into a jam that will ground him—my original suggestion, you recall."

"No. That guy's got to marry," Jidge said.

"Marriage. Nothing but marriage!" Squiffer said, almost hysterically.

"We can't put it over," I said, "and if it ever gets out that we tried to marry off a twenty-two-year-old ensign and failed—"

Squiffer and Jidge sprang to their feet. They said: "We'll get Dolores," and "I'll have my sister invite her," and "Dolores will flatten him."

BUT before we could get Dolores, the crisis, the final disgrace catapulted upon us.

It happened at a big fleet shindig at the Coronado Hotel. Squiffer and I were hiding from designing mammas in the bar next to the men's room, when Hots McGroarty whisked in like a driven ghost.

"Listen, sir—you know Flathead?"

"Hell, yes, I know Flathead."

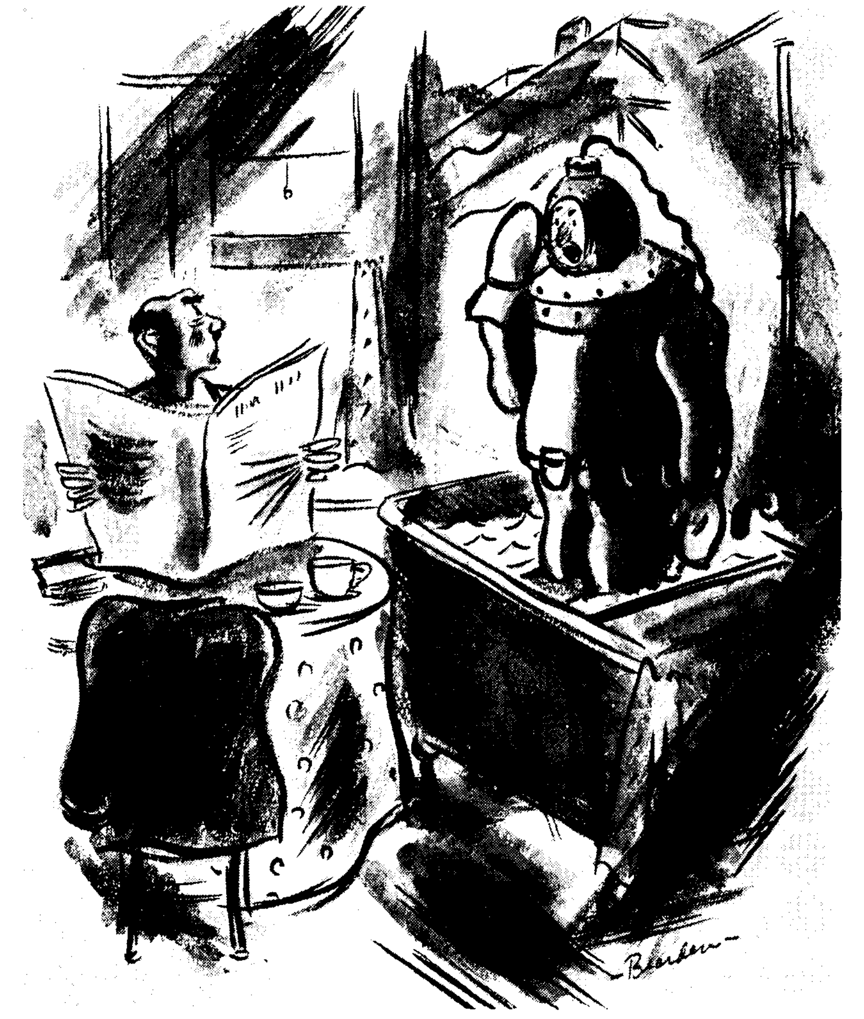
"You know what Flathead's done?"

"Crashed. Good!"

"Oh, no, sir. He's dated Trina Spuyter!"

"Trina Spuyter?" I said dully.

Squiffer groaned. "That's the end. He'll never marry now."



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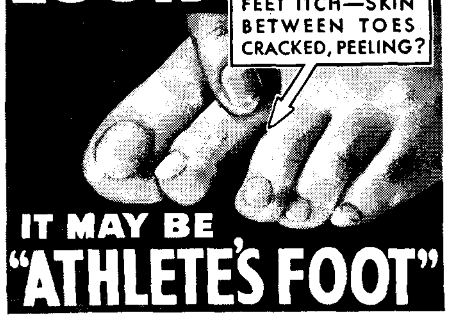

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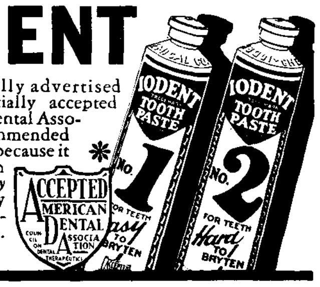
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SOMEWHERE OUT IN "WONDERLAND"

YOU'RE *there* WITH A CROSLEY

PIONEERS IN RADIO

Hots McGroarty added the final ironic touch:

"The mechanics on the Saratoga say Arthur will marry a woman flyer, and we have a tradition—"

I was in a red rage.

"Damn the mechanics on the Saratoga!" I yelled. "I won't take this from any ensign. Flathead's not going to turn down seventeen gals we pick for him and insult us by dating Trina Spuyter. Where are they?"

"Upstairs, sir, but—"

I shook off Squiffer's grip and galloped upstairs. I made straight for the dining-room. The floor was filled with dancers, but at a corner table I saw Trina sitting alone. She was wearing a plain white dress and with her sunburn she looked like a handsome Kanaka. Her back was turned to the dance floor and she was poring over a map.

"Hi-yah, Brick!" she said. "Haven't seen you since Navy Day at Santa Barbara. How's the Jolly Bachelor?"

"Where's Flathead?"

"You mean Arthur Millegan?"

"I mean Flathead Millegan. Flyer."

"Oh . . . why, he went for a lemonade." Trina grinned, showing her milk-white eye-teeth, and they had all been cut. "He may not come back. We've been fighting all evening."

"Fighting, eh? What about?"

"The lug claims I shouldn't try fishtail landings in my new ship. Says I'm reckless. Can you imagine such crust from an ensign?"

A voice spoke behind her:

"You *are* reckless, woman!"

Flathead, with a lemonade glass. He turned to me: "*Am* I glad to see you, sir!"

Trina jumped up.

"I'm a very careful flyer, Mr. Millegan."

"Yeah? You're a spoiled little daughter of the rich, as the movies say. I've watched your stick work and it's lousy. L-o-u-s-y. Get it?"

I found my voice as they glared.

"Well, of all the crust!" I exploded. "*You*, the worst flat-header in the service, jumping on Trina!"

It didn't faze Flathead.

"You're misinformed, sir," he said gently. "You've been listening to overcautious flyers like Hots McGroarty. Anyway, I'm a man and I can take chances this gal couldn't get away with in a million years!"

THAT rendered me speechless again. But it didn't silence Trina Spuyter.

"Just what chances can you take that I can't take, Mr. Millegan? Be specific, please."

"Sure, I'll be specific. I can fishtail and sideslip a ship like yours because I have the touch. I fly a Grumman, sister. But, I'm warning you—you take her down fast and be satisfied."

"You're warning me, are you?"

"It's *your* life, sister."

"I can land that ship in any circle you're good enough to put it down in, Mister Millegan."

Flathead turned back to me.

"Isn't that a woman for you? I waste my time trying to save her from breaking her fool neck; and she starts bragging!"

Trina picked up her coat.

"I'm calling you, Mr. Flathead. Come on out to the field and we'll take turns landing!"

"All right, if you insist."

I grabbed Flathead's arm.

"You can't go out there tonight."

Trina laughed so nastily that passing dancers stared.

"Jolly Bachelors stick together. Must save face, hunh?"

Flathead shook his head sadly.

"She needs a lesson, sir. Perhaps it'll save her life." Then, breaking into a grin, "*She* hates 'em, sasses 'em and walks away, too!"

Trina was already halfway to the door. Flathead nodded, said: "Only one week and five days more, sir. Be seeing you!" and hurried after Trina.

I staggered downstairs to the bar. Hots and Squiffer were in close harmony, moaning low.

Brokenly, I told all.

"Good!" Squiffer said. "They'll kill each other. Come on, I want to see it!"

Poor Hots was still loyal to Flathead.

"We've got to stop them, sir," he cried hoarsely, "she'll kill him!" And he dashed for the door. Squiffer dashed for the door. I dashed for the door.

We all dashed out to the private field where Trina kept her new plane.

At the hangar, they told us Trina and Flathead had taken off ten minutes before.

"Good!" Squiffer said. "We're in time to see the crash!"

Hots sank down on a bench and put his head between his hands.

IF I needed anything to sear my soul clean and make me a loyal Jolly Bachelor to the end, that hour while we waited for Flathead's return has supplied it. Long before it was over, Hots and Squiffer and I had tearfully repented of involving Flathead with women. We swore with solemn handclasps that if he was restored to us alive we would immediately reinstate him in the club. We remembered all his good qualities . . . we found ourselves speaking of him as already among the dead . . . we stared at each other with set, white faces . . . there wasn't a drop to drink in that whole ghastly hangar. . . .

The field floodlights flashed on. We heard a plane. We hobbled out, stiff from our tense vigil. We saw Trina's red ship dart into the lighted area. She fishtailed to lose speed. The engine coughed. She tried to give it the gun. More coughs. The ship wobbled crazily . . . leveled off . . . then suddenly flopped in a cloud of dust and debris. . . .

I helped carry Flathead to the operations office. Trina was walking somewhere behind us. We put Flathead on a couch. He was breathing and the mechanics said he was merely knocked out.

"He's coming around," a mechanic said.

Flathead opened his eyes. His chubby cheeks were pale. He sat up and blinked at Hots and Squiffer and me.

"Golly . . . what a ride!" Sheer terror clouded the poor chap's eyes. "I thought I was a gone gosling . . . that fence . . . by two feet . . . that bridge . . . she flew *under* that bridge. . . ." He shuddered like a child afraid of a nightmare.

We hugged him. We pawed him. I said: "You're reinstated, Flathead. Hear that, Flathead?"

Then, there was a hullabaloo at the door.

Trina. She was crying.

"I've killed him . . . oh, I've killed him. And he was the only man I ever could love. I might have loved Flathead. . . . I know I might have loved him—"

They didn't bar the door. They let her in. She rushed to Flathead, shrieking: "Oh, I'll never fly again. Never, never. You were right. I *am* reckless. Oh, poor, dear Flathead—"

Flathead sat up again.

"Hey," he said, distinctly, "do you mean that?" The subsequent sounds were not fit for man nor beast to hear.

Well, anyway, the mechanics of the Saratoga were wrong. Flathead did not marry a flyer. Trina grounded herself in return for Flathead's promise to be more careful.

The lesson for other chapters of the Jolly Bachelors Club is obvious. If our movement is to endure, there must never be any trifling with matrimony as the lesser evil. Let us die like men.

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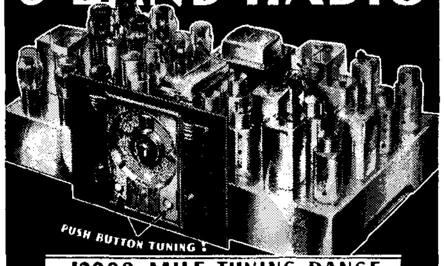

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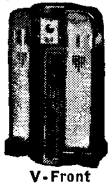

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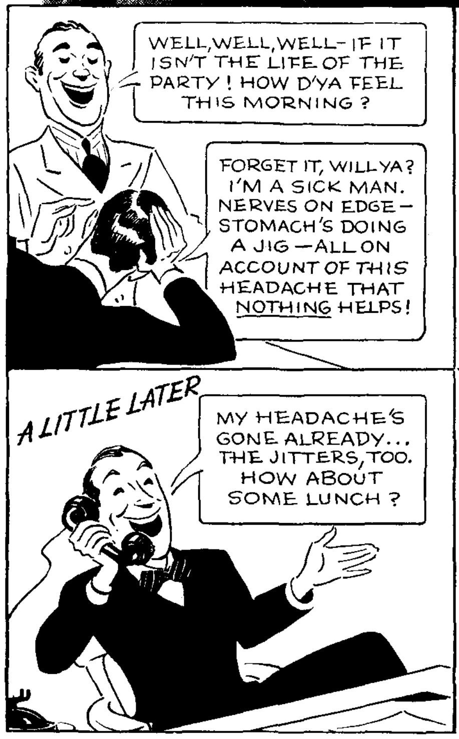
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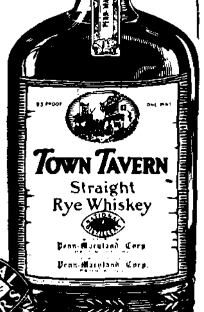

TOWN TAVERN

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The Silver Desert

Continued from page 28

according to what it's dunked in. Don't let 'em do that to you, Lily. Never mind what's proper or right or sensible. Never mind any of the old hokum people use to pull you the way they want. Everybody's scared stiff of Mrs. Grundy. Don't you be."

She studied him over the rim of her coffee cup. "Something wrong between you and Kit?"

"Nothing was ever right between us. I'm just one of the pieces of luggage she carries around. Yeah. 'Miss Christopher arrived at the Mark Hopkins yesterday, with four trunks, three suitcases and Timmy Akin.' "

It was so ridiculous a picture, and yet so remorselessly accurate, that she put down her cup and laughed till tears came to her eyes. "Timmy—Timmy!"

A small grin appeared on his face. "That's right, ain't it?" Then he was utterly sober again. "I hope you get what you want. But don't break your heart over it."

"What's that, Timmy?"

He said: "You love that big, tough Sebastian guy. He's gone for you, too—that's a break for both of you because you're both grand people. But be careful, Lily, about letting yourself go. There's lots of angles to this thing."

"Charm?" she said, and only whispered it.

He got up. "Another swell kid. She thinks Sebastian is Lord Almighty. You don't see that frame of mind in women any more. I guess it must be the heat, or something. That's what you're getting into. That and the boy. You find out about that boy. It isn't the moral angle. Both you and Sebastian are big enough to step over past mistakes. It's the boy—if Sebastian happens to be his dad."

"If—" she breathed, and rose.

"I guess I'm old-fashioned. But the boy comes first. If he's Tom's son you have no right to be here at all."

Lily stood motionless, thinking of the scene in the cabin. If Tom were the father of that boy he never would have kissed her that way, so hungrily, so desiringly. He was a fair man—and that wouldn't have been fair. "It isn't Tom's boy," she said.

Timmy shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe yes, maybe no." He turned to leave the dining-room. He said morosely: "This will entertain you vastly—Kit's that way about Sebastian, too. Didn't know it? Watch her eyes follow Sebastian when you see them together. What a goofy world." And he passed into the living-room.

Lily didn't move. It couldn't be Tom's boy. Yet she suddenly remembered that when they had stopped at the water tank and she had gladly surrendered to him, his silence had contained a reservation.

TUMPAH'S *cemetery didn't have a* tree on it, for nothing would grow in that metallic soil. So when Ben DePard was buried and the preacher had murmured his rather noncommittal hope that the mercy of God might cover the sins of that forlorn soul, the few men who had straggled up the hill in the wake of the pallbearers now straggled down it to escape the blistering sunlight. Only Duke DePard, Dode Cramp and the lunger Whitey remained behind.

Dode stayed because he had something on his conscience. Whitey was here only to witness the final ending of that bitter saloon episode in which he had played so important a part. It was Duke DePard who alone possessed more than a casual interest in the dead one. Even in a country where singularity of conduct was regarded as nobody's business, the close tie between the DePard boys had been a strange, discussed thing. Duke had watched over his brother with an affection that contained in it a kind of mothering instinct, and Ben had returned this affection with an absolute and single-minded obedience. Such softness as Duke DePard's life contained had been solely expended on Ben; and his darkly narrow face showed the depths of his feeling now.

"Buffalo," he said morosely, "didn't come."

"Buffalo's across the desert," explained Cramp. "He won't be back till late."

"He could have come," growled Duke. He lifted a clod of dirt, breaking it between his thumbs. "That damned preacher was anxious to say his piece and get away. He didn't have to hurry. Ben's dead and won't bother anybody any more. But he had a little time and a little speech comin' to him today."

THE lunger Whitey sat suddenly down on the baked ground. His right arm hung in a sling; disease had made him a pale, drawn man, but Sebastian's bullet had made him feebler than before. He stared up at Duke DePard, his face an utter chalk-white. Against that pallor his eyes were like burned-in recesses.

He said, scarcely above a whisper: "Maybe the sky-pilot couldn't think of much good to say about Ben."

"He could've said a lot more. Ben wasn't bright, but nobody ever gave him a break. The old man beat hell out of him till I got big enough to stop that. All he wanted Ben and me for was to use like work horses. The old woman never cared either. I was damned glad wh[illegible] they died. Maybe Ben wasn't so good in the head—what of it? He never asked for anything and he never hurt nobody till they hurt him."

Cramp spoke anxiously: "About the fight. I couldn't help Ben a bit. Sebastian was movin' around too fast."

"You're not the man I blame," said DePard stolidly.

"Who?" demanded Cramp.

But DePard said: "Why didn't Sebastian try for you, outside?"

"I tell you I don't know. He had the gun lined on me—and let the chance go."

"I don't get it," said DePard, scowling his wonder.

"The man never does what you figure. Why did he light on Whitey instead of me, when I was right in the middle of the floor, bangin' away? Something told him I didn't have the shot that was goin' to knock him over. That's the way it worked out, too. It ain't reasonable—it ain't even human. But he knew. He had it doped. You can't hurt a guy like that. Be careful when you go after him."

"Me?"

"Sure—*you*. Come on Whitey, let's go."

DePard's eyes followed them all the way through the town and as far as Madame Belle Gilson's door. He crouched on his heels and stared at the fresh dirt covering Ben. The sun was dropping in the west, kicking its bitter light into his face; he pushed his hat forward and sank his head between his shoulders and began to grind stray clods of earth between his palms.

It was turning dusk when he pulled himself up and moved to the foot of Ben's grave. He took his hat off and pressed his boot against the soft, fresh-shoveled soil. "Well," he said, "I was the one that brought you into this business, Ben. So it's me that's got the blame for you sleepin' here. We never made any excuses to anybody, but I guess we knew we were on the wrong track. Only it was too late to change. It's too late to change now. There ain't been any fun in it and maybe this is best for you. What do you suppose is best for me?"

He wheeled down the slope, traveling fast. He got his handkerchief and blew his nose and tipped his hat to shade his eyes, though there was no glare in this last clear, soft light. There were a few of Buffalo's outfit in the Madame's drinking, but they left him alone when he came in. He had a glass of whisky. Then Cramp said: "Whitey stood against the wall by the stairs."

DePard went over and stared at two holes puncturing the wall. Cramp came past him and laid his palm on the wall, covering the holes. "Sebastian was running down the bar, but he put 'em that close together. Whitey wasn't standing up then—Whitey was sitting down. But Sebastian didn't seem to see it right away. He put them shots there just the same, two and a half inches apart. Running."

DePard went back through one of the doors beside the bar into a small dining-room. Nick brought him a meal. He ate it and returned to the bar. The rest of the gang had gone. Madame Gilson was standing by a table.

"Duke," she said, "what are you going to do?"

"Madame, I don't know."

"I'm no hand to offer you boys advice. You wouldn't take it—which is why you spend your time dodgin' through brush. But just remember the doors of hell are always half open and you don't have to push hard to fall in."

He said: "The doors to hell are wide open and I've looked in many times."

Madame's old eyes weighed him carefully. "Only a man with a conscience would say that, Duke. You're not as bad and not as crooked as you think."

He had only been polite before. But he raised his head, interest rippling across his face.

"You're a wise woman, Madame."

She said: "I've seen a lot of bad men in my time, Duke. Most of them have lived miserably, full of torment. All of them died regretting the day they turned the wrong way." She checked herself, then added brusquely: "My God, I'm getting moral! Don't let Buffalo make a sucker out of you, Duke."

"What's that?" he said, very attentive.

"He'll push you against Sebastian, as he's pushed the others. He'll do the fiddling while you boys dance. You're all fools. How much money have you got to show for the beef you've rustled these last years with Buffalo?"

"Not much, Madame."

"You're all broke but Buffalo. I know, because I carry you all on the books. That's why you're fools. Now you'll ride back to the Barrier hills because Buffalo intends to ruin Sebastian. Some of you won't come back from there. Maybe you'll get Sebastian. What happens then? You think it will be green grass and clover for the rest of your time?"

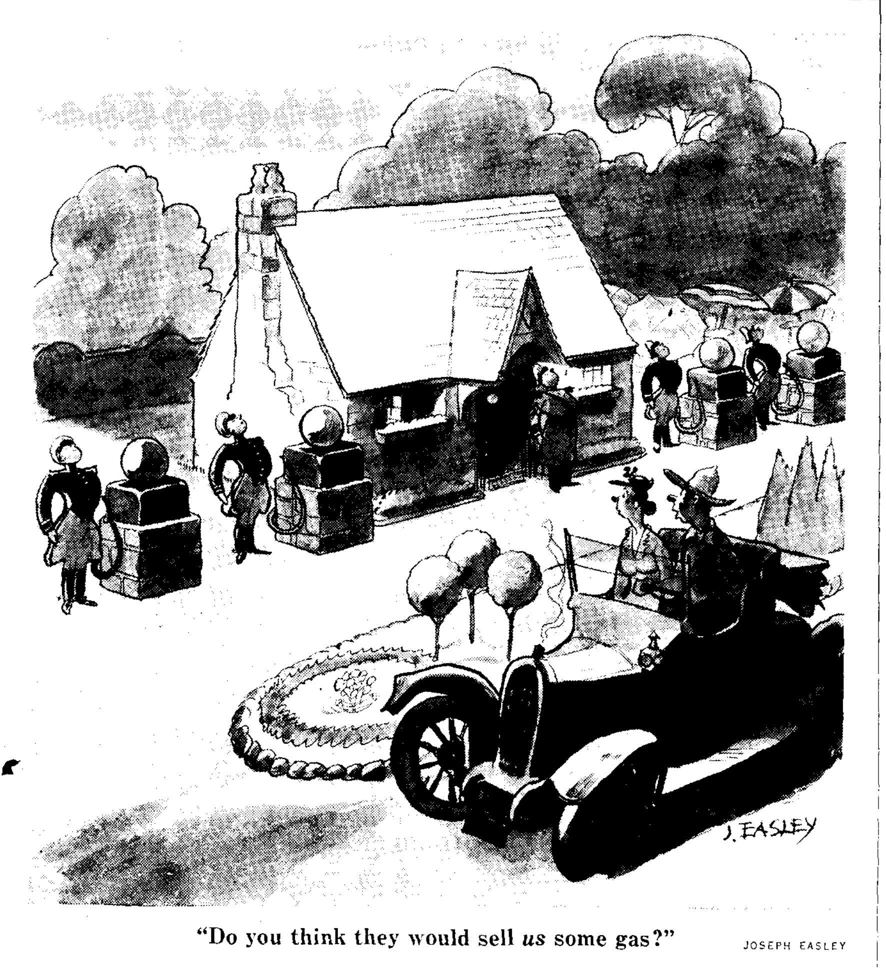
She stared at him, remaining silent until he said: "Go on, Madame. What happens then?"

"Somebody else will get the ranch. Somebody, I said. But he won't need Buffalo or you any more. So you're through—and just to make sure you understand it he'll shoot you all out of the country. If you think Sebastian's cruel, wait till you see this other fellow run Barrier."

THE blood veins on DePard's forehead began to stand out. He made a tight, strained figure there in the half-dark of the room. He said, softly: "You know a great deal, Madame."

She looked around the room carefully, at the closed doors, at the stairs behind her. She and DePard were alone, but her voice dropped to a lower pitch: "You're only a bunch of stock Buffalo drives where he wants. Humboldt's missing, your brother's gone. Who started this war—Sebastian or Buffalo? Use your head, Duke." She watched him and gauged his temper and drove her last contemptuous words

(Continued on page 60)



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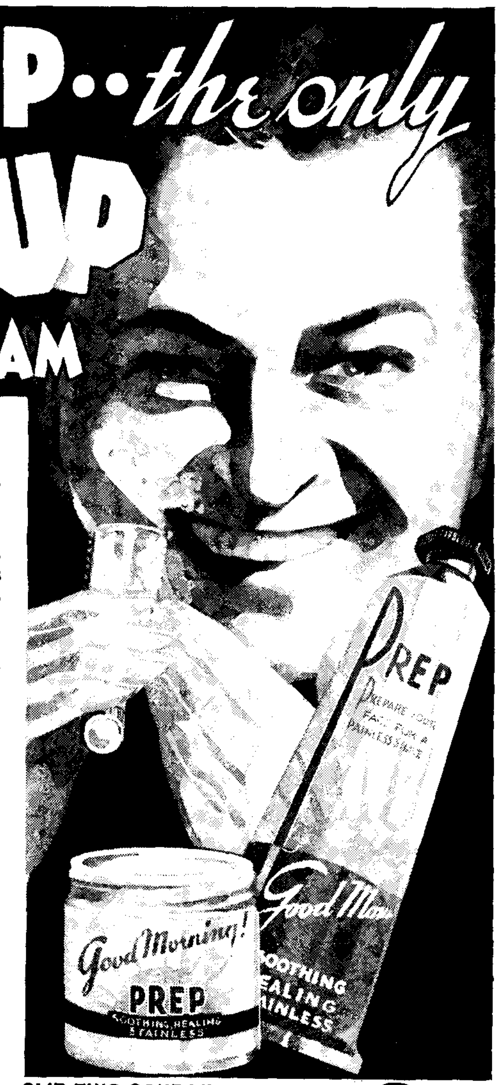
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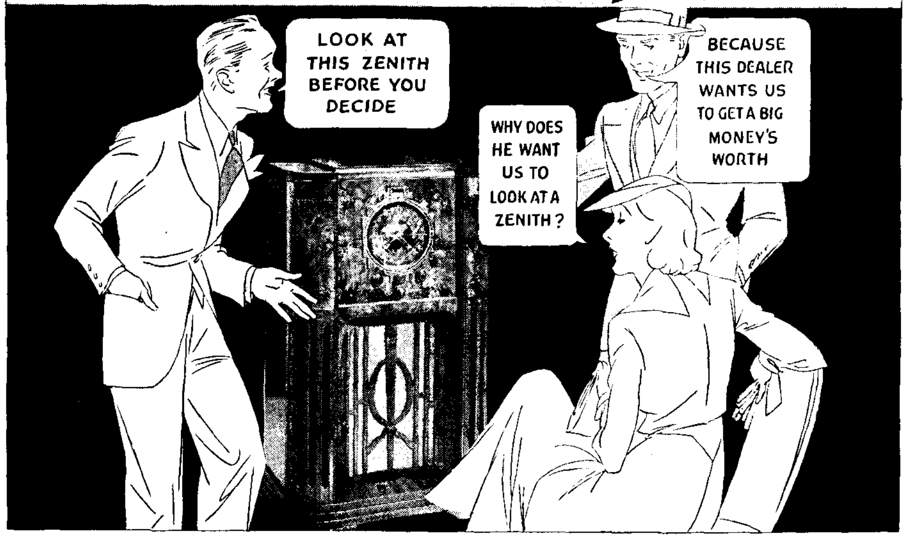
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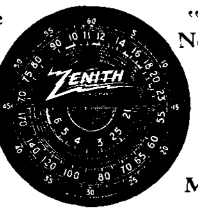

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C. 9-35

(*Continued from page 59*)

through his pride: "But you'll go after Sebastian because you're just a monkey on Buffalo's stick."

She went up the stairs. In her room she lighted a cigarette and stood in front of the mirror, glaring at the formidable and unlovely vision of herself. "My God, Belle, what are you doing? That's your son!" She strangled on a deep gust of smoke and her eyes watered. But it wasn't tears she saw glittering out of the mirror. She had no capacity for tears. All her crying had been finished that long-past day when she had seen her girlhood and her girlhood dreams vanish. She was just an old woman, too roughly used by life to feel the full force of the tragedy she saw coming.

DUKE DEPARD went down the street to the horse standing in the stable and followed the trail to Buffalo Galt's place on the hill. Buffalo was there with about half the crowd—the other half being in the hideout back of Camp Four. Buffalo sat in a chair, with one leg hooked over its arm. He had on a good suit of clothes and a white shirt and his eyes were almost green against the high-blooded flush of his cheeks. His heavy chest swelled and turned with his impatient moving; his blond head was never still. He had been chuckling at something said by Blagg, but when he saw Duke DePard he quit being amused. Alert and sensitive to the feelings of other men, he caught something in DePard that caused him to pull his leg from the chair arm and drop it to the floor.

"I'm sorry, Duke. Ben was a good boy."

Duke said, "Yeah," in a dry, incommunicative manner.

Buffalo's glance, carefully and insistently watching Duke, went thoughtful. He ducked his head at the rest of the crowd. "I'll meet you in the hills tomorrow sometime. Start riding."

The crowd drifted out. Blagg stayed behind, his wide mouth reflecting the unpleasant thing he thought. He said: "About the Michelet girl—"

Duke DePard, not moving and not raising his voice, said to Blagg: "You flannel-tongued filth-eater." He stopped and drew a deeper breath and called Blagg by three obscene and descriptive names that issued sibilantly. He said: "Crawl out of here!"

Blagg stepped back. His complexion turned. Buffalo Galt showed his surprise. "What the hell's wrong with you, Duke?"

"Get away, Blagg, before I kick in your jackass face!"

Blagg grumbled, "Who stepped on your corn?" But he went out.

Buffalo Galt spoke again. "Don't ride him like that. He's useful to me."

DePard showed his disgust. "The dog's too yellow to fight back."

Buffalo absorbed what he saw, weighed what he heard. The man's cagey, feral instincts warned him; his voice was curter, it was edged with suspicion. "You're pretty much upset by Ben's dyin'. Well, why take it out on Blagg? He didn't kill Ben. If you're the man I think you are you'll go after Sebastian."

"Yeah?" murmured DePard and stopped his restless pacing. He put his feet apart, and looked down on Buffalo.

Buffalo said, "Yeah," equally dry. His hands slipped to the arms of the chair and remained there. "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing."

Buffalo moved his shoulders. "I can't make you out, Duke. You don't ever jump the way a man might expect. Sometimes it gets under my skin. I like a man that stays put, that doesn't have a lot of funny ideas in his nut to turn him queer."

"Who's queer?"

Buffalo rapped out his reply: "Don't snap at me like that! Look here, Duke—fish or cut bait."

"Well?" said DePard. He reached into his pocket for a smoke. But his eyes didn't follow his hand. They stayed on Buffalo.

"You ought to be on Sebastian's trail," Buffalo suggested.

"Afraid of that job yourself?"

Buffalo's ruddy flush grew fuller. He got out of the chair, his chest swelling against the flimsier DePard. "Kid, you're not talking to Blagg now. I won't take that."

"No?" growled DePard.

There was a long silence, a creeping tension. Buffalo's green eyes were framed inside the sudden tight triangle of his lids. A breath jerked out of him, like the expelled snort of an animal smelling fresh scent. He said, "Going sour on me, Duke?"

"I watched you build up Humboldt. He went out and he didn't come back. Ben took it the same way. I'm gettin' kind of curious to know what you figure to do in this business."

Buffalo abruptly laughed away his resentment. "That's all right, kid. I know you feel bad."

"What are you going to do?" insisted DePard.

"Mister Sebastian," drawled Buffalo, "has sent his full crew up to Camp Four. I found that out. He's going to ship a lot of beef. That's where we're going, Duke. The end of this business ain't far off. Sebastian's always said he could wait out the proper time. It's changed now. He's got to get beef out of the hills—and I'm the one that's waited for the proper time. We're just about caught up with that fellow."

"I'll see you in the hills tomorrow," said DePard and turned away.

Buffalo stood still, listening to DePard ride off. His unsatisfied and untrusting glance remained on the door. He shook his head.

DEPARD rode down the hill and came into town. There was a light shining through Blagg's shop window when DePard passed it. He went on a hundred feet or so and then something happened in his head and he put his horse about and came back. He crawled from the saddle, crossed the walk and put his hand quietly on the shop door and pushed it before him. Thus for a moment he stood in the small front office, undiscovered, and looked through another door to the back half of the place, where Blagg stood over the cases with a stick in his hand, setting type. DePard watched the man quite a long while, and then went on through to the rear. The sound of his dragging spurs brought Blagg's attention instantly around.

Finding DePard so darkly and silently coming at him, Blagg backed nervously away from the cases. He lifted one arm and the loose type fell out of the stick in his hand. Alarm licked along his slack face.

"What you want here?" he said, breath springing out of him.

DePard walked forward, saying nothing. The blackness on his thin face and the visible hatred there made Blagg give ground. He came against a makeup table and could go no farther. When DePard was quite close Blagg struck out with the metal stick in his hand and missed. DePard hit him in the face, and hit him a second time, as coolly as though he punched a bag. Blagg was a taller man and a heavier man, but there wasn't any will in him. He dropped the stick and tried to cover his head. DePard smashed him in the belly and Blagg grunted, and groped blindly for DePard's arms and couldn't catch them. He emitted a queer, whinnying protest;

he had one moment of trapped cour- that sent him charging against De- d. He carried DePard against the cases and tried to get his hands nd DePard's throat. DePard al- laughed; he ducked away and k Blagg on the temple.

ereafter Blagg was nothing more a chopping block for DePard. S y circling the small space, DePard st k and waited and struck, and w ed and struck again as long as there w any consciousness in Blagg. When at last Blagg fell the light had been pounded out of him. He lay on the floor, his battered face turned down, blood creeping over an unrecognizable face.

DePard turned to the cases and capsized them, strewing type across the floor. He upset the make-up table; he picked up a heavy two-column newspaper cut and smashed it down across the keyboard of a near-by typewriter. Then, giving one last disgusted look at the man on the floor, he left the place and got to his horse and cantered out of Tumpah. His course was westward; the thin small beam of the Barrier lights pulled him straight on.

AFTER DePard had gone, Buffalo Galt turned into his kitchen. He built himself a fire and pushed the coffeepot across the stove top; he got out a side of bacon and sliced off a half-dozen pieces. Standing there then, he did a strange thing. His hands dropped from the bacon and he remained still a long moment, and afterward made a swift wheel and plunged toward the living-room, toward the table on which his gun lay. Lot McGinnis stood in the front doorway.

When he saw the sheriff, Buffalo stopped sharply, and some of the cat-like attention left his eyes.

"Kind of set on a quick trigger, Buffalo," observed McGinnis.

"What are you prowling up this way for?" challenged Galt.

he sheriff said mildly, "Wanted to talk with you," and came through the doorway. He sat down, letting his lean frame sprawl. His veined hands were idle in his lap and his eyes, quietly touching Galt, were remotely sad.

Galt remained alert. One sharp line creased his ruddy forehead. He stared back at the sheriff, missing nothing. He said, with faintly contemptuous tolerance: "You're gettin' pretty old, Lot. I just noticed it. Riding this country is a tough job, meant for a young man. Why don't you quit before somebody finds you propped against a rock in the hills with your ticker stopped?"

"Wouldn't be a bad sort of an end," reflected Lot McGinnis. "Well, I've had a good many years of carryin' the star. Been kind of interesting, Buffalo. I've seen 'em come and go—the good ones and the bad ones. The bad ones have towed me all over northern Nevada. They sure showed me the country. Funny thing about that. Those boys made a pretty broad swash while they lasted. But none of 'em lasted. They're all dead now."

Buffalo said: "So are most of the good ones, Lot. It's fifty-fifty. And the bad ones had the fun."

Lot McGinnis shook his head. "Not much fun dyin' like a cornered coyote, miserably and full of lead. That's the way the bad ones went. We never held much with the idea of bringin' outlaws to jail." He stopped and considered his folded hands; he looked up again with [illegible] quick, aroused glance. "Buffalo, you're a bright man—and you're a damn' fool!"

"If I want a sermon, Lot, I'll go to church."

"Here's two men dead in a week. There'll be more. I know this district. Maybe you're ridin' high. But you can't cut it. You can't cut it."

"Never mind," said Buffalo Galt, turning angry.

Lot McGinnis got up, a tall and weary shape, throwing a thin shadow against the wall. "You're a smart boy, Buffalo, but you don't get this yet. You're goin' against Sebastian and your chances ain't so good with him. But even if you handle him and his crew, you're still licked. The moment you finish the chore Ed Brean sent you to do, Ed Brean will see you're put beyond talkin'."

Buffalo took a step forward. His mouth went thin. "How the hell you know about Ed Brean?"

"It's a pretty old story. I knew about it a long time ago, because I happen to know the way Ed Brean's mind works—and the ambition he's carried in his head since the days of King Henry. You're nothin' but a white chip in a game that's been played since '75. You'll be used and thrown aside, like a lot of other white chips. I recall the very night you were born I hugged a rock in the Moonstones and threw lead at Ed Brean's men."

"A funny thing for you to remember," said Buffalo Galt.

"Don't be a sucker," said Lot McGinnis earnestly. "I may be a pretty old man, but I still know what my job is. It would be a mighty bitter thing, Buffalo, if I had to lay a gun on you."

"On me?" grunted Buffalo. "You never will, Lot."

The sheriff shrugged his shoulders. "I wouldn't be too sure."

He had nothing more to say. He went out and walked slowly down the hill, into Tumpah's darkness. He passed Lee Bond, who stood against the corner of his garage arch and smoked a peaceful cigarette; but he turned and went back to the man. He said, "You got a match, Lee?"

"Sure."

LOT McGINNIS took the match and lit a cigarette. Light glowed across the ancient smoothness of his cheeks and died. He emitted a long sigh and turned away, walking down the street with his hands braced behind him. There was an immediate problem in his mind and he couldn't quite see the answer. He'd have to arrest Sebastian for Ben DePard's death, as a matter of course. The thing would be a formality, nothing else, for he knew the temper and the realistic morals of his people too well to believe any twelve men would do else than instantly release Sebastian from the charge. The moment Sebastian got up and said, "Ben DePard drew first," he was a free man. In fifty years the ethics of the draw hadn't changed at all in this lonely, empty land lying so remote from the main arteries of the West. The deep desert, the mysterious hills, the fierce individualism of those who rode the open—these were constant things.

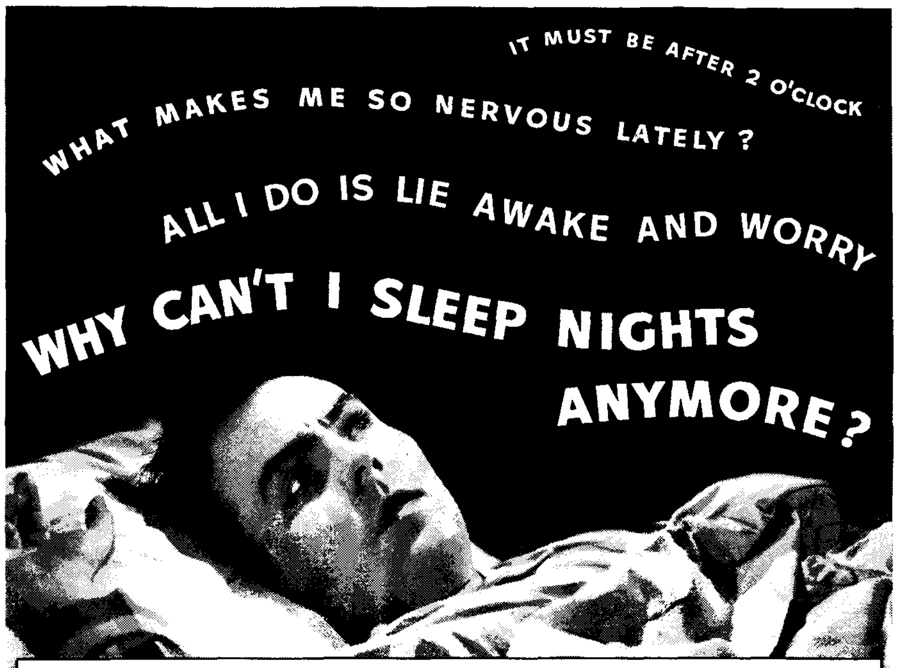
So the arrest didn't bother him. It was the time of the arrest that did. He felt the growing tension and he knew there would be further attack on Barrier. Sebastian could ill afford to be drawn away from the ranch in the next few days; for the moment he turned his back to it Buffalo would make some sort of a play.

Thinking of this, he turned to his small house behind Tumpah, saddled a fresh horse, and swung out across the desert. He traveled northwest, toward the Moonstones. There was in his head, too, a recollection of what Buffalo had said about his being found dead some day, propped against a rock in the hills.

"That," he murmured, "would be as good a way as any. I have outlived my time—and all my friends are gone. It'd be a pleasant thing to see those old faces again."

(To be continued next week)

ARE YOU A "BED-TOSSER"?


IT MUST BE AFTER 2 O'CLOCK
WHAT MAKES ME SO NERVOUS LATELY ?
ALL I DO IS LIE AWAKE AND WORRY
WHY CAN'T I SLEEP NIGHTS ANYMORE ?

Try This Natural, Drugless Way
To Foster Sound, Restful

SLEEP TONIGHT

And New Energy Tomorrow

NOW there is a remarkable way that helps to promote sound, restful sleep for thousands every night. A way that is credited with bringing clear-eyed mornings and buoyant, energetic days to legions who have tried it.

It is not a medicine in any sense of the word. For it safely fosters *natural* sleep.

It is a delicious food-drink called Ovaltine, originally created in Switzerland and now made over here. When taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it has shown surprising results in inducing sound, restful sleep. This is how its action is explained:

First:—As a hot bedtime drink, Ovaltine tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second:—Ovaltine, on account of its ease of digestion, gives the stomach a light digestive task to perform. Thus helping to do away with that "hollow," restless feeling that keeps so many people awake.

Third:—Ovaltine not only helps to bring sound sleep quickly but, in many cases, helps to improve the *quality* of sleep. That is why so many users report they awaken in the morning so greatly refreshed—looking and feeling like different people as the result of the sound and restful sleep they've had.

Remarkable Reports

Great numbers of letters from delighted users are regularly received. For example, Mr. Harry Starcher of Spencer, W. Va., writes: *"Formerly, I had a hard time getting even as little as four or five hours' sleep a night—the rest of the time being spent in rolling and tumbling. Now, with Ovaltine, I sleep like a child the full night from ten to seven."*

Another user, Mrs. Charles Reinhold, 8419 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: *"My husband was quite ill and suffered constantly with sleeplessness. One day a friend suggested Ovaltine. We tried it immediately and my husband got the first sound sleep he had had for eleven nights."*

These letters cover, of course, only two individual experiences. Naturally, we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in *every* case where Ovaltine is used. But these statements are so typical of thousands we have received, that we believe a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent person in cases of "nerves" and sleepless nights.

See For Yourself

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. See if you don't fall asleep more easily and naturally than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning, when you awaken, take stock. See if you don't feel fresher—and *look* more rested, too. During the day, note how energy seems to "stay with you"—how much steadier your nerves. Phone your druggist or grocer now. You'll be glad that you did.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended and widely used for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.* 3574

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-9
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.
(*One package to a person.*)

Name..

Address..

City...State...................
(*This offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

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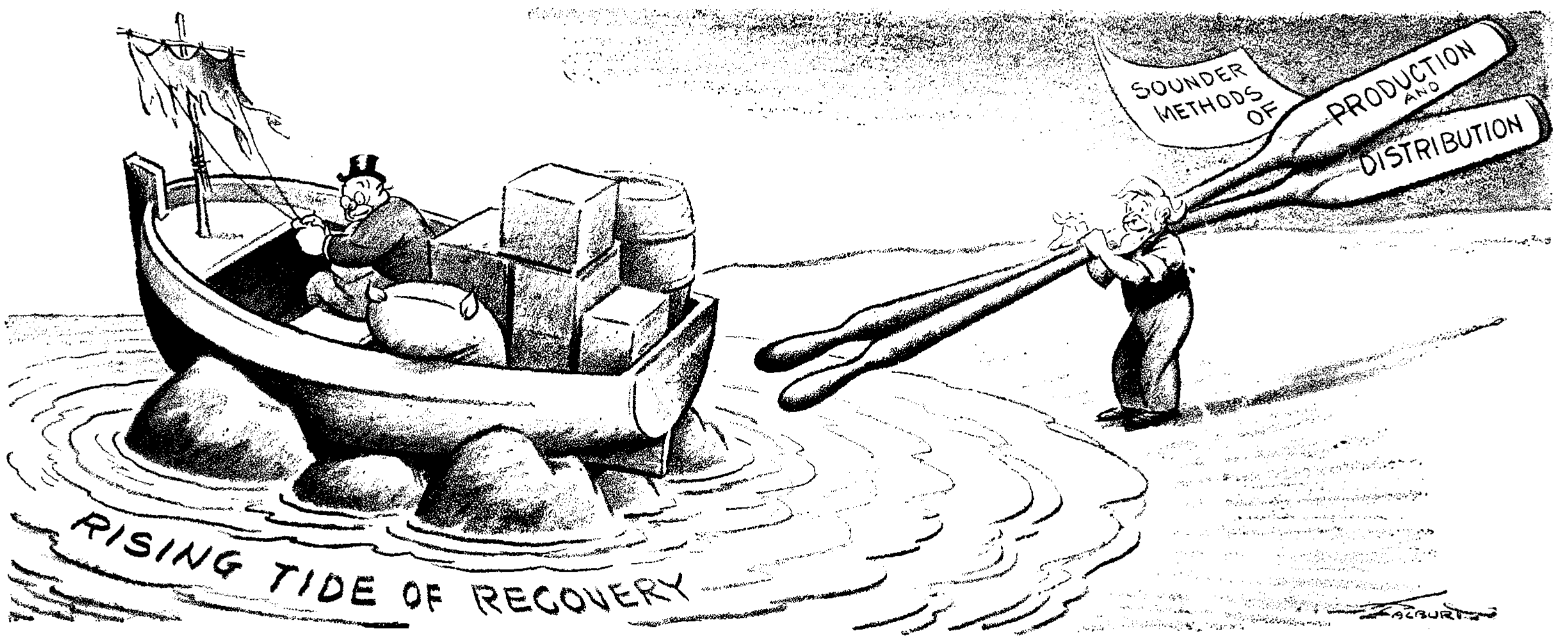

We're in the Money

THE increase in our national income last year was substantial. As a people we had five billion dollars more to spend in 1934 than in the previous year. For the first time since 1929 the tide of production turned upward.

This is an immensely reassuring fact. Many have been deeply concerned about our growing public debt. Piling up debt is rightly a source of anxiety unless the capacity to pay keeps pace. Fortunately, our capacity to earn and so to pay is increasing. Unquestionably, 1935 will show even more spectacular gains than 1934.

The experts of the Department of Commerce have estimated our national income during the last five years. Naturally, 1929 was the high point. As a people we had altogether upwards of seventy-eight billions that year. But the drop was steady and stupendous. The low point was reached in 1933, when our national income was slightly more than forty-four billion dollars. Last year this had risen to more than forty-nine billions.

Our national income is a money figure. All that we get as wages, salaries and other income for work done, all interest, rents, dividends, royalties and fees for managerial or professional service are added together. The sum of what we as individuals receive is the national income.

The government statisticians counted work relief payments but excluded direct relief disbursements on the ground that these latter cannot be considered payments for economic service rendered. The payments to workers on public relief projects amounted to $1,394,000,000 in 1934. Many of these projects were in fact useful additions to public resources. The building of roads and the repairing of schools, for example, are solid gain. If we want to deduct these public works payments, the increase in our national income was still 4.2 billions, or a rise [illegible] per cent over 1933.

The details of this important gain are also encouraging. Business losses, for example, amounted to about ten billion dollars in 1932. The final figures on business losses for 1934 are not yet available, but the Department of Commerce estimates that the losses suffered were reduced to a fourth or a fifth of the 1932 figures.

The stopping of such huge losses is an immense achievement. It is a measure of our progress toward recovery.

The manner in which the growing national income is being distributed gives small comfort to calamity howlers. For example, relative to 1929, labor income decreased 43% by 1933 and increased 14% from 1933 to 1934. Property income fell off 40% by 1933 and increased only 2% in 1934.

The net decline in dividends between 1929 and 1934 was 61%, very considerably greater than the decline in wages. Rents and royalties fell off, it is estimated, about 75% between 1929 and 1933 and then rose 14% in 1934. The income obtained by owners of unincorporated businesses and by professional men followed wage scales closely.

The most stable element of income was interest on mortgages and bonds. These rates are, of course, fixed over long periods. A smaller return is offered because of the greater safety promised.

On the whole, labor got a larger share of the national income in 1934 than in 1929. Income from property declined slightly. Obviously, the poor have not been getting poorer and the rich richer during the last five years. On the contrary, the relative position of the worker is more favorable than it was before the depression.

The government accountants have reported on the changes in national income. We are not earning at the same rate we were in 1929. Altogether our income last year was not quite 63% of what we had during our best year. But with the exception of electric light and power and gas, every great industry paid out more in 1934 than in 1933.

Generally the industries which suffered most after 1929 gained most rapidly last year. Admittedly there is great opportunity for further development. The construction industry gained last year, but, even so, it is far behind its normal range of activity.

The broad conclusions which may fairly be drawn from this comprehensive study by the Department of Commerce are heartening. It is apparent that 1933 was our worst year. Fundamental recovery was shown in 1934. The changes in the distribution of the national income were good in that workers who are consumers had a larger share. The processes of destruction have been halted and recovery is proceeding at a rapid pace. A gain of five billions in distributed income is important news in the annals of any people.

But these good tidings do not tell us that we have solved all our problems and that we can drift onward comfortably assured that all will be well in the best of all possible worlds. We have solved some problems. Others remain.

Even in 1929 our productive energies were not employed to the full. Studies made in recent years, notably those of the Brookings Institution, show clearly that we did not overproduce. Had our economic system been better coördinated we could have safely produced and wholesomely consumed far more than we had in 1929.

Our great problem is to devise sound and tested ways of stepping up our production to a volume never hitherto approached, and of distributing what we produce so wisely and fairly that we shall escape the peril of other periods of inactivity, anxiety and poverty.

This is the challenge which faces us. We can meet it by the intelligent use of disinterested scientific research. We cannot even approach a solution by appeals to prejudice. The statesmen who lead us forward must make use of the fertile minds of this generation. There is no other way ahead.